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W. H. Allen

1872

THE
HISTORY
OF
TOM JONES,
A
FOUNDLING.

By HENRY FIELDING, Esq;

—Mores hominum multorum vidit—

VOLUME II.



DRESDEN,
Printed for G. C. WALTHER.

MDCCCLXXIV.

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—Howe's Collection of Manuscripts—

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THE
HISTORY
OF A
FOUNDLING.

BOOK VIII.

Containing above two days.

CHAP. I.

A wonderful long chapter concerning the marvellous; being much the longest of all our introductory chapters.

AS we are now entering upon a book, in which the course of our history will oblige us to relate some matters of a more strange and surprising kind than any which have hitherto occurred, it may not be amiss in the prolegomenous, or introductory chapter, to say something of that species of writing which is called the *marvellous*. To this we shall, as well for the sake of ourselves, as of others, endeavour to set some certain bounds; and indeed nothing can be more necessary, as critics* of different complexions are here apt

* By this word here, and in most other parts of our work, we mean every reader in the world.

apt to run into very different extremes; for while some are, with M. Dacier, ready to allow, that the same thing which is impossible may be yet probable*, others have so little historic or poetic faith, that they believe nothing to be either possible or probable, the like to which hath not occurred to their own observation.

First then, I think, it may very reasonably be required of every writer, that he keeps within the bounds of possibility; and still remembers that what it is not possible for man to perform, it is scarce possible for man to believe he did perform. This conviction perhaps, gave birth to many stories of the ancient Heathen deities (for most of them are of poetical original.) The poet, being desirous to indulge a wanton and extravagant imagination, took refuge in that power, of the extent of which his readers were no judges, or rather which they imagined to be infinite, and consequently they could not be shocked at any prodigies related of it. This hath been strongly urged in defence of Homer's miracles; and it is, perhaps, a defence; not, as Mr. Pope would have it, because Ulysses told a set of foolish lies to the Phæacians, who were a very dull nation; but because the poet himself wrote to heathens, to whom poetical fables were articles of faith. For my own part, I must confess, so compassionate is my temper, I wish Polypheme had confined himself to his milk-diet, and preserved his eye; nor could Ulysses be much more concerned than myself, when his companions were turned into swine by Circe, who shewed, I think, afterwards, too much regard for man's flesh to be supposed capable of converting it into

* It was happy for M. Dacier that he was not an Irishman.

into bacon. I wish, likewise, with all my heart, that Homer could have known the rule prescribed by Horace, to introduce supernatural agents as seldom as possible. We should not then have seen his gods coming on trivial errands, and often behaving themselves so as not only to forfeit all title to respect, but to become the object of scorn and derision. A conduct which must have shocked the credulity of a pious and sagacious heathen; and which could never have been defended, unless by agreeing with a supposition to which I have been sometimes almost inclined, that this most glorious poet, as he certainly was, had an intent to burlesque the superstitious faith of his own age and country.

But I have rested too long on a doctrine which can be of no use to a christian writer; for as he cannot introduce into his works any of that heavenly host which make a part of his creed; so is it horrid puerility to search the heathen theology for any of those deities who have been long since dethroned from their immortality. Lord Shaftesbury observes, that nothing is more cold than the invocation of a muse by a modern; he might have added that nothing can be more absurd. A modern may with much more elegance invoke a ballad, as some have thought Homer did, or a mug of ale with the author of Hudibras; which latter may perhaps have inspired much more poetry as well as prose, than all the liquors of Hippocrene or Helicon.

The only supernatural agents which can in any manner be allowed to us moderns, are ghosts; but of these I would advise an author to be extremely sparing. These are indeed like arsenic, and other dan-

gerous drugs in physic, to be used with the utmost caution; nor would I advise the introduction of them at all in those works, or by those authors to which, or to whom a horse-laugh in the reader would be any great prejudice or mortification.

As for elves and fairies, and other such mummary, I purposely omit the mention of them, as I should be very unwilling to confine within any bounds those surprising imaginations, for whose vast capacity the limits of human nature are too narrow; whose works are to be considered as a new creation; and who have consequently just right to do what they will with their own.

Man therefore is the highest subject (unless on very extraordinary occasions indeed) which presents itself to the pen of our historian, or of our poet; and in relating his actions, great care is to be taken, that we do not exceed the capacity of the agent we describe.

Nor is possibility alone sufficient to justify us, we must keep likewise within the rules of probability. It is, I think, the opinion of Aristotle; or if not, it is the opinion of some wise man, whose authority will be as weighty, when it is as old; 'That it is no excuse for a poet who relates what is incredible, that the thing related is really matter of fact.' This may perhaps be allowed true with regard to poetry, but it may be thought impracticable to extend it to the historian: for he is obliged to record matters as he finds them; though they may be of so extraordinary a nature, as will require no small degree of historical faith to swallow them. Such was the successful armament of Xerxes, described by Herodotus, or the successful expedition of Alexander related by Arrian. Such of
later

later years was the victory of Agincourt obtained by Harry the Fifth, or that of Narva won by Charles the Twelfth of Sweden. All which instances, the more we reflect on them, appear still the more astonishing.

Such facts, however, as they occur in the thread of the story; nay, indeed, as they constitute the essential parts of it, the historian is not only justifiable in recording as they really happened; but indeed would be unpardonable, should he omit or alter them. But there are other facts not of such consequence nor so necessary, which though ever so well attested, may nevertheless be sacrificed to oblivion in complaisance to the scepticism of a reader. Such is that memorable story of the ghost of George Villers, which might with more propriety have been made a present of to Dr. Drelincourt, to have kept the ghost of Mrs. Veale company, at the head of his discourse upon death, than have been introduced into so solemn a work as the history of the rebellion.

To say the truth, if the historian will confine himself to what really happened, and utterly reject any circumstance, which, though never so well attested, he must be well assured is false, he will sometimes fall into the marvellous, but never into the incredible. He will often raise the wonder and surprize of his reader, but never that incredulous hatred mentioned by Horace. It is by falling into fiction therefore, that we generally offend against this rule, of deserting probability, which the historian seldom if ever quits, till he forsakes his character, and commences a writer of romance. In this, however, those historians who relate public transactions have the advantage of us who confine ourselves to scenes of private life. The credit of

the former is by common notoriety supported for a long time; and public records, with the concurrent testimony of many authors, bear evidence to their truth in future ages. Thus a Trajan and an Antoninus, a Nero and a Caligula, have all met with the belief of posterity; and no one doubts but that men so very good, and so very bad, were once the masters of mankind.

But we who deal in private character, who search into the most retired recesses, and draw forth examples of virtue and vice, from holes and corners of the world, are in a more dangerous situation. As we have no public notoriety, no concurrent testimony, no records to support and corroborate what we deliver, it becomes us to keep within the limits not only of possibility, but of probability too; and this more especially in painting what is greatly good and amiable. Knavery and folly, though never so exorbitant, will more easily meet with assent; for ill-nature adds great support and strength to faith.

Thus we may, perhaps, with little danger, relate the history of Fisher; who having long owed his bread to the generosity of Mr. Derby, and having one morning received a considerable bounty from his hands, yet in order to possess himself of what remained in his friends scrutore, concealed himself in a public office of the temple, through which there was a passage into Mr. Derby's chambers. Here he overheard Mr. Derby for many hours solacing himself at an entertainment which he that evening gave his friends, and to which Fisher had been invited. During all this time, no tender, no grateful reflections arose to restrain his purpose; but when the poor gentlemen had let his company

pany out through the office, Fisher came suddenly from his lurking place, and walking softly behind his friend into his chamber, discharged a pistol-ball into his head. This may be believed, when the bones of Fisher are as rotten as his heart. Nay, perhaps, it will be credited that the villain went two days afterwards with some young ladies to the play of Hamlet; and with an unaltered countenance heard one of the ladies, who little suspected how near she was to the person, cry out: ‘Good God! if the man that murdered Mr. Derby was now present!’ Manifesting in this a more feared and callous conscience than even Nero himself; of whom we are told by Suetonius: ‘that the consciousness of his guilt, after the death of his mother, became immediately intolerable, and so continued; nor could all the congratulations of the soldiers, of the senate, and the people, allay the horrors of his conscience.’

But now, on the other hand, should I tell my reader, that I had known a man whose penetrating genius had enabled him to raise a large fortune in a way where no beginning was chalked out to him: that he had done this with the most perfect preservation of his integrity, and not only without the least injustice or injury to any one individual person, but with the highest advantage to trade, and a vast increase of the public revenue: that he had expended one part of the income of this fortune in discovering a taste superior to most, by works where the highest dignity was united with the purest simplicity, and another part in displaying a degree of goodness superior to all men, by acts of charity to objects whose only recommendations were their merits, or their wants: that he was most industrious

in searching after merit in distress, most eager to relieve it, and then as careful, (perhaps too careful) to conceal what he had done: that his house, his furniture, his gardens, his table, his private hospitality, and his public beneficence, all denoted the mind from which they flowed, and were all intrinsically rich and noble, without tinsel, or external ostentation: that he filled every relation in life with the most adequate virtue: that he was most piously religious to his creator, most zealously loyal to his sovereign; a most tender husband to his wife, a kind relation, a munificent patron, a warm and firm friend, a knowing and a cheerful companion, indulgent to his servants, hospitable to his neighbours, charitable to the poor, and benevolent to all mankind. Should I add to these the epithets of wise, brave, elegant, and indeed every other amiable epithet in our language, I might surely say:

— *Quis credit? nemo Hercule! nemo;*

Vel duo, vel nemo.

And yet I know a man who is all I have here described. But a single instance (and I really know not such another) is not sufficient to justify us, while we are writing to thousands who never heard of the person, nor of any thing like him. Such *Rare Aves* should be remitted to the epitaph writer, or to some poet, who may condescend to hitch him in a distich, or to slide him into rhyme with an air of carelessness and neglect, without giving any offence to the reader.

In the last place, the actions should be such as may not only be within the compass of human agency, and which human agents may probably be supposed to do; but they should be likely for the very actors
and

and characters themselves to have performed: for what may be only wonderful and surprising in one man, may become improbable, or indeed impossible, when related of another.

This last requisite is what the dramatic critics call conversation of character; and it requires a very extraordinary degree of judgment, and a most exact knowledge of human nature.

It is admirably remarked by a most excellent writer, that zeal can no more hurry a man to act in direct opposition to itself, than a rapid stream can carry a boat against its own current. I will venture to say, that for a man to act in direct contradiction to the dictates of his nature, is, if not impossible, as improbable and as miraculous as any thing which can well be conceived. Should the best parts of the story of M. Antoninus be ascribed to Nero, or should the worst incidents of Nero's life be imputed to Antoninus, what would be more shocking to belief than either instance; whereas both these being related of their proper agent, constitute the truly marvellous.

Our modern authors of comedy have fallen almost universally into the error here hinted at: their heroes generally are notorious rogues, and their heroines abandoned jades, during the first four acts; but in the fifth, the former become very worthy gentlemen, and the latter, women of virtue and discretion: nor is the writer often so kind as to give himself the least trouble, to reconcile or account for this monstrous change and incongruity. There is, indeed, no other reason to be assigned for it, than because the play is drawing to a conclusion; as if it was no less natural in a rogue to repent in the last act of a play, than in the last of his

his life; which we perceive to be generally the case at Tyburn, a place which might, indeed, close the scene of some comedies with much propriety, as the heroes in these are most commonly eminent for those very talents which not only bring men to the gallows, but enable them to make an heroic figure when they are there.

Within these few restrictions, I think, every writer may be permitted to deal as much in the wonderful as he pleases; nay, if he thus keeps within the rules of credibility, the more he can surprize the reader, the more he will engage his attention, and the more he will charm him. As a genius of the highest rank observes in his 5th chapter of the *Pathos*: ‘The great art of all poetry is to mix truth with fiction; in order to join the credible with the surprising.’

For though every good author will confine himself within the bounds of probability, it is by no means necessary that his characters, or his incidents, should be trite, common, or vulgar; such as happen in every street, or in every house, or which may be met with in the home articles of a news-paper. Nor must he be inhibited from shewing many persons and things, which may possibly have never fallen within the knowledge of great part of his readers. If the writer strictly observes the rules above-mentioned, he hath discharged his part; and is then intitled to some faith from his reader, who is indeed guilty of critical infidelity if he disbelieves him. For want of a portion of such faith, I remember the character of a young lady of quality, which was condemned on the stage for being unnatural, by the unanimous voice of a very large assembly of clerks and apprentices; though
it

it had the previous suffrages of many ladies of the first rank; one of whom, very eminent for her understanding, declared it was the picture of half the young people of her acquaintance.

CHAP. II.

In which the landlady pays a visit to Mr. Jones.

WHEN Jones had taken leave of his friend the lieutenant, he endeavoured to close his eyes, but all in vain; his spirits were too lively and wakeful to be lulled to sleep. So having amused, or rather tormented himself, with the thoughts of his Sophia, till it was open day-light, he called for some tea; upon which occasion my landlady herself vouchsafed to pay him a visit.

This was indeed the first time she had seen him, or at least had taken any notice of him; but, as the lieutenant had assured her that he was certainly some young gentleman of fashion, she now determined to shew him all the respect in her power; for, to speak truly, this was one of those houses where gentlemen, to use the language of advertisements, meet with civil treatment for their money.

She had no sooner begun to make his tea, than she likewise began to discourse: ‘La! Sir,’ said she, ‘I think it is great pity that such a pretty young gentleman should undervalue himself so, as to go about with these soldier fellows. They call themselves gentlemen, I warrant you; but, as my first husband used to say, they should remember it is we that pay them. And to be sure it is very hard upon
us

‘ us to be obliged to pay them, and to keep ’em too,
‘ as we publicans are. I had twenty of ’um last night
‘ besides officers; nay, for matter o’ that, I had ra-
‘ ther have the soldiers than officers: for nothing is
‘ ever good enough for those sparks; and I am sure,
‘ if you was to see the bills, la, Sir, it is nothing.
‘ I have had less trouble, I warrant you, with a good
‘ squire’s family, where we take forty or fifty shil-
‘ lings of a night, besides horses. And yet I war-
‘ rants me, there is narrow a one of all those officer
‘ fellows, but looks upon himself to be as good as
‘ arrow a ’squire of 500 l. a year. To be sure it doth
‘ me good to hear their men run about after ’um,
‘ crying your honour and your honour. Marry come
‘ up with such honour, and an ordinary at a shilling
‘ a head. Then there’s such swearing among ’um,
‘ to be sure, it frightens me out of my wits; I thinks
‘ nothing can ever prosper with such wicked people.
‘ And here one of ’um has used you in so barbarous a
‘ manner. I thought indeed how well the rest would
‘ secure him; they all hang together; for if you had
‘ been in danger of death, which I am glad to see
‘ you are not, it would have been all as one to such
‘ wicked people. They would have let the murderer
‘ go. Laud have mercy upon ’um; I would not have
‘ such a sin to answer for, for the whole world. But
‘ though you are likely, with the blessing, to recover,
‘ there is laa for him yet; and if you will employ law-
‘ yer Small, I darest be sworn he’ll make the fellow
‘ fly the country for him; though perhaps he’ll have
‘ fled the country before; for it is here to-day and
‘ gone to morrow with such chaps. I hope, however,
‘ you will learn more wit for the future, and return
‘ back

‘ back to your friends: I warrant they are all miser-
‘ able for your loss; and if they was but to know what
‘ had happened. La, my seeming! I would not for
‘ the world they should. Come, come, we know
‘ very well what all the matter is; but if one wont,
‘ another will; so pretty a gentleman need never
‘ want a lady. I am sure, if I was as you, I would
‘ see the finest she that ever wore a head hanged, be-
‘ fore I would go for a soldier for her.— Nay, don’t
‘ blush so (for indeed he did to a violent degree;)
‘ why, you thought, Sir, I knew nothing of the
‘ matter, I warrant you, about Madam Sophia.’
‘ How,’ says Jones, starting up, ‘ do you know my
‘ Sophia?’ ‘ Do I! ay marry,’ cries the landlady,
‘ many’s the time hath she lain in this house.’ ‘ With
‘ her aunt, I suppose,’ says Jones.— ‘ Why there it
‘ is now,’ cries the landlady. ‘ Ay, ay, ay, I know
‘ the old lady very well. And a sweet young creature
‘ is Madam Sophia, that’s the truth on’t.’ ‘ A sweet
‘ creature!’ cries Jones. ‘ O heavens!

‘ Angels are painted fair to look like her.

‘ There’s in her all that we believe of heaven,

‘ Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,

‘ Eternal joy, and everlasting love.

‘ And could I ever have imagined that you had
‘ known my Sophia!’ ‘ I wish,’ says the landlady,
‘ you knew half so much of her. What would you
‘ have given to have sat by her bed-side? What a
‘ delicious neck she hath! Her lovely limbs have
‘ stretched themselves in that very bed you now lie
‘ in.’ ‘ Here!’ cries Jones, ‘ hath Sophia ever laid
‘ here?—’ ‘ Ay, ay, here: there; in that very bed,’

says the landlady, 'where I wish you had her this
' moment; and she may wish so too for any thing I
' know to the contrary: for she hath mentioned your
' name to me.'— 'Ha,' cries he, 'did she ever men-
' tion her poor Jones?— You flatter me now; I can
' never believe so much.' 'Why then,' answered she,
' as I hope to be saved, and may the devil fetch me,
' if I speak a syllable more than the truth. I have
' heard her mention Mr. Jones; but in a civil and
' modest way, I confess; yet I could perceive she
' thought a great deal more than she said: 'O my
' dear woman,' cries Jones, 'her thoughts of me I
' shall never be worthy of. O she is all gentleness,
' kindness, goodness. Why was such a rascal as I
' born, ever to give her soft bosom a moment's un-
' easiness? why am I cursed? I, who would undergo
' all the plagues and miseries which any dæmon ever
' invented for mankind, to procure her any good;
' nay, torture itself could not be misery to me, did
' I but know that she was happy.' 'Why, look you
' there now,' says the landlady, 'I told her you
' was a constant lover.' 'But pray, Madam, tell me
' when or where you knew any thing of me; for
' I never was here before, nor do I remember ever
' to have seen you.' 'Nor is it possible you should,'
answered she; 'for you was a little thing when I
' had you in my lap at the 'squire's.'—— 'How
' the 'squire's,' says Jones, 'what do you know that
' great and good Mr. Allworthy then?' 'Yes,
' marry do I,' says she; 'who in the country doth
' not?'— 'The same of his goodness indeed, an-
swered Jones, 'must have extended farther than
' this; but heaven only can know him, can know
' that

‘ that benevolence which is copied from itself, and
‘ sent upon earth as its own pattern. Mankind are
‘ as ignorant of such divine goodness, as they are
‘ unworthy of it; but none so unworthy of it as my-
‘ self. I who was raised by him to such a height;
‘ taken in, as you must well know, a poor base-
‘ born child, adopted by him, and treated as his own
‘ son, to dare by my follies to disoblige him, to
‘ draw his vengeance upon me. Yes, I deserve it
‘ all: for I will never be so ungrateful as ever to
‘ think he hath done an act of injustice by me. No,
‘ I deserve to be turned out of doors as I am. And
‘ now, Madam, says he, I believe you will not blame
‘ me for turning soldier, especially with such a fortune
‘ as this in my pocket.’ At which words he shook a
purse, which had but very little in it, and which
still appeared to the landlady to have less.

My good landlady was (according to vulgar phrase)
struck all of a heap by this relation. She answered
coldly: ‘ That to be sure people were the best judges
‘ what was most proper for their circumstances.—
‘ But hark,’ says she, ‘ I think I hear somebody
‘ call. Coming! Coming! the devil’s in all our volk,
‘ nobody hath any ears. I must go down stairs, if
‘ you want any more breakfast, the maid will come
‘ up. Coming!’ At which words, without taking
any leave, she flung out of the room: for the lower
sort of people are very tenacious of respect; and
though they are contented to give this gratis to per-
sons of quality, yet they never confer it on those of
their own order, without taking care to be well paid
for their pains.

CHAP. III.

In which the surgeon makes his second appearance.

BEFORE we proceed any farther, that the reader may not be mistaken in imagining the landlady knew more than she did, nor surpris'd that she knew so much, it may be necessary to inform him, that the lieutenant had acquainted her that the name of Sophia had been the occasion of the quarrel; and as for the rest of her knowledge, the sagacious reader will observe how she came by it in the preceding scene. Great curiosity was indeed mixed with her virtues; and she never willingly suffered any one to depart from her house without enquiring as much as possible into their names, families, and fortunes.

She was no sooner gone than Jones, instead of animadverting on her behaviour, reflected that he was in the same bed, which he was informed had held his dear Sophia. This occasioned a thousand fond and tender thoughts, which we would dwell longer upon did we not consider that such kind of lovers will make a very inconsiderable part of our readers. In this situation the surgeon found him, when he came to dress his wound. The doctor, perceiving, upon examination, that his pulse was disordered, and hearing that he had not slept, declared that he was in great danger: for he apprehended a fever was coming on; which he would have prevented by bleeding, but Jones would not submit, declaring he would lose no more blood; and 'doctor,' says he, 'if you will be so kind only to dress my head, I have no doubt of being well in a day or two.'

‘ I wish,’ answered the surgeon, ‘ I could assure
‘ your being well in a month or two. Well indeed!
‘ No, no, people are not so soon well of such contusi-
‘ ons; but, Sir, I am not at this time of day to be
‘ instructed in my operations by a patient, and I in-
‘ sist on making a revulsion before I dress you.’

Jones persisted obstinately in his refusal, and the doctor at last yielded; telling him at the same time, that he would not be answerable for the ill consequence, and hoped he would do him the justice to acknowledge that he had given him a contrary advice; which the patient promised he would.

The doctor retired into the kitchen, where, addressing himself to the landlady, he complained bitterly of the undutiful behaviour of his patient, who would not be blooded, though he was in a fever.

‘ It is an eating fever then,’ says the landlady: ‘ for
‘ he hath devoured two swinging buttered toasts this
‘ morning for breakfast.’

‘ Very likely,’ says the doctor; ‘ I have known
‘ people eat in a fever; and it is very easily account-
‘ ed for; because the acidity occasioned by the febrile
‘ matter, may stimulate the nerves of the diaphragm,
‘ and thereby occasion a craving, which will not be
‘ easily distinguishable from a natural appetite; but
‘ the aliment will not be concreted, nor assimilated
‘ into chyle, and so will corrode the vascular orifices,
‘ and thus will aggravate the febrile symptoms. In-
‘ deed I think the gentleman in a very dangerous
‘ way, and if he is not blooded, I am afraid will
‘ die.’

‘ Every man must die some time or other,’ answered the good woman; ‘ it is no business of mine. I

‘hope, Doctor, you would not have me hold him
‘while you bleed him.— But, harkee, a word in
‘your ear; I would advise you before you proceed
‘too far, to take care who is to be your paymaster.’

‘Paymaster!’ said the doctor, staring, ‘why, I’ve
‘a gentleman under my hands, have I not?’

‘I imagined so as well as you,’ said the landlady;
‘but as my first husband used to say: ‘every thing is
‘not what it looks to be. He is an arrant scrub, I
‘assure you. However, take no notice that I men-
‘tioned any thing to you of the matter; but I think
‘people in business oft always to let one another
‘know such things.’

‘And have I suffered such a fellow as this,’ cries
the doctor in a passion, ‘to instruct me? Shall I
‘hear my practice insulted by one who will not pay
‘me! I am glad I have made this discovery in time.
‘I will see now whether he will be blooded or no.’
He then immediately went up stairs, and flinging
open the door of the chamber with much violence,
awaked poor Jones from a very sound nap, into which
he was fallen, and what was still worse, from a deli-
cious dream concerning Sophia.

‘Will you be blooded or no?’ cries the doctor in
a rage. ‘I have told you my resolution already,’
answered Jones, ‘and I wish with all my heart you
‘had taken my answer: for you have awaked me out
‘of the sweetest sleep which I ever had in my life.’

‘Ay, ay, cries the doctor, ‘many a man hath
‘dosed away his life. Sleep is not always good, no
‘more than food; but remember I demand of you
‘for the last time, will you be blooded?’ ‘I an-
‘swer you for the last time,’ said Jones, ‘I will not.’

‘ Then I wash my hands of you,’ cries the doctor;
‘ and I desire you to pay me for the trouble I have
‘ had already. Two journies at 5 s. each, two dres-
‘ sings at 5 s. more, and half a-crown for phleboto-
‘ my.’ ‘ I hope,’ said Jones, ‘ you don’t intend to
‘ leave me in this condition.’ ‘ Indeed but I shall,’
said the other. ‘ Then,’ said Jones, ‘ you have used
‘ me rascally, and I will not pay you a farthing.’
‘ Very well,’ cries the doctor, ‘ the first loss is the
‘ best. What a pox did my landlady mean by send-
‘ ing for me to such vagabonds?’ At which words
he flung out of the room, and his patient turning
himself about soon recovered his sleep; but his dream
was unfortunately gone.

CHAP. IV.

*In which is introduced one of the pleasiest
barbers that was ever recorded in history,
the barber of Bagdad, or he in Don Quixote
not excepted.*

THE clock had now struck five, when Jones
awaked from a nap of seven hours, so much
refreshed, and in such perfect health and spirits, that
he resolved to get up and dress himself: for which
purpose he unlocked his portmanteau, and took out
clean linen, and a suit of cloaths; but first he slipped
on a frock, and went down into the kitchen to be-
speak something that might pacify certain tumults he
found rising within his stomach.

Meeting the landlady, he accosted her with great
civility, and asked: ‘ what he could have for dinner?’
‘ For dinner!’ says she, ‘ it is an odd time of day

‘ to think about dinner. There is nothing drest in
‘ the house, and the fire is almost out.’ ‘ Well
‘ but,’ says he, ‘ I must have something to eat, and
‘ it is almost indifferent to me what: for to tell you
‘ the truth, I was never more hungry in my life.’
‘ Then,’ says she, ‘ I believe there is a piece of cold
‘ buttock and carrot, which will fit you.’— ‘ Nothing
‘ better,’ answered Jones, but I should be obliged
‘ to you if you would let it be fryed.’ To which
the landlady consented, and said smiling: ‘ she was
‘ glad to see him so well recovered:’ for the sweet-
ness of our hero’s temper was almost irresistible;
besides, she was really no ill-humoured woman at
the bottom; but she loved money so much, that she
hated every thing which had the semblance of poverty.

Jones now returned in order to dress himself, while
his dinner was preparing, and was, according to his
orders, attended by the barber.

This barber, who went by the name of Little Benjamin, was a fellow of great oddity and humour, which had frequently led him into small inconveniences, such as flaps in the face, kicks in the breech, broken bones, &c. For every one doth not understand a jest; and those who do, are often displeased with being themselves the subjects of it. This vice was however incurable in him; and though he had often smarted for it, yet if ever he conceived a joke, he was certain to be delivered of it, without the least respect of persons, time, or place.

He had a great many other particularities in his character, which I shall not mention, as the reader will himself very easily perceive them, on his farther acquaintance with this extraordinary person.

Jones

Jones being impatient to be drest, for a reason which may easily be imagined, thought the shaver was very tedious in preparing his suds, and begged him to make haste; to which the other answered, with much gravity, for he never discomposed his muscles on any account: '*Festina lentè* is a proverb, which I learnt long before I ever touched a razor.' 'I find, friend, you are a scholar,' replied Jones. 'A poor one,' said the barber, '*non omnia possumus omnes.*' 'Again!' said Jones; 'I fancy you are good at capping verses.' 'Excuse me, Sir,' said the barber, '*non tanto me dignor honori.*' And then proceeding to his operation, 'Sir,' said he, 'since I have dealt in suds, I could never discover more than two reasons for shaving, the one is to get a beard, and the other to get rid of one. I conjecture, Sir, it may not be long since you shaved from the former of these motives. Upon my word you have had good success; for one may say of your beard, that it is *tendenti gravior.*' 'I conjecture,' says Jones, 'that thou art a very comical fellow.' 'You mistake me widely, Sir,' said the barber, 'I am too much addicted to the study of philosophy, *hinc illæ lacrymæ*, Sir, that's my misfortune. Too much learning hath been my ruin.' 'Indeed,' says Jones, 'I confess, friend, you have more learning than generally belongs to your trade; but I can't see how it can have injured you.' 'Alas, Sir,' answered the shaver, 'my father disinherited me for it. He was a dancing-master; and because I could read before I could dance, he took an aversion to me, and left every farthing among his other children. — Will you please to have your temples—— O

‘la! I ask your pardon, I fancy there is *hiatus in*
‘*manuscriptis*. I heard you was going to the wars:
‘but I find it was a mistake.’ ‘Why do you con-
‘clude so?’ says Jones. ‘Sure, Sir,’ answered the
‘barber, you are too wise a man to carry a broken
‘head thither; for that would be carrying coals to
‘Newcastle.’

‘Upon my word,’ cries Jones, ‘thou art a very
‘odd fellow, and I like thy humour extremely; I
‘shall be very glad if thou wilt come to me after din-
‘ner, and drink a glass with me; I long to be better
‘acquainted with thee.’

‘O dear Sir,’ said the barber, ‘I can do you twenty
‘times as great a favour if you will accept of it.’
‘What is that, my friend,’ cries Jones. ‘Why, I
‘will drink a bottle with you, if you please; for I
‘dearly love good-nature; and as you have found
‘me out to be a comical fellow, so I have no skill in
‘physiognomy, if you are not one of the best na-
‘tured gentlemen in the universe.’ Jones now walk-
ed down stairs neatly drest, and perhaps the fair
Adonis was not a lovelier figure; and yet he had no
charms for my landlady: for as that good woman did
not resemble Venus at all in her person, so neither did
she in her taste. Happy had it been for Nanny the
chambermaid, if she had seen with the eyes of her
mistress; for that poor girl fell so violently in love
with Jones in five minutes, that her passion after-
wards cost her many a sigh. This Nancy was ex-
tremely pretty, and altogether as coy; for she had
refused a drawer, and one or two young farmers in
the neighbourhood, but the bright eyes of our hero
thawed all her ice in a moment.

When

When Jones returned to the kitchen, his cloth was not yet laid; nor indeed was there any occasion it should, his dinner remaining in *statu quo*, as did the fire which was to dress it. This disappointment might have put many a philosophical temper into a passion; but it had no such effect on Jones. He only gave the landlady a gentle rebuke, saying: ‘since it was so difficult to get it heated, he would eat the beef cold.’ But now the good woman, whether moved by compassion, or by shame, or by whatever other motive, I cannot tell, first gave her servants a round scold for disobeying the orders which she had never given, and then bidding the drawer lay a napkin in the Sun, she set about the matter in good earnest, and soon accomplished it.

This Sun, into which Jones was now conducted, was truly named, as *lucus a non lucendo*; for it was an apartment into which the sun had scarce ever looked. It was indeed the worst room in the house; and happy was it for Jones that it was so. However, he was now too hungry to find any fault; but having once satisfied his appetite, he ordered the drawer to carry a bottle of wine into a better room, and expressed some resentment at having been shewn into a dungeon.

The drawer having obeyed his commands, he was, after some time, attended by the barber; who would not indeed have suffered him to wait so long for his company, had he not been listening in the kitchen to the landlady, who was entertaining a circle that she had gathered round her with the history of poor Jones, part of which she had extracted from his own lips, and the other part was her own ingenious composition: ‘for she said he was a poor parish boy,
‘ taken

‘ taken into the house of ‘squire Allworthy, where
 ‘ he was bred up as an apprentice, and now turned
 ‘ out of doors for his misdeeds, particularly for ma-
 ‘ king love to his young mistress, and probably for
 ‘ robbing the house; for how else should he come
 ‘ by the little money he hath; and this,’ says she,
 ‘ is your gentleman forsooth.’ ‘ A servant of ‘squire
 ‘ Allworthy!’ says the barber, ‘ what’s his name?’—
 ‘ Why he told me his name was Jones,’ says she,
 ‘ perhaps he goes by a wrong name. Nay, and he
 ‘ told me too, that the ‘squire had maintained him as
 ‘ his own son, thof he had quarrelled with him now.’
 ‘ And if his name be Jones, he told you the truth,’
 said the barber; ‘ for I have relations who live in
 ‘ that country, nay, and some people say he is his
 ‘ son.’ ‘ Why doth he not go by the name of his
 ‘ father?’ ‘ I can’t tell that,’ said the barber, ‘ many
 ‘ people’s sons don’t go by the name of their father.’
 ‘ Nay,’ said the landlady, ‘ if I thought he was a
 ‘ gentleman’s son, thof he was a bye-blow, I should
 ‘ behave to him in another guess manner; for many
 ‘ of these bye-blows come to be great men, and, as
 ‘ my poor first husband used to say: never affront any
 ‘ customer that’s a gentleman.’

CHAP. V.

A dialogue between Mr. Jones and the barber.

THIS conversation passed partly while Jones
 was at dinner in his dungeon, and partly while
 he was expecting the barber in the parlour. And, as
 soon as it was ended, Mr. Benjamin, as we have
 said, attended him, and was very kindly desired to
 sit down. Jones then filling out a glass of wine,
 drank

drank his health by the appellation of: *doctissime tonsorum*. *Ago tibi gratias, domine*, said the barber; and then looking very stedfastly at Jones, he said, with great gravity, and with a seeming surprise, as if he had recollected a face he had seen before: ‘Sir, may I crave the favour to know if your name is not Jones?’ To which the other answered, that it was. ‘*Proh deum atque hominum fidem*,’ says the barber, ‘how strangely things come to pass! Mr. Jones, I am your most obedient servant. I find you do not know me, which indeed is no wonder, since you never saw me but once, and then you was very young. Pray, Sir, how doth the good ’squire Allworthy? how doth *ille optimus omnium patronus*?’ ‘I find,’ said Jones, ‘you do indeed know me; but I have not the like happiness of recollecting you.’—‘I do not wonder at that,’ cries Benjamin; ‘but I am surprised I did not know you sooner, for you are not in the least altered. And pray, Sir, may I without offence inquire whither you are travelling this way? Fill the glass, Mr. Barber,’ said Jones, ‘and ask no more questions.’ ‘Nay, Sir,’ answered Benjamin, ‘I would not be troublesome; and I hope you don’t think me to be a man of an impertinent curiosity, for that is a vice which no body can lay to my charge; but I ask pardon, for when a gentleman of your figure travels without his servants, we may suppose him to be, as we say, in *casu incognito*, and perhaps I ought not to have mentioned your name.’ ‘I own,’ says Jones, ‘I did not expect to have been so well known in this country as I find I am, yet for particular reasons, I shall be obliged to you if you will not mention
‘ my

‘ my name to any other person, till I am gone from
‘ hence.’ ‘ *Pauca verba,*’ answered the barber; ‘ and
‘ I wish no other here knew you but myself; for
‘ some people have tongues; but I promise you I can
‘ keep a secret. My enemies will allow me that vir-
‘ tue.’ ‘ And yet that is not the characteristic of
‘ your profession, Mr. Barber,’ answered Jones. ‘ Alas,
‘ Sir,’ replied Benjamin: ‘ *Non si male nunc et olim*
‘ *sic erit.* I was not born nor bred a barber, I assure
‘ you. I have spent most of my time among gentle-
‘ men, and though I say it, I understand something
‘ of gentility. And if you had thought me as worthy
‘ of your confidence as you have some other people,
‘ I should have shewn you I could have kept a secret
‘ better. I should not have degraded your name in
‘ a public kitchen; for indeed, Sir, some people have
‘ not used you well; for besides making a public
‘ proclamation of what you told them of a quarrel
‘ between yourself and ‘squire Allworthy, they added
‘ lies of their own, things which I knew to be lies.’
‘ You surprize me greatly,’ cries Jones. ‘ Upon
‘ my word, Sir,’ answered Benjamin, ‘ I tell the
‘ truth, and I need not tell you my landlady was the
‘ person. I am sure it moved me to hear the story,
‘ and I hope it is all false; for I have a great respect
‘ for you, I do assure you I have, and have had,
‘ ever since the good-nature you shewed to Black
‘ George, which was talked of all over the coun-
‘ try, and I received more than one letter about it.
‘ Indeed it made you beloved by every body. You
‘ will pardon me, therefore; for it was real concern
‘ at what I heard made me ask so many questions;
‘ for I have no impertinent curiosity about me; but
‘ I

‘ I love good-nature, and thence became *amoris a-*
‘ *bundantia erga te.*’

Every profession of friendship easily gains credit with the miserable; it is no wonder, therefore, if Jones, who, besides his being miserable, was extremely open-hearted, very readily believed all the professions of Benjamin, and received him into his bosom. The scraps of Latin, some of which Benjamin applied properly enough, though it did not favour of profound literature, seemed yet to indicate something superior to a common barber, and so indeed did his whole behaviour. Jones therefore believed the truth of what he had said, as to his original and education, and at length, after much entreaty, he said: ‘ Since you have heard, my friend, ‘ so much of my affairs, and seem so desirous to ‘ know the truth, if you will have patience to hear ‘ it, I will inform you of the whole.’ ‘ Patience,’ cries Benjamin, ‘ that I will, if the chapter was never ‘ so long, and I am very much obliged to you for the ‘ honour you do me.’

Jones now began, and related the whole history, forgetting only a circumstance or two, namely, every thing which passed on that day in which he had fought with Thwackum, and ended with his resolution to go to sea, till the rebellion in the North had made him change his purpose, and had brought him to the place where he then was.

Little Benjamin, who had been all attention, never once interrupted the narrative; but when it was ended, he could not help observing, that there must be surely something more invented by his enemies, and told Mr. Allworthy against him, or so good a man
would

would never have dismissed one he had loved so tenderly, in such a manner. To which Jones answered :
' He doubted not but such villainous arts had been
' made use of to destroy him.'

And surely it was scarce possible for any one to have avoided making the same remark with the barber; who had not, indeed, heard from Jones, one single circumstance upon which he was condemned; for his actions were not now placed in those injurious lights, in which they had been misrepresented to Allworthy: nor could he mention those many false accusations which had been from time to time preferred against him to Allworthy; for with none of these he was himself acquainted. He had likewise, as we have observed, omitted many material facts in his present relation. Upon the whole, indeed, every thing now appeared in such favourable colours to Jones, that malice itself would have found it no easy matter to fix any blame upon him.

Not that Jones desired to conceal or to disguise the truth; nay, he would have been more unwilling to have suffered any censure to fall on Mr. Allworthy for punishing him, than on his own actions for deserving it, but, in reality, so it happened, and so it always will happen: for let a man be never so honest, the account of his own conduct will, in spite of himself, be so very favourable, that his vices will come purified through his lips, and, like foul liquors well strained, will leave all their foulness behind. For though the facts themselves may appear, yet so different will be the motives, circumstances, and consequences, when a man tells his own story, and when his enemy tells it, that we scarce can recognize the facts to be one and the same.

Though

Though the barber had drank down this story with greedy ears, he was not yet satisfied. There was a circumstance behind, which his curiosity, cold as it was, most eagerly longed for. Jones had mentioned the fact of his amour, and of his being the rival of Blifil, but had cautiously concealed the name of the young lady. The barber therefore, after some hesitation, and many hums and ha's, at last begged leave to crave the name of the lady, who appeared to be the principal cause of all this mischief. Jones paused a moment, and then said; 'Since I have trusted you with so much; and since, I am afraid, her name is become too publick already on this occasion, I will not conceal it from you. Her name is Sophia Western.'

'*Proh Deum atque hominum fidem!* 'squire Western hath a daughter grown a woman!' 'Ay, and such a woman,' cries Jones, 'that the world cannot match. No eye ever saw any thing so beautiful; but that is her least excellence. Such sense! such goodness! O I could praise her for ever, and yet should omit half her virtues.' 'Mr. Western a daughter grown up!' cries the barber, 'I remember the father a boy; well: *Tempus edax rerum.*'

The wine being now at an end, the barber pressed very eagerly to be his bottle; but Jones absolutely refused, saying: 'He had already drunk more than he ought; and that he now chose to retire to his room, where he wished he could procure himself a book.' 'A book!' cries Benjamin, 'what book would you have? Latin or English? I have some curious books in both languages. Such as *Erasmii*
VOL. II. C Col-

‘ *Colloquia, Ovid de Tristibus, Gradus ad Parnassum* ;
 ‘ and in English I have several of the best books,
 ‘ though some of them are a little torn; but I have
 ‘ a great part of Stowe’s Chronicle; the sixth volume
 ‘ of Pope’s Homer; the third volume of the Spec-
 ‘ tator; the second volume of Echard’s Roman
 ‘ History; the Craftsman; Robinson Crusoe; Tho-
 ‘ mas a Kempis, and two volumes of Tom Brown’s
 ‘ works.’

‘ Those last,’ cries Jones, ‘ are books I never
 ‘ saw, so if you please do lend me one of those vo-
 ‘ lumes.’ The barber assured him he would be highly
 entertained; for he looked upon the Author to have
 been one of the greatest wits that ever the nation
 produced. He then stepped to his house, which was
 hard by, and immediately returned; after which, the
 barber having received very strict injunctions of se-
 crecy from Jones, and having sworn inviolably to
 maintain it, they separated; the barber went home,
 and Jones retired to his chamber.

CHAP. VI.

*In which more of the talents of Mr. Benjamin
 will appear, as well as who this extraordi-
 nary person was.*

IN the morning Jones grew a little uneasy at the
 desertion of his surgeon, as he apprehended some
 inconvenience, or even danger, might attend the not
 dressing his wound: he enquired therefore of the
 drawer what other surgeons were to be met with in that
 neighbourhood. The drawer told him there was one
 not far off; but he had known him often refuse to be
 con-

concerned after another had been sent for before him: ‘but, Sir,’ says he, ‘if you will take my advice; there is not a man in the kingdom can do your business better than the barber who was with you last night. We look upon him to be one of the ablest men at a cut in all this neighbourhood. For though he hath not been here above three months, he hath done several great cures.’

The drawer was presently dispatched for Little Benjamin, who being acquainted in what capacity he was wanted, prepared himself accordingly, and attended; but with so different an air and aspect from that which he wore when his basin was under his arm, that he could scarce be known to be the same person.

‘So, tonsor,’ says Jones, ‘I find you have more trades than one; how came you not to inform me of this last night?’ ‘A surgeon,’ answered Benjamin, with great gravity, ‘is a profession, not a trade. The reason why I did not acquaint you last night that I professed this art, was that I then concluded you was under the hands of another gentleman, and I never love to interfere with my brethren in their business: *Ars omnibus communis*. But now, Sir, if you please, I will inspect your head, and when I see into your skull, I will give my opinion of your case.’

Jones had no great faith in this new professor; however, he suffered him to open the bandage, and to look at his wound, which as soon as he had done, Benjamin began to groan and shake his head violently. Upon which Jones, in a peevish manner, bid him not play the fool, but tell him in what condition he found him: ‘Shall I answer you as a surgeon, or a friend?’ said Benjamin. ‘As a friend, and seriously,’ said

Jones. ‘Why then upon my soul,’ cries Benjamin, ‘it would require a great deal of art to keep you from being well after a very few dressings; and if you will suffer me to apply some salve of mine, I will answer for the success.’ Jones gave his consent, and the plaister was applied accordingly.

‘There, Sir,’ cries Benjamin, ‘now I will, if you please, resume my former self; but a man is obliged to keep up some dignity in his countenance, whilst he is performing these operations, or the world will not submit to be handled by him. You can’t imagine, Sir, of how much consequence a grave aspect is to a grave character. A barber may make you laugh, but a surgeon ought rather to make you cry.’

‘Mr. Barber, or Mr. Surgeon, or Mr. Barber-surgeon,’ said Jones.— ‘O dear Sir; answered Benjamin, interrupting him: *Infandum, Regina, jubes renovare Dolorem.*’ You recal to my mind that cruel separation of the united fraternities, so much to the prejudice of both bodies, as all separations must be, according to the old adage: *Vis unita fortior*; which to be sure there are not wanting some of one or of the other fraternity who are able to construe. What a blow was this to me who unite both in my own person.’— ‘Well, by whatever name you please to be called,’ continued Jones, ‘you certainly are one of the oddest, most comical fellows I ever met with; and must have something very surprizing in your story, which you must confess I have a right to hear.’ ‘I do confess it,’ answered Benjamin, ‘and will very readily acquaint you with it, when you have sufficient leisure; for I promise you it will require a good deal of time.’ Jones told him, he could never
be

be more at leisure than at present: 'Well then,' said Benjamin, 'I will obey you; but first I will fasten the door, that none may interrupt us.' He did so, and then advancing with a solemn air to Jones, said: 'I must begin by telling you, Sir, that you yourself have been the greatest enemy I ever had.' Jones was a little startled at this sudden declaration: 'I your enemy, Sir!' says he, with much amazement, and some sternness in his look. 'Nay, be not angry,' said Benjamin, 'for I promise you I am not. You are perfectly innocent of having intended me any wrong; for you was then an infant; but I shall, I believe, unriddle all this the moment I mention my name. Did you never hear, Sir, of one Partridge, who had the honour of being reputed your father, and the misfortune of being ruined by that honour?' 'I have indeed heard of that Partridge,' says Jones, 'and have always believed myself to be his son.' 'Well, Sir,' answered Benjamin, 'I am that Partridge; but I here absolve you from all filial duty; for I do assure you, you are no son of mine.' 'How!' replied Jones, 'and is it possible that a false suspicion should have drawn all the ill-consequence upon you with which I am too well acquainted?' 'It is possible,' cries Benjamin, 'for it is so; but though it is natural enough for men to hate even the innocent causes of their sufferings, yet I am of a different temper. I have loved you ever since I heard of your behaviour to Black George, as I told you; and I am convinced, from this extraordinary meeting, that you are born to make me amends for all I have suffered on that account. Besides, I dreamt, the night before I saw you, that I stumbled over a stool

‘ without hurting myself; which plainly shewed me
‘ something good was towards me; and last night I
‘ dreamt again, that I rode behind you on a milk-
‘ white mare, which is a very excellent dream, and
‘ betokens much good fortune, which I am resolved to
‘ pursue, unless you have the cruelty to deny me.’

‘ I should be very glad, Mr. Partridge,’ answered Jones, ‘ to have it in my power to make you amends
‘ for your sufferings on my account, though at present I see no likelihood of it: however, I assure you,
‘ I will deny you nothing which is in my power to
‘ grant.’

‘ It is in your power sure enough,’ replied Benjamin; ‘ for I desire nothing more than leave to attend
‘ you in this expedition. Nay, I have so entirely set
‘ my heart upon it, that if you should refuse me, you
‘ will kill both a barber and a surgeon in one breath.’

Jones answered smiling: That he should be very sorry to be the occasion of so much mischief to the public. He then advanced many prudential reasons, in order to dissuade Benjamin (whom we shall hereafter call Partridge) from his purpose; but all were in vain. Partridge relied strongly on his dream of the milk-white mare: ‘ Besides, Sir,’ says he, ‘ I
‘ promise you, I have as good an inclination to the
‘ cause as any man can possibly have: and go I will,
‘ whether you admit me to go in your company or
‘ not.’

Jones, who was as much pleased with Partridge, as Partridge could be with him, and who had not consulted his own inclination, but the good of the other in desiring him to stay behind, when he found his friend so resolute, at last gave his consent; but
then

then recollecting himself, he said: 'Perhaps, Mr. Partridge, you think I shall be able to support you, but I really am not;' and then taking out his purse, he told out nine guineas, which he declared were his whole fortune.

Partridge answered: 'That his dependance was only on his future favour: for he was thoroughly convinced he would shortly have enough in his power. At present, Sir,' said he, 'I believe I am rather the richer man of the two; but all I have is at your service, and at your disposal. I insist upon your taking the whole, and I beg only to attend you in the quality of your servant: *Nil desperandum est Teucro duce et auspice Teucro*;' but to this generous proposal concerning the money, Jones would by no means submit.

It was resolved to set out the next morning, when a difficulty arose concerning the baggage; for the portmanteau of Mr. Jones was too large to be carried without a horse.

'If I may presume to give my advice,' says Partridge, 'this portmanteau, with every thing in it, except a few shirts, should be left behind. Those I shall be easily able to carry for you, and the rest of your cloaths will remain very safely locked up in my house.'

This method was no sooner proposed than agreed to, and then the barber departed, in order to prepare every thing for his intended expedition.

CHAP. VII.

Containing better reasons than any which have yet appeared for the conduct of Partridge; an apology for the weakness of Jones; and some farther anecdotes concerning my landlady.

THOUGH Partridge was one of the most superstitious of men, he would hardly perhaps have desired to accompany Jones on his expedition merely from the omens of the joint-stool, and white mare, if his prospect had been no better than to have shared the plunder gained in the field of battle. In fact, when Partridge came to ruminate on the relation he had heard from Jones, he could not reconcile to himself, that Mr. Allworthy should turn his son (for so he most firmly believed him to be) out of doors, for any reason which he had heard assigned. He concluded therefore, that the whole was a fiction, and that Jones, of whom he had often from his correspondents heard the wildest character, had in reality run away from his father. It came into his head, therefore, that if he could prevail with the young gentleman to return back to his father, he should by that means render a service to Allworthy, which would obliterate all his former anger; nay, indeed, he conceived that very anger was counterfeited, and that Allworthy had sacrificed him to his own reputation. And this suspicion, indeed, he well accounted for from the tender behaviour of that excellent man to the fondling child; from his great severity to Partridge, who knowing himself to be innocent; could not conceive that any other should think him guilty; *Said* . . . lastly,

lastly, from the allowance which he had privately received long after the annuity had been publicly taken from him; and which he looked upon as a kind of smart-money, or rather by way of atonement for injustice, for it is very uncommon, I believe, for men to ascribe the benefactions they receive to pure charity, when they can possibly impute them to any other motive. If he could by any means, therefore, persuade the young gentleman to return home, he doubted not but that he should again be received into the favour of Allworthy, and well rewarded for his pains; nay, and should be again restored to his native country; a restoration which Ulysses himself never wished more heartily than poor Partridge.

As for Jones he was well satisfied with the truth of what the other had asserted, and believed that Partridge had no other inducements but love to him, and zeal for the cause. A blameable want of caution and diffidence in the veracity of others, in which he was highly worthy of censure. To say the truth, there are but two ways by which men become possessed of this excellent quality. The one is from long experience, and the other is from nature; which last, I presume is often meant by genius, or great natural parts; and it is infinitely the better of the two, not only as we are masters of it much earlier in life, but as it is much more infallible and conclusive: for a man who hath been imposed upon by ever so many, may still hope to find others more honest; whereas he who receives certain necessary admonitions from within, that this is impossible, must have very little understanding indeed, if he ever renders himself liable to be once deceived. As Jones had not this gift from

nature, he was too young to have gained it by experience; for at the diffident wisdom, which is to be acquired this way, we seldom arrive till very late in life; which is perhaps the reason why some old men are apt to despise the understandings of all those who are a little younger than themselves.

Jones spent most part of the day in the company of a new acquaintance. This was no other than the landlord of the house, or rather the husband of the landlady. He had but lately made his descent down stairs, after a long fit of the gout, in which distemper he was generally confined to his room during one half of the year; and during the rest he walked about the house, smoked his pipe, and drank his bottle with his friends, without concerning himself in the least with any kind of business. He had been bred, as they call it, a gentleman, that is, breed up to do nothing, and had spent a very small fortune, which he inherited from an industrious farmer his uncle, in hunting, horse-racing, and cock-fighting, and had been married by my landlady for certain purposes, which he had long since desisted from answering: for which she hated him heartily. But as he was a surly kind of fellow, so she contented herself with frequently upbraiding him by disadvantageous comparisons with her first husband, whose praise she had eternally in her mouth; and as she was for the most part mistress of the profit, so she was satisfied to take upon herself the care and government of the family, and after a long successful struggle, to suffer her husband to be master of himself.

In the evening, when Jones retired to his room, a small dispute arose between this fond couple concerning

cerning him: 'What,' says the wife, 'you have
' been tippling with the gentleman! I see.' 'Yes,'
answered the husband; 'we have cracked a bottle
' together, and a very gentleman-like man he is, and
' hath a very pretty notion of horse-flesh. Indeed he
' is young and hath not seen much of the world:
' for I believe he hath been at very few horse-races.'
' O ho! he is one of your order, is he?' replies the
landlady; 'he must be a gentleman to be sure, if he
' is a horse-racer. The devil fetch such gentry; I
' am sure I wish I had never seen any of them. I have
' reason to love horse-racers truly.' 'That you have,'
says the husband; 'for I was one you know.' 'Yes,'
answered she, 'you are a pure one indeed. As my
' first husband used to say, I may put all the good I
' have ever got by you in my eyes, and see never the
' worse.' 'D—n your first husband,' cries he.—
' Don't d—n a better man than yourself,' answered
the wife; 'if he had been alive, you durst not have
' done it.' 'Then you think,' says he, 'I have not
' so much courage as yourself: for you have d—n'd
' him often in my hearing.' 'If I did,' says she,
' I have repented of it, many's the good time and
' oft. And if he was so good to forgive me a word
' spoken in haste, or so, it doth not become such a
' one as you to twitter me. He was a husband to
' me, he was; and if ever I did make use of an ill
' word or so in a passion, I never called him rascal;
' I should have told a lie, if I had called him ras-
' cal.' Much more she said, but not in his hearing:
for having lighted his pipe, he staggered off as fast
as he could. We shall therefore transcribe no more
of her speech, as it approached still nearer and near-
er

er to a subject too indelicate to find any place in this history.

Early in the morning Partridge appeared at the bedside of Jones, ready equipped for the journey, with his knapsack at his back. This was his own workmanship; for besides his other trades, he was no indifferent taylor. He had already put up his whole stock of linen in it, consisting of four shirts, to which he now added eight for Mr. Jones; and then packing up the portmanteau, he was departing with it towards his own house; but was stopt in his way by the landlady, who refused to suffer any removals till after the payment of the reckoning.

The landlady was, as we have said, absolute governess in these regions; it was therefore necessary to comply with her rules; so the bill was presently writ out, which amounted to a much larger sum than might have been expected, from the entertainment which Jones had met with. But here we are obliged to disclose some maxims which publicans hold to be the grand mysteries of their trade. The first is, if they have any thing good in their house (which indeed very seldom happens) to produce it only to persons who travel with great equipages. Secondly, to charge the same for the very worst provisions, as if they were the best. And, lastly, if any of their guests call but for little, to make them pay a double price for every thing they have, so that the amount by the head may be much the same.

The bill being made and discharged, Jones set forward with Partridge, carrying his knapsack; nor did the landlady condescend to wish him a good journey: for this was it seems, an inn frequented by people
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of fashion; and I know not whence it is, but all those who get their livelihood by people of fashion, contract as much intolerance to the rest of mankind as if they really belonged to that rank themselves.

CHAP. VIII.

Jones arrives at Gloucester, and goes to the Bell; the character of that house, and of a pettifogger, which he there meets with.

MR. Jones, and Partridge, or Little Benjamin, (which epithet of Little was perhaps given him ironically, he being in reality near six feet high) having left their last quarters in the manner before described, travelled on to Gloucester, without meeting any adventure worth relating.

Being arrived here, they chose for their house of entertainment the sign of the Bell, an excellent house indeed, and which I do most seriously recommend to every reader who shall visit this ancient city. The master of it is brother to the great preacher Whitefield: but is absolutely untainted with the pernicious principles of methodism, or of any other heretical sect. He is indeed a very honest plain man, and, in my opinion, not likely to create any disturbance either in church or state. His wife hath, I believe, had much pretension to beauty, and is still a very fine woman. Her person and deportment might have made a shining figure in the politest assemblies; but though she must be conscious of this, and many other perfections, she seems perfectly contented with, and resigned to that state of life to which she is called: and this resignation is entirely owing to the prudence and
wis-

wisdom of her temper: for she is at present as free from any methodistical notions as her husband. I say at present: for she freely confesses that her brother's documents made at first some impression upon her, and that she had put herself to the expence of a long hood, in order to attend the extraordinary motions of the spirit; but having found during an experiment of three weeks, no emotions, she says, worth a farthing, she very wisely laid by her hood, and abandoned the sect. To be concise, she is a very friendly, good-natured woman; and so industrious to oblige, that her guests must be of a very morose disposition who are not extremely well satisfied in her house.

Mrs. Whitefield happened to be in the yard when Jones and his attendant marched in. Her sagacity soon discovered in the air of our hero something which distinguished him from the vulgar. She ordered her servants, therefore, immediately to shew him into a room, and presently afterwards invited him to dinner with herself; which invitation he very thankfully accepted, for indeed much less agreeable company than that of Mrs. Whitefield, and a much worse entertainment than she had provided, would have been welcome, after so long fasting, and so long a walk.

Besides Mr. Jones and the good governess of the mansion, there sat down at table an attorney of Salisbury, indeed the very same who had brought the news of Mrs. Blifil's death to Mr. Allworthy, and whose name, which I think we did not before mention, was Dowling: there was likewise present another person, who stiled himself a lawyer, and who lived somewhere near Linlinch, in Somersetshire. This fellow, I say, stiled himself a lawyer, but was indeed a most vile petty-

petty-fogger, without sense or knowledge of any kind; one of those who may be termed train-bearers to the law; a sort of supernumeraries in the profession, who are the hackneys of attornies, and will ride more miles for half-a-crown than a post-boy.

During the time of dinner, the Somersetshire lawyer recollected the face of Jones, which he had seen at Mr. Allworthy's: for he had often visited in that gentleman's kitchen. He therefore took occasion to enquire after the good family there, with that familiarity which would have become an intimate friend or acquaintance of Mr. Allworthy: and indeed he did all in his power to insinuate himself to be such; though he had never had the honour of speaking to any person in that family higher than the butler. Jones answered all his questions with much civility, though he never remembered to have seen the petty-fogger before, and though he concluded from the outward appearance and behaviour of the man, that he usurped a freedom with his betters, to which he was by no means intitled.

As the conversation of fellows of this kind, is of all others the most detestable to men of any sense, the cloth was no sooner removed than Mr. Jones withdrew, and a little barbarously left poor Mrs. Whitefield to do a penance, which I have often heard Mr. Timothy Harris, and other publicans of good taste, lament, as the severest lot annexed to their calling; namely, that of being obliged to keep company with their guests.

Jones had no sooner quitted the room, than the petty-fogger in a whispering tone, asked Mrs. Whitefield: 'if she knew who that fine spark was?' She
an-

answered: , she had never seen the gentleman before.’
‘ The gentleman, indeed!’ replied the petty-fogger;
‘ a pretty gentleman truly! Why, he’s the bastard of
‘ a fellow who was hanged for horse-stealing. He
‘ was dropt at ’squire Allworthy’s door, where one
‘ of the servants found him in a box so full of rain-
‘ water, that he would certainly have been drowned,
‘ had he not been reserved for another fate.’ ‘ Ay,
‘ ay, you need not mention it, I protest; we under-
‘ stand what that fate is very well,’ cries Dowling,
with a most facetious grin. ‘ Well,’ continued the
other, ‘ the ’squire ordered him to be taken in: for
‘ he is a timberlome man every body knows, and
‘ was afraid of drawing himself into a scrape; and
‘ there the bastard was bred up and fed and cloathi-
‘ fied all to the world like any gentleman; and there
‘ he got one of the servant maids with child, and
‘ persuaded her to swear it to the ’squire himself; and
‘ afterwards he broke the arm of one Mr. Thwackum
‘ a clergyman, only because he reprimanded him for
‘ following whores; and afterwards he snapt a pistol
‘ at Mr. Blifil behind his back; and once when ’squire
‘ Allworthy was sick, he got a drum, and beat it all
‘ over the house, to prevent him from sleeping; and
‘ twenty other pranks he hath played; for all which,
‘ about four or five days ago, just before I left the
‘ country, the ’squire stripp’d him stark naked, and
‘ turned him out of doors.’

‘ And very justly too, I protest,’ cries Dowling;
‘ I would turn my own son out of doors, if he was
‘ guilty of half as much. And pray what is the name
‘ of this pretty gentleman?’

‘ The

, The name o'un!' answered the petty-fogger, 'why, he is called Thomas Jones.'

'Jones!' answered Dowling, a little eagerly, 'what, Mr. Jones that lived at Mr. Allworthy's! was that the gentleman that dined with us?' 'The very same,' said the other, 'I have heard of the gentleman,' cries Dowling, 'often; but I never heard any ill character of him.' 'And I am sure,' says Mrs. Whitefield, 'if half what this gentleman hath said be true, Mr. Jones hath the most deceitful countenance I ever saw; for sure his looks promise something very different; and I must say, for the little I have seen of him, he is as civil a well-bred man as you would wish to converse with.'

The petty-fogger calling to mind that he had not been sworn, as he usually was, before he gave his evidence, now bound what he had declared with so many oaths and imprecations, that the landlady's ears were shocked, and she put a stop to his swearing, by assuring him of her belief. Upon which he said: 'I hope, Madam, you imagine I would scorn to tell such things of any man unless I knew them to be true. What interest have I in taking away the reputation of a man who never injured me? I promise you every syllable of what I have said is fact, and the whole country knows it.'

As Mrs. Whitefield had no reason to suspect that the petty-fogger had any motive or temptation to abuse Jones, the reader cannot blame her for believing what he so confidently affirmed with many oaths. She accordingly gave up her skill in physiognomy, and hence forwards conceived so ill an opinion of her guest, that she heartily wished him out of her house.

This dislike was now farther increased by a report which Mr. Whitefield made from the kitchen, where Partridge had informed the company: ‘ That though he carried the knapsack, and contented himself with staving among servants, while Tom Jones (as he called him) was regaling in the parlour, he was not his servant, but only a friend and companion, and as good a gentleman as Mr. Jones himself.’

Dowling sat all this while silent, biting his fingers, making faces, grinning, and looking wonderfully arch; at last he opened his lips, and protested that the gentleman looked like another sort of man. He then called for his bill with the utmost haste, declared he must be at Hereford that evening, lamented his great hurry of business, and wished he could divide himself into twenty pieces, in order to be at once in twenty places.

The petty-fogger now likewise departed, and then Jones desired the favour of Mrs. Whitefield’s company to drink tea with him; but she refused, and with a manner so different from that with which she had received him at dinner, that it a little surprized him. And now he soon perceived her behaviour totally changed; for instead of that natural affability which we have before celebrated, she wore a constrained severity on her countenance, which was so disagreeable to Mr. Jones, that he resolved however late to quit the house that evening.

He did indeed account somewhat unfairly for this sudden change; for besides some hard and unjust surmises concerning female fickleness and mutability, he began to suspect that he owed this want of civility to
his

his want of horses; a sort of animals which, as they dirty no sheets, are thought, in inns, to pay better for their beds than their riders, and are therefore considered as the more desirable company; but Mrs. Whitefield, to do her justice, had a much more liberal way of thinking. She was perfectly well-bred, and could be very civil to a gentleman, though he walked on foot. In reality, she looked on our hero as a sorry scoundrel, and therefore treated him as such, for which not even Jones himself, had he known as much as the reader, could have blamed her; nay, on the contrary, he must have approved her conduct, and have esteemed her the more for the disrespect shewn towards himself. This is indeed a most aggravating circumstance which attends depriving men unjustly of their reputation; for a man who is conscious of having an ill character, cannot justly be angry with those who neglect and flight him; but ought rather to despise such as affect his conversation, unless where a perfect intimacy must have convinced them that their friend's character hath been falsely and injuriously aspersed.

This was not, however, the case of Jones; for as he was a perfect stranger to the truth, so he was with good reason offended at the treatment he received. He therefore paid his reckoning and departed, highly against the will of Mr. Partridge, who having remonstrated much against it to no purpose, at last condescended to take up his knapsack, and to attend his friend.

CHAP. IX.

Containing several dialogues between Jones and Partridge, concerning love, cold, hunger, and other matters; with the lucky and narrow escape of Partridge, as he was on the very brink of making a fatal discovery to his friend.

THE shadows began now to descend larger from the high mountains; the feathered creation had betaken themselves to their rest. Now the highest order of mortals were sitting down to their dinners, and the lowest order to their suppers. In a word, the clock struck five just as Mr. Jones took his leave of Gloucester; an hour at which (as it was now mid-winter) the dirty fingers of night would have drawn her sable curtain over the universe, had not the moon forbid her, who now, with a face as broad and as red as those of some jolly mortals, who, like her, turn night into day, began to rise from her bed, where she had slumbered away the day, in order to sit up all night. Jones had not travelled far before he paid his compliments to that beautiful planet, and turning to his companion, asked him, if he had ever beheld so delicious an evening. Partridge making no ready answer to his question, he proceeded to comment on the beauty of the moon, and repeated some passages from Milton, who hath certainly excelled all other poets in his description of the heavenly luminaries. He then told Partridge the story from the Spectator, of two lovers who had agreed to entertain themselves when they were at a

great

great distance from each other, by repairing, at a certain fixed hour, to look at the moon; thus pleasing themselves with the thought that they were both employed in contemplating the same object at the same time. ‘Those lovers,’ added he, ‘must have had souls truly capable of feeling all the tenderness of the sublimest of all human passions.’ ‘Very probably,’ cries Partridge: ‘but I envy them more, if they had bodies incapable of feeling cold; for I am almost frozen to death, and am very much afraid I shall lose a piece of my nose before we get to another house of entertainment. Nay, truly we may well expect some judgment should happen to us for our folly in running away so by night from one of the most excellent inns I ever set my foot into. I am sure I never saw more good things in my life, and the greatest lord in the land cannot live better in his own house than he may there. And to forsake such a house, and go a rambling about the country, the Lord knows whither, *per devia rura viarum*, I say nothing for my part; but some people might not have charity enough to conclude we were in our sober senses.’ ‘Fie upon it, Mr. Partridge,’ says Jones, ‘have a better heart; consider you are going to face an enemy; and are you afraid of facing a little cold? I wish, indeed, we had a guide to advise which of these roads we should take.’ ‘May I be so bold,’ says Partridge, ‘to offer my advice: *Interdum stultus opportuna loquitur*.’ ‘Why, which of them,’ cries Jones, ‘would you recommend?’ ‘Truly neither of them,’ answered Partridge. ‘The only road we can be certain of finding, is the road we came.

‘ A good hearty pace will bring us back to Gloucester in an hour; but if we go forward, the Lord Harry knows when we shall arrive at any place; for I see at least fifty miles before me, and no house in all the way.’ ‘ You see, indeed, a very fair prospect,’ says Jones, ‘ which receives great additional beauty from the extreme lustre of the moon. However, I will keep the left-hand track, as that seems to lead directly to those hills, which we were informed lie not far from Worcester. And here, if you are inclined to quit me, you may, and return back again; but, for my part, I am resolved to go forward.’

‘ It is unkind in you, Sir,’ says Partridge, ‘ to suspect me of any such intention. What I have advised hath been as much on your account as on my own; but since you are determined to go on, I am as much determined to follow. *I præ, sequar-te.*’

They now travelled some miles without speaking to each other, during which suspense of discourse Jones often sighed, and Benjamin groaned as bitterly, though from a very different reason. At length Jones made a full stop, and turning about, cries: ‘ Who knows, Partridge, but the loveliest creature in the universe may have her eyes now fixed on that very moon which I behold at this instant?’ ‘ Very likely, Sir,’ answered Partridge, ‘ and if my eyes were fixed on a good surloin of roast beef, the devil might take the moon and her horns into the bargain.’ ‘ Did ever Tramontane make such an answer?’ cries Jones. ‘ Prithee, Partridge, wast thou ever susceptible of love in thy life, or hath

‘ time

' time worn away all the traces of it from thy me-
 ' mory? ' Alack-a-day,' cries Partridge, ' well
 ' would it have been for me if I had never known
 ' what love was. *Infanda Regina jubet renovare*
 ' *Dolorem.* I am sure I have tasted all the tenderness
 ' and sublimities, and bitterneſſes of the paſſion.'
 ' Was your miſtreſs unkind then?' ſays Jones.
 ' Very unkind indeed, Sir,' answered Partridge?
 ' for ſhe married me, and made one of the moſt con-
 ' founded wives in the world. However, heaven be
 ' praised, ſhe's gone; and if I believed ſhe was in the
 ' moon, according to the book I once read, which
 ' teaches that to be the receptacle of departed ſpirits,
 ' I would never look at it for fear of ſeeing her:
 ' but I wiſh, Sir, that the moon was a looking glaſs
 ' for your ſake, and that Miſs Sophia Western was
 ' now placed before it.' ' My dear Partridge,' cries
 ' Jones, ' what a thought was there! A thought which
 ' I am certain could never have entered into any
 ' mind but that of a lover. O Partridge, could I
 ' hope once again to ſee that face; but, alas! all
 ' thoſe golden dreams are vaniſhed for ever, and my
 ' only refuge from future miſery is to forget the ob-
 ' ject of all my former happineſs.' ' And do you
 ' really deſpair of ever ſeeing Miſs Western again?'
 answered Partridge: ' If you will follow my advice,
 ' I will engage you ſhall not only ſee her, but have
 ' her in your arms.' ' Ha! do not awaken a thought
 ' of that nature,' cries Jones. ' I have ſtruggled
 ' ſufficiently to conquer all ſuch wiſhes already.'
 ' Nay,' answered Partridge, ' if you do not wiſh
 ' to have your miſtreſs in your arms, you are a moſt
 ' extraordinary lover indeed.' ' Well, well,' ſays
 Jones,

Jones, 'let us avoid this subject; but pray what is
' your advice?' 'To give it you in the military
' phrase then,' says Partridge, 'as we are soldiers;
' To the right about.' 'Let us return the way we
' came; we may yet reach Gloucester to night,
' though late; whereas if we proceed, we are likely,
' for ought I see, to ramble about for ever without
' coming either to house or home.' 'I have already
' told you my resolution is to go on,' answered
Jones; 'but I would have you to go back. I am
' obliged to you for your company hither; and I beg
' you to accept a guinea as a small instance of my
' gratitude. Nay it would be cruel in me to suffer
' you to go any farther; for, to deal plainly with
' you, my chief end and desire is a glorious death
' in the service of my king and country.' 'As for
' your money,' replied Partridge, 'I beg, Sir, you
' will put it up. I will receive none of you at this
' time; for at present I am, I believe, the richer
' man of the two. And as your resolution is to go
' on, so mine is to follow you if you do. Nay, now
' my presence appears absolutely necessary to take
' care of you, since your intentions are so desperate;
' for I promise you my views are much more pru-
' dent; as you are resolved to fall in battle if you
' can, so I am resolved as firmly to come to no hurt,
' if I can help it. And indeed I have the comfort to
' think there will be but little danger; for a popish
' priest told me the other day, the business would
' soon be over, and he believed without a battle.'
' A popish priest,' cries Jones, 'I have heard is
' not always to be believed when he speaks in behalf
' of his religion.' 'Yes, but so far,' answered the
other,

other, 'from speaking in behalf of his religion, he
' assured me, the catholicks did not expect to be
' any gainers by the change; for that Prince Charles
' was as good a protestant as any in England; and
' that nothing but regard to right made him and the
' rest of the popish party to be Jacobites.' 'I believe
' him to be as much a protestant as I believe he hath
' any right,' says Jones, 'and I make no doubt of
' our success, but not without a battle. So that I
' am not so sanguine as your friend the popish priest.'
' Nay, to be sure, Sir,' answered Partridge, 'all
' the prophecies I have ever read, speak of a great
' deal of blood to be spilt in the quarrel, and the
' miller with three thumbs, who is now alive, is to
' hold the horses of three kings, up to his knees in
' blood. Lord have mercy upon us all, and send
' better times!' 'With what stuff and nonsense
' hast thou filled thy head,' answered Jones? 'This
' too, I suppose, comes from the popish priest.
' Monsters and prodigies are the proper arguments
' to support monstrous and absurd doctrines. The
' cause of King George is the cause of liberty and
' true religion. In other words, it is the cause of
' common sense, my boy, and I warrant you will
' succeed, though Briareus himself was to rise again
' with his hundred thumbs, and to turn miller.'
Partridge made no reply to this. He was indeed cast
into the utmost confusion by this declaration of Jones.
For to inform the reader of a secret, which we had
no proper opportunity of revealing before, Partridge
was in truth a Jacobite, and had concluded that
Jones was of the same party, and was now proceeding
to join the rebels. An opinion which was not

without foundation. For the tall long-sided dame, mentioned by Hudibras; that many-eyed, many-tongued, many-mouthed, many-eared monster of Virgil, had related the story of the quarrel between Jones and the officer, with her usual regard to truth. She had indeed changed the name of Sophia into that of the pretender, and had reported, that drinking his health was the cause for which Jones was knocked down. This Partridge had heard, and most firmly believed. 'Tis no wonder, therefore, that he had thence entertained the above-mentioned opinion of Jones; and which he had almost discovered to him before he found out his own mistake. And at this the reader will be the less inclined to wonder, if he pleases to recollect the doubtful phrase in which Jones first communicated his resolution to Mr. Partridge; and, indeed, had the words been less ambiguous, Partridge might very well have construed them as he did; being persuaded, as he was, that the whole nation were of the same inclination in their hearts: nor did it stagger him that Jones had travelled in the company of soldiers; for he had the same opinion of the army which he had of the rest of the people.

But however well affected he might be to James or Charles, he was still much more attached to Little Benjamin than to either; for which reason he no sooner discovered the principles of his fellow traveller, than he thought proper to conceal, and outwardly to give up his own to the man on whom he depended for the making his fortune, since he by no means believed the affairs of Jones to be so desperate as they really were with Mr. Allworthy; for as he had kept a constant correspondence with some of his
neigh-

neighbours since he left that country, he had heard much, indeed more than was true, of the great affection Mr. Allworthy bore this young man, who, as Partridge had been instructed, was to be that gentleman's heir, and whom, as we have said, he did not in the least doubt to be his son.

He imagined, therefore, that whatever quarrel was between them, it would be certainly made up at the return of Mr. Jones; an event from which he promised great advantages, if he could take this opportunity of ingratiating himself with that young gentleman; and, if he could by any means be instrumental in procuring his return, he doubted not, as we have before said, but it would as highly advance him in the favour of Mr. Allworthy.

We have already observed that he was a very good-natured fellow, and he hath himself declared the violent attachment he had to the person and character of Jones; but possibly the views which I have just before mentioned, might likewise have some little share in prompting him to undertake this expedition; at least in urging him to continue it, after he had discovered, that his master and himself, like some prudent fathers and sons, though they travelled together in great friendship, had embraced opposite parties. I am led into this conjecture, by having remarked that though love, friendship, esteem, and such like, have very powerful operations in the human mind; interest, however, is an ingredient seldom omitted by wise men, when they would work others to their own purposes. This is indeed a most excellent medicine, and, like Ward's pill, flies at once to the particular part of the body on which you
desire

desire to operate, whether it be the tongue, the hand, or any other member, where it scarce ever fails of immediately producing the desired effect.

CHAP. X.

In which our travellers meet with a very extraordinary adventure.

JUST as Jones and his friend came to the end of their dialogue in the preceding chapter, they arrived at the bottom of a very steep hill. Here Jones stopt short, and directing his eyes upwards, stood for a while silent. At length he called to his companion, and said: ‘Partridge, I wish I was at the top of this hill; it must certainly afford a most charming prospect, especially by this light: for the solemn gloom which the moon casts on all objects, is beyond expression beautiful, especially to an imagination which is desirous of cultivating melancholy ideas.’ ‘Very probably,’ answered Partridge; ‘but if the top of the hill be properest to produce melancholy thoughts, I suppose the bottom is the likeliest to produce merry ones, and these I take to be much the better of the two. I protest you have made my blood run cold with the very mentioning the top of that mountain; which seems to me to be one of the highest in the world. No, no, if we look for any thing, let it be for a place under-ground, to screen ourselves from the frost.’— ‘Do so,’ said Jones, ‘let it be but within hearing of this place, and I will halloo to you at my return back.’ ‘Surely, Sir, you are not mad,’ said Partridge. ‘Indeed, I am,’ answered Jones, ‘if ascending this hill be madness: but, as you complain so much

‘ much of the cold already, I would have you stay below. I will certainly return to you within an hour.’
‘ Pardon me, Sir,’ cries Partridge, ‘ I have determined to follow you where-ever you go.’ Indeed he was now afraid to stay behind; for though he was coward enough in all respects, yet his chief fear was that of ghosts, with which the present time of night, and the wildness of the place, extremely well suited.

At this instant Partridge espied a glimmering light through some trees, which seemed very near to them. He immediately cried out in a rapture: ‘ Oh, Sir! Heaven hath at last heard my prayers, and hath brought us to a house; perhaps it may be an inn. Let me beseech you, Sir, if you have any compassion either for me or yourself, do not despise the goodness of Providence, but let us go directly to your light. Whether it be a public-house or no, I am sure if they be Christians that dwell there, they will not refuse a little house-room to persons in our miserable condition.’ Jones at length yielded to the earnest supplications of Partridge, and both together made directly towards the place whence the light issued.

They soon arrived at the door of this house or cottage: for it might be called either, without much impropriety. Here Jones knocked several times, without receiving any answer from within; at which Partridge, whose head was full of nothing but of ghosts, devils, witches, and such like, began to tremble, crying: ‘ Lord have mercy upon us! sure the people must be all dead. I can see no light neither now, and yet I am certain I saw a candle burning but a moment before.— Well! I have heard of such things.’— ‘ What
‘ hast

‘hast thou heard of,’ said Jones. ‘The people are
‘either fast asleep, or probably, as this is a lonely
‘place, are afraid to open their door.’ He then be-
gan to vociferate pretty loudly, and at last an old wo-
man, opening an upper casement, asked: ‘who they
‘were, and what they wanted?’ Jones answered,
‘they were travellers who had lost their way, and,
‘having seen a light in the window, had been led thi-
‘ther, in hopes of finding some fire to warm them-
‘selves. ‘Whoever you are,’ cries the woman, ‘you
‘have no business here; nor shall I open the door to
‘any body at this time of night.’ Partridge, whom
the sound of a human voice had recovered from his
fright, fell to the most earnest supplications to be ad-
mitted for a few minutes to the fire, saying: ‘he was
‘almost death with the cold,’ to which fear had indeed
contributed equally with the frost. He assured her,
that the gentleman who spoke to her, was one of the
greatest ‘squires in the country, and made use of eve-
ry argument save one, which Jones afterwards effec-
tually added, and this was the promise of half a
crown. A bribe too great to be resisted by such a
person, especially as the genteel appearance of Jones,
which the light of the moon plainly discovered to her,
together with his affable behaviour, had entirely sub-
dued those apprehensions of thieves which she had at
first conceived. She agreed, therefore, at last to let
them in, where Partridge, to his infinite joy, found
a good fire ready for his reception.

The poor fellow, however, had no sooner warmed
himself, than those thoughts which were always up-
permost in his mind, began a little to disturb his brain.
There was no article of his creed in which he had a
stronger

stronger faith, than he had in witchcraft, nor can the reader conceive a figure more adapted to inspire this idea, than the old woman who now stood before him. She answered exactly to that picture drawn by Otway in his Orphan. Indeed, if this woman had lived in the reign of James the First, her appearance alone would have hanged her, almost without any evidence.

Many circumstances likewise conspired to confirm Partridge in his opinion. Her living, as he then imagined, by herself in so lonely a place; and in a house, the outside of which seemed much too good for her; but its inside was furnished in the most neat and elegant manner. To say the truth, Jones himself was not a little surprised at what he saw: for, besides the extraordinary neatness of the room, it was adorned with a great number of nicknacks and curiosities, which might have engaged the attention of a virtuoso.

While Jones was admiring these things, and Partridge sat trembling with the firm belief that he was in the house of a witch, the old woman said: ‘I hope, gentlemen, you will make what haste you can; for I expect my master presently, and I would not for double the money he should find you here.’ ‘Then you have a master,’ cried Jones; ‘indeed you will excuse me, good woman, but I was surprised to see all those fine things in your house.’ ‘Ah, Sir!’ said she, ‘if the twentieth part of these things were mine, I should think myself a rich woman; but pray, Sir, do not stay much longer: for I look for him in every minute.’— ‘Why sure he would not be angry with you,’ said Jones, ‘for doing a common act of charity.’ ‘Alack-a-day, Sir,’ said she, ‘he is a strange man, not at all like other people. He keeps

‘ keeps no company with any body, and seldom walks
‘ out but by night, for he doth not care to be seen;
‘ and all the country people are as much afraid of
‘ meeting him; for his dress is enough to frighten those
‘ who are not used to it. They call him: *the Man of*
‘ *the Hill* (for there he walks by night), and the coun-
‘ try people are not, I believe, more afraid of the de-
‘ vil himself. He would be terribly angry if he found
‘ you here.’ ‘ Pray, Sir,’ says Partridge, ‘ don’t let
‘ us offend the gentleman, I am ready to walk, and
‘ was never warmer in my life.— Do, pray Sir, let us
‘ go—here are pistols over the chimney; who knows
‘ whether they be charged or no, or what he may do
‘ with them?’ ‘ Fear nothing, Partridge,’ cries Jones,
‘ I will secure thee from danger.’— ‘ Nay, for matter o’
‘ that; he never doth any mischief,’ said the woman;
‘ but to be sure it is necessary he should keep some
‘ arms for his own safety; for his house hath been be-
‘ set more than once, and it is not many nights ago,
‘ that we thought we heard thieves about it: for my
‘ own part, I have often wondered that he is not mur-
‘ dered by some villain or other, as he walks out by
‘ himself at such hours; but then, as I said, the peo-
‘ ple are afraid of him, and besides they think, I sup-
‘ pose, he hath nothing about him worth taking.’ ‘ I
‘ should imagine, by this collection of rarities,’ cries
Jones, ‘ that your master had been a traveller.’ ‘ Yes,
‘ Sir,’ answered she, ‘ he hath been a very great one;
‘ there be few gentlemen that know more of all mat-
‘ ters than he; I fancy he hath been cross in love, or
‘ whatever it is, I know not, but I have lived with
‘ him above these thirty years, and in all that time he
‘ hath hardly spoke to six living people.’ She then
again



II. Gravelot inv.

again solicited their departure, in which she was backed by Partridge; but Jones purposely protracted the time: for his curiosity was greatly railed to see this extraordinary person. Though the old woman, therefore, concluded every one of her answers with desiring him to be gone, and Partridge proceeded so far as to pull him by the sleeve, he still continued to invent new questions, till the old woman with an affrighted countenance, declared she heard her master's signal: and at the same instant more than one voice was heard without the door, crying: 'D—n your blood, shew us your money this instant. Your money, you villain, or we will blow your brains about your ears.'

'O, good heaven!' cries the old woman, 'some villains, to be sure, have attacked my master. O la! what shall I do? what shall I do?' 'How,' cries Jones, 'how—Are these pistols loaded?' 'O, good Sir, there is nothing in them, indeed—O, pray don't murder us, gentlemen,' (for in reality she now had the same opinion of those within, as she had of those without.) Jones made her no answer; but snatching an old broad-sword which hung in the room, he instantly sallied out, where he found the old gentleman struggling with two ruffians, and begging for mercy. Jones asked no questions, but fell so briskly to work with his broad-sword, that the fellows immediately quitted their hold; and, without offering to attack our hero, betook themselves to their heels, and made their escape; for he did not attempt to pursue them, being contented with having delivered the old gentleman; and indeed he concluded he had pretty well done their business: for both of them, as they ran off, cried out with bitter oaths, that they were dead men.

Jones presently ran to lift up the old gentleman, who had been thrown down in the scuffle, expressing at the same time great concern, lest he should have received any harm from the villains. The old man stared a moment at Jones, and then cried:— ‘No, Sir, no, I have very little harm, I thank you. Lord have mercy upon me.’ ‘I see, Sir,’ said Jones, ‘you are not free from apprehensions even of those who have had the happiness to be your deliverers; nor can I blame any suspicions which you may have; but indeed, you have no real occasion for any; here are none but your friends present. Having mist our way this cold night, we took the liberty of warming ourselves at your fire, whence we were just departing when we heard you call for assistance, which I must say, Providence alone seems to have sent you.’ ‘Providence indeed,’ cries the old gentleman, ‘if it be so.’— ‘So it is, I assure you,’ cries Jones, ‘here is your own sword, Sir. I have used it in your defence, and I now return it into your own hand.’ The old man having received the sword, which was stained with the blood of his enemies, looked stedfastly at Jones during some moments, and then with a sigh, cried out: ‘You will pardon me, young gentleman, I was not always of a suspicious temper, nor am I a friend of ingratitude.’ ‘Be thankful then,’ cries Jones, ‘to that Providence to which you owe your deliverance; as to my part, I have only discharged the common duties of humanity, and what I would have done for any fellow creature in your situation. Let me look at you a little longer,’ cries the old gentleman— ‘You are a human creature then?— Well, perhaps you are. Come, pray walk

‘ walk into my little hut. You have been my deliverer indeed.’

The old woman was distracted between the fears which she had of her master, and for him; and Partridge was, if possible, in a greater fright. The former of these, however, when she heard her master speak kindly to Jones, and perceived what had happened, came again to herself; but Partridge no sooner saw the gentleman, than the strangeness of his dress infused greater terrors into that poor fellow, than he had before felt either from the strange description which he had heard, or from the uproar which had happened at the door.

To say the truth, it was an appearance which might have affected a more constant mind than that of Mr. Partridge. This person was of the tallest size, with a long beard as white as snow. His body was clothed with the skin of an ass, made something into the form of a coat. He wore likewise boots on his legs, and a cap on his head, both composed of the skin of some other animals.

As soon as the old gentleman came into his house, the old woman began her congratulations on his happy escape from the ruffians. ‘ Yes,’ cried he, I have escaped indeed, thanks to my preserver.’ ‘ O the blessing on him,’ answered she, ‘ he is a good gentleman, I warrant him. I was afraid your worship would have been angry with me for letting him in; and to be certain I should not have done it, had not I seen by the moon-light, that he was a gentleman, and almost frozen to death. And to be certain it must have been some good angel that sent him hither, and tempted me to do it.’

‘ I am afraid, Sir,’ said the old gentleman to Jones,
‘ that I have nothing in this house which you can either
‘ eat or drink , unless you will accept a dram of bran-
‘ dy; of which I can give you some most excellent,
‘ and which I have had by me these thirty years.’

Jones declined this offer in a very civil and proper
speech, and then the other asked him: ‘ Whither he
‘ was travelling when he mist his way? saying: I must
‘ own myself surpris’d to see such a person as you ap-
‘ pear to be journeying on foot at this time of night.
‘ I suppose, Sir, you are a gentleman of these parts:
‘ for you do not look like one who is us’d to travel
‘ far without horses.’

‘ Appearances,’ cried Jones, ‘ are often deceitful;
‘ men sometimes look like what they are not. I as-
‘ sure you I am not of this country, and whither I am
‘ travelling, in reality I scarce know myself.’

‘ Whoever you are, or whithersoever you are go-
‘ ing,’ answered the old man, ‘ I have obligations to
‘ you which I can never return.’

‘ I once more,’ replied Jones, ‘ affirm, that you
‘ have none; for there can be no merit in having
‘ hazarded that in your service on which I set no va-
‘ lue. And nothing is so contemptible in my eyes as
‘ life.’

‘ I am sorry, young gentleman,’ answered the
stranger, ‘ that you have any reason to be so unhappy
‘ at your years.’

‘ Indeed I am, Sir,’ answered Jones, ‘ the most un-
‘ happy of mankind.’— ‘ Perhaps you have had a
‘ friend, or a mistress,’ replied the other. ‘ How
‘ could you,’ cries Jones, ‘ mention two words suffi-
‘ cient to drive me to distraction.’ ‘ Either of them
‘ are

‘are enough to drive any man to distraction,’ answered the old man. ‘I inquire no farther, Sir.

‘Perhaps my curiosity hath led me too far already.’

‘Indeed, Sir,’ cries Jones, ‘I cannot censure a passion, which I feel at this instant in the highest degree. You will pardon me, when I assure you, that every thing which I have seen or heard since I first entered this house, hath conspired to raise the greatest curiosity in me. Something very extraordinary must have determined you to this course of life, and I have reason to fear your own history is not without misfortunes.’

Here the old gentleman again sighed, and remained silent for some minutes; at last, looking earnestly on Jones, he said: ‘I have read that a good countenance is a letter of recommendation; if so, none ever can be more strongly recommended than yourself. If I did not feel some yearnings towards you from another consideration, I must be the most ungrateful monster upon earth; and I am really concerned it is no otherwise in my power, than by words, to convince you of my gratitude.’

Jones after a moment’s hesitation answered: ‘That it was in his power by words to gratify him extremely. I have confest a curiosity, said he, Sir; need I say how much obliged I shall be to you, if you would condescend to gratify it? Will you suffer me therefore to beg, unless some consideration restrains you, that you would be pleased to acquaint me what motives have induced you thus to withdraw from the society of mankind, and to betake yourself to a course of life to which it sufficiently appears you were not born?’

‘ I scarce think myself at liberty to refuse you any
‘ thing, after what hath happened,’ replied the old
man; ‘ if you desire therefore to hear the story of an
‘ unhappy man, I will relate it to you. Indeed you
‘ judge rightly, in thinking there is commonly some-
‘ thing extraordinary in the fortunes of those who fly
‘ from society: for however it may seem a paradox,
‘ or even a contradiction, certain it is that great phi-
‘ lanthropy chiefly inclines us to avoid and detest
‘ mankind; not on account so much of their private
‘ and selfish vices, but for those of a relative kind;
‘ such as envy, malice, treachery, cruelty, with every
‘ other species of malevolence. These are the vices
‘ which true philanthropy abhors, and which rather
‘ than see and converse with, she avoids society itself.
‘ However, without a compliment to you, you do
‘ not appear to me one of those whom I should shun
‘ or detest; nay, I must say, in what little hath dropt
‘ from you, there appears some parity in our for-
‘ tunes; I hope however yours will conclude more
‘ successfully.’

Here some compliments passed between our hero and his host, and then the letter was going to begin his history, when Partridge interrupted him. His apprehensions had now pretty well left him; but some effects of his terrors remained; he therefore reminded the gentleman of that excellent brandy which he had mentioned. This was presently brought, and Partridge swallowed a large bumper.

The gentleman then, without any farther preface, began as you may read in the next chapter.

C H A P. X I.

In which the Man of the Hill begins to relate his history.

I was born in a village of Somersetshire, called Mark, in the year 1657; my father was one of those whom they call gentlemen farmers. He had a little estate of about 300 l. a year of his own, and rented another estate of near the same value. He was prudent and industrious, and so good a husbandman, that he might have led a very easy and comfortable life, had not an arrant vixen of a wife, soured his domestic quiet. But though this circumstance perhaps made him miserable, it did not make him poor: for he confined her almost entirely at home, and rather chose to bear eternal upbraidings in his own house, than to injure his fortune by indulging her in the extravagancies she desired abroad.

‘By this Xanthippe,’—(so was the wife of Socrates called, said Partridge.) ‘By this Xanthippe he had two sons, of which I was the younger. He designed to give us both good education; but my elder brother, who, unhappily for him, was the favourite of my mother, utterly neglected his learning; insomuch that after having been five or six years at school with little or no improvement, my father being told by his master, that it would be to no purpose to keep him longer there, at last complied with my mother in taking him home from the hands of that tyrant, as she called his master; though indeed he gave the lad much less correction than his idleness deserved, but much more it seems,

‘ than the young gentleman liked, who constantly
‘ complained to his mother of his severe treatment,
‘ and she as constantly gave him a hearing.

“ Yes, yes,” cries Partridge, “ I have seen such
“ mothers, I have been abused myself by them, and
“ very unjustly; such parents deserve correction as
“ much as their children.”

Jones chid the pedagogue for his interruption, and
then the Stranger proceeded: ‘ My brother now,
‘ at the age of fifteen, bid adieu to all learning, and
‘ to every thing else but to his dog and gun, with
‘ which latter he became so expert, that, though
‘ perhaps you may think it incredible, he could not
‘ only hit a standing mark with great certainty, but
‘ hath actually shot a crow as it was flying in the air.
‘ He was likewise excellent at finding a hare sitting,
‘ and was soon reputed one of the best sportsmen in
‘ the country. A reputation which both he and his
‘ mother enjoyed as much as if he had been thought
‘ the finest scholar.

‘ The situation of my brother made me at first
‘ think my lot the harder, in being continued at
‘ school; but I soon changed my opinion; for as I
‘ advanced pretty fast in learning, my labours be-
‘ came easy, and my exercise so delightful, that holi-
‘ days were my most unpleasant time: for my mo-
‘ ther, who never loved me, now apprehending that
‘ I had the greater share of my father’s affection,
‘ and finding, or at least thinking, that I was more
‘ taken notice of by some gentlemen of learning, and
‘ particularly by the parson of the parish, - than my
‘ brother, she now hated my sight, and made home so
‘ dif-

‘ disagreeable to me, that what is called by school-
‘ boys Black Monday, was to me the whitest in the
‘ whole year.

‘ Having, at length gone through the school at
‘ Taunton, I was thence removed to Exeter college
‘ in Oxford, where I remained four years; at the end
‘ of which an accident took me off entirely from my
‘ studies; and hence I may truly date the rise of all
‘ which happened to me afterwards in life.

‘ There was at the same college with myself one
‘ Sir George Gresham, a young fellow who was in-
‘ titled to a very considerable fortune; which he was
‘ not, by the will of his father, to come into full pos-
‘ session of, till he arrived at the age of twenty-five.
‘ However, the liberality of his guardians gave him
‘ little cause to regret the abundant caution of his
‘ father: for they allowed him five hundred pound a
‘ year while he remained at the university, where he
‘ kept his horses and his whore, and lived as wicked
‘ and as profligate a life, as he could have done, had
‘ he been never so entirely master of his fortune; for be-
‘ sides the five hundred a year which he received from
‘ his guardians, he found means to spend a thousand
‘ more. He was above the age of twenty-one, and
‘ had no difficulty in gaining what credit he pleased.

‘ This young fellow, among many other tolerable
‘ bad qualities, had one very diabolical. He had a
‘ great delight in destroying and ruining the youth
‘ of inferior fortune, by drawing them into expences
‘ which they could not afford so well as himself; and
‘ the better, and worthier, and soberer, any young
‘ man was, the greater pleasure and triumph had he
‘ in his destruction. Thus acting the character which

‘ is recorded of the devil, and going about seeking
‘ whom he might devour.

‘ It was my misfortune to fall into an acquaintance
‘ and intimacy with this gentleman. My reputation of
‘ diligence in my studies made me a desirable object
‘ of his mischievous intention; and my own inclina-
‘ tion made it sufficiently easy for him to effect his
‘ purpose; for though I had applied myself with
‘ much industry to books, in which I took great de-
‘ light, there were other pleasures in which I was ca-
‘ pable of taking much greater; for I was high-
‘ mettled, had a violent flow of animal spirits, was
‘ a little ambitious, and extremely amorous.

‘ I had not long contracted an intimacy with Sir
‘ George, before I became a partaker of all his plea-
‘ sures? and when I was once entered on that scene,
‘ neither my inclination, nor my spirit, would suffer
‘ me to play an under-part. I was second to none
‘ of the company in any acts of debauchery; nay, I
‘ soon distinguished myself so notably in all riots and
‘ disorders, that my name generally stood first in the
‘ roll of delinquents; and, instead of being lamented
‘ as the unfortunate pupil of Sir George, I was now
‘ accused as the person who had misled and debauch-
‘ ed that hopeful young gentleman; for though he
‘ was the ringleader and promoter of all the mischief,
‘ he was never so considered. I fell at last under the
‘ censure of the vice-chancellor, and very narrowly
‘ escaped expulsion.

‘ You will easily believe, Sir, that such a life as I
‘ am now describing must be incompatible with my
‘ further progress in learning; and that in proportion
‘ as I addicted myself more and more to loose plea-
‘ sure,

‘ sure, I must grow more and more remiss in appli-
‘ cation to my studies. This was truly the conse-
‘ quence; but this was not all. My expences now
‘ greatly exceeded not only my former income, but
‘ those additions which I extorted from my poor
‘ generous father, on pretences of sums being neces-
‘ sary for preparing for my approaching degree of
‘ bachelor of arts. These demands, however, grew
‘ at last so frequent and exorbitant, that my father,
‘ by slow degrees, opened his ears to the accounts
‘ which he received from many quarters of my present
‘ behaviour, and which my mother failed not to echo
‘ very faithfully and loudly; adding: “ Ay, this is
“ the fine gentleman, the scholar who doth so much
“ honour to his family, and is to be the making of
“ it. I thought what all this learning would come
“ to. He is to be the ruin of us all, I find, after
“ his elder brother hath been denied necessaries for
“ his sake, to perfect his education forsooth, for
“ which he was to pay us such interest: I thought
“ what the interest would come to;” ‘ with much
‘ more of the same kind; but I have, I believe satis-
‘ fied you with this taste.

‘ My father therefore began now to return remon-
‘ strances, instead of money, to my demands, which
‘ brought my affairs perhaps a little sooner to a cri-
‘ sis; but had he remitted me his whole income, you
‘ will imagine it could have sufficed a very short time
‘ to support one who kept pace with the expences of
‘ Sir George Gresham.

‘ It is more than possible, that the distress I was
‘ now in for money, and the impracticability of going
‘ on in this manner, might have restored me at once
‘ to

‘ to my senses and to my studies, had I opened my
‘ eyes, before I became involved in debts, from
‘ which I saw no hopes of ever extricating myself.
‘ This was indeed the great art of Sir George, and
‘ by which he accomplished the ruin of many, whom
‘ he afterwards laughed at as fools and coxcombs,
‘ for vying, as he called it, with a man of his for-
‘ tune. To bring this about he would now and then
‘ advance a little money himself, in order to support
‘ the credit of the unfortunate youth with other peo-
‘ ple: till, by means of that very credit, he was ir-
‘ retrievably undone.

‘ , My mind being, by these means, grown as des-
‘ perate as my fortune, there was scarce a wickedness
‘ which I did not meditate, in order for my relief.
‘ Self-murder itself became the subject of my serious
‘ deliberation; and I had certainly resolved on it,
‘ had not a more shameful, though perhaps less sinful
‘ thought expelled it from my head.’ Here he hesi-
‘ tated a moment, and then cried out: ‘ I protest, so
‘ many years have not washed away the shame of
‘ this act, and I shall blush while I relate it.’ Jones
‘ desired him to pass over any thing that might give
‘ him pain in the relation; but Partridge eagerly cried
‘ out: ‘ O pray, Sir, let us hear this; I had rather
‘ hear this than all the rest; as I hope to be saved, I
‘ will never mention a word of it.’ Jones was going
‘ to rebuke him, but the stranger prevented it, by pro-
‘ ceeding thus. ‘ I had a chum, a very prudent, fru-
‘ gal young lad, who, though he had no very large
‘ allowance, had by his parsimony heaped up upwards
‘ of forty guineas, which I knew he kept in his escru-
‘ tore. I took therefore an opportunity of purloin-
‘ ing

‘ ing his key from his breeches pocket while he was
‘ asleep, and thus made myself master of all his
‘ riches. After which I again conveyed his key into
‘ his pocket, and counterfeiting sleep, though I never
‘ once closed my eyes, lay in bed till after he arose
‘ and went to prayers, an exercise to which I had long
‘ been unaccustomed: . . .

‘ Timorous thieves, by extreme caution, often
‘ subject themselves to discoveries, which those of a
‘ bolder kind escape. Thus it happened to me; for
‘ had I boldly broke open his escrutore, I had, per-
‘ haps, escaped even his suspicion, but as it was
‘ plain that the person who robbed him had possessed
‘ himself of his key, he had no doubt, when he first
‘ missed his money, but that his chum was certainly
‘ the thief. Now as he was of a fearful disposition;
‘ and much my inferior in strength, and, I believe,
‘ in courage, he did not dare to confront me with
‘ my guilt, for fear of worse bodily consequences,
‘ which might happen to him. He repaired there-
‘ fore immediately to the vice-chancellor, and, upon
‘ swearing to the robbery, and to the circumstances
‘ of it, very easily obtained a warrant against one
‘ who had now so bad a character through the whole
‘ university.

‘ Luckily for me I lay out of the college the next
‘ evening; for that day I attended a young lady in
‘ a chaise to Whitney, where we staid all night; and
‘ in our return the next morning to Oxford, I met
‘ one of my cronies, who acquainted me with suf-
‘ ficient news concerning myself to make me turn my
‘ horse another way.’

‘ . . .

‘ Pray,

‘ Pray, Sir, did he mention any thing of the warrant?’ said Partridge. But Jones begged the gentleman to proceed, without regarding any impertinent questions; which he did as follows.

‘ Having now abandoned all thoughts of returning to Oxford, the next thing which offered itself was a journey to London. I imparted this intention to my female companion. who at first remonstrated against it; but upon producing my wealth, she immediately consented. We then struck across the country into the great Cirencester road, and made such haste, that we spent the next evening (save one) in London.

‘ When you consider the place where I now was and the company with whom I was, you will, I fancy, conceive that a very short time brought me to an end of that sum of which I had so iniquitously possessed myself.

‘ I was now reduced to a much higher degree of distress than before; the necessaries of life began to be numbered among my wants; and what made my case still the more grievous, was, that my paramour, of whom I was now grown immoderately fond, shared the same distresses with myself. To see a woman you love in distress; to be unable to relieve her, and at the same time to reflect that you have brought her into this situation, is, perhaps, a curse of which no imagination can represent the horrors to those who have not felt it.’ ‘ I believe it from my soul,’ cries Jones; ‘ and I pity you from the bottom of my heart.’ He then took two or three disorderly turns about the room, and at last begged pardon, and flung himself into his

his chair, crying: 'I thank heaven I have escaped
' that.'

'This circumstance,' continued the gentleman,
'so severely aggravated the horrors of my present
' situation, that they became absolutely intolerable.
' I could with less pain endure the raging of my own
' natural unsatisfied appetites, even hunger or thirst,
' than I could submit to leave ungratified the most
' whimsical desires of a woman, on whom I so ex-
' travagantly doated, that though I knew she had
' been the mistress of half my acquaintance, I firmly
' intended to marry her. But the good creature was
' unwilling to consent to an action which the world
' might think so much to my disadvantage. And
' as, possibly, she compassionated the daily anxieties
' which she must have perceived me suffer on her
' account, she resolved to put an end to my distress.
' She soon indeed found means to relieve me from
' my troublesome and perplexed situation; for while
' I was distracted with various inventions to supply
' her with pleasures, she very kindly—betrayed me
' to one of her former lovers at Oxford, by whose
' care and diligence I was immediately apprehended
' and committed to gaol.

'Here I first began seriously to reflect on the mis-
' carriages of my former life; on the errors I had
' been guilty of; on the misfortunes which I had
' brought on myself; and on the grief which I must
' have occasioned to one of the best of fathers. When
' I added to all these the perfidy of my mistress, such
' was the horror of my mind, that life, instead of
' being longer desirable, grew the object of my ab-
' horrence; and I could have gladly embraced death;
' as

‘ as my dearest friend, if it had offered itself to my
‘ choice unattended by shame.

‘ The time of the assizes soon came, and I was re-
‘ moved by Habeas Corpus to Oxford, where I ex-
‘ pected certain conviction and condemnation; but,
‘ to my great surprize, none appeared against me,
‘ and I was, at the end of the sessions, discharged for
‘ want of prosecution. In short, my chum had left
‘ Oxford, and whether from indolence, or from what
‘ other motive, I am ignorant, had declined concern-
‘ ing himself any farther in the affair.’

‘ Perhaps,’ cries Partridge, ‘ he did not care to
‘ have your blood upon his hands, and he was in
‘ the right on’t. If any person was to be hanged
‘ upon my evidence, I should never be able to lie
‘ alone afterwards, for fear of seeing his ghost.’

‘ I shall shortly doubt, Partridge,’ says Jones,
‘ whether thou art more brave or wise.’ ‘ You may
‘ laugh at me, Sir, if you please,’ answered Partridge;
‘ but if you will hear a very short story which I can tell,
‘ and which is most certainly true, perhaps you may
‘ change your opinion. In the parish where I was
‘ born——’ Here Jones would have silenced him;
but the stranger interceded that he might be per-
mitted to tell his story, and in the mean time pro-
mised to recollect the remainder of his own.

Partridge then proceeded thus: ‘ In the parish
‘ where I was born, there lived a farmer whose name
‘ was *Bridle*, and he had a son named *Francis*, a good
‘ hopeful young fellow; I was at the grammar school
‘ with him, where I remember he was got into Ovid’s
‘ Epistles, and he could construe you three lines to-
‘ gether sometimes without looking into a dictionary.

‘ Besides

‘ Besides all this, he was a very good lad, never mis-
‘ sed church o’ Sundays, and was reckoned one of
‘ the best psalm-singers in the whole parish. He
‘ would indeed now and then take a cup too much,
‘ and that was the only fault he had.——‘ Well,
‘ but come to the ghost,’ cries Jones. ‘ Never fear,
‘ Sir, I shall come to him soon enough,’ answered
Partridge. ‘ You must know then, that farmer
‘ Bridle lost a mare, a sorrel one to the best of my
‘ remembrance; and so it fell out, that this young
‘ Francis shortly afterward being at a fair at Hindon,
‘ and as I think it was on—I can’t remember the
‘ day; and being as he was, what should he happen
‘ to meet, but a man upon his father’s mare. Frank
‘ called out presently: Stop thief; and it being in the
‘ middle of the fair, it was impossible, you know,
‘ for the man to make his escape. So they appre-
‘ hended him, and carried him before the justice; I
‘ remember it was justice Willoughby of Noyle, a
‘ very worthy good gentleman, and he committed
‘ him to prison, and bound Frank in a recognizance,
‘ I think they call it, a hard word compounded of
‘ *re* and *cognosco*; but it differs in its meaning from
‘ the use of the simple, as many other compounds do.
‘ Well, at last, down came my Lord Justice Page to
‘ hold the assizes, and so the fellow was had up,
‘ and Frank was had up as a witness. To be sure I
‘ shall never forget the face of the judge, when he
‘ began to ask him what he had to say against the
‘ prisoner. He made poor Frank tremble and shake
‘ in his shoes. ‘ Well, you fellow,’ says my Lord,
‘ what have you to say? Don’t stand humming and
‘ hawing, but speak out;’ but however he soon turn-

‘ ed altogether as civil to Frank, and began to thun-
‘ der at the fellow; and when he asked him, if he
‘ had any thing to say for himself, the fellow said he
‘ had found the horse. ‘ Ay! answered the judge,
‘ thou art a lucky fellow; I have travelled the circuit
‘ these forty years, and never found a horse in my
‘ life; but I’ll tell thee what, friend, thou wast
‘ more lucky than thou didst know of: for thou didst
‘ not only find a horse, but a halter too, I promise
‘ thee.’ To be sure I shall never forget the word.
‘ Upon which every body fell a laughing, as how
‘ could they help it? Nay, and twenty other jests
‘ he made, which I can’t remember now. There
‘ was something about his skill in horse-flesh, which
‘ made all the folks laugh. To be certain the judge
‘ must have been a very brave man, as well as a man
‘ of much learning. It is indeed charming sport to
‘ hear trials upon life and death. One thing I own
‘ I thought a little hard, that the prisoner’s counsel
‘ was not suffered to speak for him, though he desired
‘ only to be heard one very short word; but my Lord
‘ would not hearken to him, though he suffered a
‘ counsellor to talk against him for above half an hour.
‘ I thought it hard, I own, that there should be so
‘ many of them; my Lord, and the court, and the
‘ jury, and the counsellors, and the witnesses, all up-
‘ on one poor man, and he too in chains. Well,
‘ the fellow was hanged, as to be sure it could be no
‘ otherwise, and poor Frank could never be easy
‘ about it. He never was in the dark alone, but he
‘ fancied he saw the fellow’s spirit.’ ‘ Well, and is
‘ this thy story?’ cries Jones. ‘ No, no,’ answered
Partridge; ‘ O Lord have mercy upon me.—I am
just

‘ just now coming to the matter; for one night, coming from the alehouse in a long narrow dark lane, there he ran directly up against him, and the spirit was all in white, and fell upon Frank; and Frank, who is a sturdy lad, fell upon the spirit again, and there they had a tussel together, and poor Frank was dreadfully beat: indeed he made a shift at last to crawl home; but what with the beating, and what with the fright, he lay ill above a fortnight; and all this is most certainly true, and the whole parish will bear witness to it.’

The stranger smiled at this story, and Jones burst into a loud fit of laughter, upon which Partridge cried: ‘ Ay, you may laugh, Sir, and so did some others, particularly a squire, who is thought to be no better than an atheist; who forsooth, because there was a calf with a white face found dead in the same lane the next morning, would fain have it, that the battle was between Frank and that, as if a calf would set upon a man. Besides, Frank told me he knew it to be a spirit, and could swear to him in any court in Christendom, and he had not drank above a quart or two, or such a matter of liquor at the time. Lud have mercy upon us, and keep us all from dipping our hands in blood, I say.’

‘ Well, Sir,’ said Jones to the stranger, ‘ Mr. Partridge hath finished his story, and I hope will give you no future interruption, if you will be so kind to proceed.’ He then resumed his narration; but as he hath taken breath for a while, we think it proper to give it to our reader, and shall therefore put an end to this chapter.

CHAP. XII.

In which the Man of the Hill continues his history.

‘ I HAD now regained my liberty,’ said the stranger, ‘ but I had lost my reputation; for there is a wide difference between the case of a man who is barely acquitted of a crime in a court of justice, and of him who is acquitted in his own heart, and in the opinion of the people. I was conscious of my guilt, and ashamed to look any one in the face, so resolved to leave Oxford the next morning, before the day-light discovered me to the eyes of any beholders.’

‘ When I had got clear of the city, it first entered into my head to return home to my father, and endeavour to obtain his forgiveness; but as I had no reason to doubt his knowledge of all which had past, and as I was well assured of his great aversion to all acts of dishonesty, I could entertain no hopes of being received by him, especially since I was too certain of all the good offices in the power of my mother: nay, had my father’s pardon been as sure, as I conceived his resentment to be, I yet question whether I could have had the assurance to behold him, or whether I could, upon any terms, have submitted to live and converse with those, who, I was convinced, knew me to have been guilty of so base an action.’

‘ I hastened therefore back to London, the best retirement of either grief or shame, unless for persons of a very public character; for here you have the advantage of solitude without its disadvantage, since

CHAP. 12. 1 you

‘ you may be alone and in company at the same time;
‘ and while you walk or sit unobserved, noise, hurry,
‘ and a constant succession of objects, entertain the
‘ mind, and prevent the spirits from preying on them-
‘ selves, or rather on grief or shame, which are the
‘ most unwholesome diet in the world; and on which
‘ (though there are many who never taste either but
‘ in public), there are some who can feed very plen-
‘ tifully, and very fatally when alone.

‘ But as there is scarce any human good without
‘ its concomitant evil, so there are people who find
‘ an inconvenience in this unobserving temper of man-
‘ kind; I mean persons who have no money; for as
‘ you are not put out of countenance, so neither are
‘ you clothed or fed by those who do not know you.
‘ And a man may be as easily starved in Leadenhall-
‘ market as in the deserts of Arabia.

It was at present my fortune to be destitute of that
‘ great evil, as it is apprehended to be by several
‘ writers, who I suppose were over-burthened with it,
‘ namely, Money.’ , With submission, Sir,’ said
Partridge, ‘ I do not remember any writers who have
‘ called it *Malorum*; but *irritamenta Malorum*. *Es-*
‘ *fodiuntur opes irritamenta Malorum.*’ ‘ Well, Sir,’
‘ continued the stranger, ‘ whether it be an evil, or
‘ only the cause of evil, I was entirely void of it,
‘ and at the same time of friends, and as I thought
‘ of acquaintance; when one evening, as I was passing
‘ through the Inner Temple, very hungry, and very
‘ miserable, I heard a voice on a sudden haling me
‘ with great familiarity by my christian name; and
‘ upon my turning about, I presently recollected the
‘ person who so saluted me, to have been my fellow-

but

collegiate; one who had left the university above a year, and long before any of my misfortunes had befallen me. This gentleman, whose name was *Watson*, shook me heartily by the hand, and, expressing great joy at meeting me, proposed our immediately drinking a bottle together. I first declined the proposal, and pretended business; but as he was very earnest and pressing, hunger at last overcame my pride, and I fairly confessed to him I had no money in my pocket; yet not without framing a lie for an excuse, and imputing it to my having changed my breeches that morning. Mr. *Watson* answered: ‘I thought, Jack, you and I had been too old acquaintance for you to mention such a matter.’ He then took me by the arm, and was pulling me along; but I gave him very little trouble, for my own inclinations pulled me much stronger than he could do.

‘We then went into the Friars, which you know is the scene of all mirth and jollity. Here when we arrived at the tavern, Mr. *Watson* applied himself to the drawer only, without taking the least notice of the cook; for he had no suspicion but that I had dined long since. However, as the case was really otherwise, I forged another falsehood, and told my companion, I had been at the further end of the city on business of consequence, and had snapt up a mutton-chop in haste; so that I was again hungry and wished he would add a beef-stake to his bottle.’ ‘Some people,’ cries *Partridge*, ‘ought to have good memories, or did you find just money enough in your breeches to pay for the mutton-chop?’ ‘Your observation is right,’ answered the stranger, and

‘ and I believe such blunders are inseparable from all
‘ dealing in untruth. — But to proceed. — I began
‘ now to feel myself extremely happy. The meat and
‘ wine soon revived my spirits to a high pitch, and I
‘ enjoyed much pleasure in the conversation of my
‘ old acquaintance, the rather as I thought him en-
‘ tirely ignorant of what had happened at the uni-
‘ versity since his leaving it.

‘ But he did not suffer me to remain long in this
‘ agreeable delusion; for taking a bumper in one
‘ hand, and holding me by the other: ‘ Here, my
“ boy, cries he, ‘ here’s wishing you joy of your
“ being so honourably acquitted of that affair laid to
“ your charge.’ I was thunder-struck with confu-
‘ sion at those words, which Watson, observing, pro-
‘ ceeded thus————’ Nay, never be ashamed, man;
“ thou hast been acquitted, and no one now dares
“ call thee guilty; but prithee do tell me, who am
“ thy friend, I hope thou didst really rob him; for
“ rat me if it was not a meritorious action to strip
“ such a sneaking pitiful rascal, and instead of the two
“ hundred guineas, I wish you had taken as many thou-
“ sands. Come, come, my boy, don’t be shy of con-
“ fessing to me; you are not now brought before one
“ of the pimps. D—n me, if I don’t honour you for
“ it; for, as I hope for salvation, I would have made
“ no manner of scruple of doing the same thing.’

‘ This declaration a little relieved my abashment,
‘ and as wine had now somewhat opened my heart,
‘ I very freely acknowledged the robbery, but ac-
‘ quainted him that he had been misinformed as to
‘ the sum taken, which was little more than a fifth
‘ part of what he had mentioned.’

“ I am sorry for it with all my heart,” quoth he,
“ and I wish thee better success another time. Tho’
“ if you will take my advice, you shall have no oc-
“ casion to run any such risk. Here,” said he,
“ (taking some dice out of his pocket), ‘ here’s the
“ stuff. Here are the implements; here are the little
“ doctors which cure the distempers of the purse.
“ Follow but my counsel, and I will shew you a way
“ to empty the pocket of a queer cull, without any
“ danger of the nubbing cheat.”

‘ Nubbing cheat,’ cries Partridge, ‘ pray, Sir,
‘ what is that?’

‘ Why that, Sir, says the stranger, ‘ is a cant
‘ phrase for the gallows; for as gamesters differ little
‘ from highwaymen in their morals, so do they very
‘ much resemble them in their language.

‘ We had now each drank our bottle, when Mr.
‘ Watson said, the board was sitting, and that he
‘ must attend, earnestly pressing me, at the same time,
‘ to go with him and try my fortune. I answered, he
‘ knew that was at present out of my power, as I
‘ had informed him of the emptiness of my pocket.
‘ To say the truth, I doubted not, from his many
‘ strong expressions of friendship, but that he would
‘ offer to lend me a small sum for that purpose; but
‘ he answered: ‘ Never mind that, man, e’en boldly
“ run a levant;’ (Partridge was going to enquire
the meaning of that word; but Jones stopped his
mouth;) ‘ but be circumspect as to the man. I will
“ tip you the proper person, which may be necessary,
“ as you do not know the town, nor can distinguish
“ a rum cull from a queer one.’

‘ The

‘ The bill was now brought, when Watson paid
‘ his share, and was departing. I reminded him,
‘ not without blushing, of my having no money.’
‘ He answered: “ That signifies nothing, score it be-
“ hind the door, or make a bold brush, and take no
“ notice— Or— stay, says he, I will go down stairs
“ first, and then do you take up my money, and score
“ the whole reckoning at the bar, and I will wait for
“ you at the corner.” I expressed some dislike at
‘ this, and hinted my expectation that he would have
‘ deposited the whole; but he swore he had not ano-
‘ ther six-pence in his pocket.

‘ He then went down, and I was prevailed on to
‘ take up the money and follow him, which I did
‘ close enough to hear him tell the drawer the rec-
‘ koning was upon the table. The drawer passed by
‘ me up stairs: but I made such haste into the street,
‘ that I heard nothing of his disappointment, nor
‘ did I mention a syllable at the bar, according to
‘ my instructions.

‘ We now went directly to the gaming-table, where
‘ Mr. Watson to my surprize, pulled out a large sum
‘ of money, and placed it before him, as did many
‘ others; all of them, no doubt, considering their
‘ own heaps as so many decoy birds, which were to
‘ intice and draw over the heaps of their neighbours.

‘ Here it would be tedious to relate all the freaks
‘ which fortune, or rather the dice, played in this
‘ her temple. Mountains of gold were in a few mo-
‘ ments reduced to nothing at one part of the table,
‘ and rose as suddenly in another. The rich grew in
‘ a moment poor, and the poor as suddenly became
‘ rich; so that it seemed a philosopher could no where

‘ have so well instructed his pupils in the contempt of
‘ riches, at least he could no where have better incul-
‘ cated the uncertainty of their duration.

‘ For my own part, after having considerably im-
‘ proved my small estate, I at last entirely demolished
‘ it. Mr. Watson too, after much variety of luck,
‘ rose from the table in some heat, and declared he
‘ had lost a cool hundred, and would play no longer.
‘ Then coming up to me, he asked me to return with
‘ him to the tavern; but I positively refused, saying,
‘ I would not bring myself a second time into such a
‘ dilemma, and especially as he had lost all his mo-
‘ ney, and was now in my own condition.’ “Pooh,”
says he, ‘ I have just borrowed a couple of guineas
“of a friend; and one of them is at your service.”
‘ He immediately put one of them into my hand, and
‘ I no longer resisted his inclination.

‘ I was at first a little shocked at returning to the
‘ same house whence we had departed in so unhandsome
‘ a manner; but when the drawer with very civil
‘ address, told us, ‘ he believed we had forgot to
“pay our reckoning,’ I became perfectly easy, and
‘ very readily gave him a guinea, bid him pay himself,
‘ and acquiesced in the unjust charge which had been
‘ laid on my memory.

‘ Mr. Watson now bespoke the most extravagant
‘ supper he could well think of, and though he had
‘ contented himself with simple claret before, nothing
‘ now but the most precious Burgundy would serve
‘ his purpose.

‘ Our company was soon encreased by the addition
‘ of several gentlemen from the gaming-table; most
‘ of whom, as I afterwards found, came not to the
‘ tavern

‘ tavern to drink, but in the way of business; for the
‘ true gamesters pretended to be ill, and refused their
‘ glass, while they plied heartily two young fellows,
‘ who were to be afterwards pillaged, as indeed they
‘ were without mercy. Of this plunder I had the
‘ good fortune to be a sharer, though I was not yet
‘ let into the secret.

‘ There was one remarkable accident attended this
‘ tavern play; for the money, by degrees, totally dis-
‘ appeared, so that though at the beginning the table
‘ was half covered with gold, yet before the play
‘ ended, which it did not till the next day, being Sun-
‘ day at noon, there was scarce a single guinea to be
‘ seen on the table; and this was the stranger, as every
‘ person present except myself declared he had lost;
‘ and what was become of the money, unless the devil
‘ himself carried it away, is difficult to determine.’

‘ Most certainly he did,’ says Partridge, ‘ for evil
‘ spirits can carry away any thing without being seen,
‘ though there were never so many folk in the room;
‘ and I should not have been surpris’d if he had carried
‘ away all the company of a set of wicked wretches,
‘ who were at play in sermon time. And I could
‘ tell you a true story if I would, where the devil took
‘ a man out of bed from another man’s wife, and
‘ carried him away through the key-hole of the door.
‘ I’ve seen the very house where it was done, and no
‘ body hath lived in it these thirty years.’

Though Jones was a little offended by the imperti-
nence of Partridge, he could not however avoid smil-
ing at his simplicity. The stranger did the same, and
then proceeded with his story, as will be seen in the
next chapter.

CHAP. XIII.

In which the foregoing story is farther continued.

‘ MY fellow collegiate had now entered me in a
‘ new scene of life. I soon became acquainted
‘ with the whole fraternity of sharpers, and was let
‘ into their secrets. I mean into the knowledge of
‘ those gross cheats which are proper to impose upon
‘ the raw and unexperienced: for there are some tricks
‘ of a finer kind, which are known only to a few of
‘ the gang, who are at the head of their profession;
‘ a degree of honour beyond my expectation; for
‘ drink, to which I was immoderately addicted, and
‘ the natural warmth of my passions, prevented me
‘ from arriving at any great success in an art, which
‘ requires as much coolness as the most austere school
‘ of philosophy.

‘ Mr. Watson, with whom I now lived in the closest
‘ amity, had unluckily the former failing to a very
‘ great excess; so that instead of making a fortune by
‘ his profession, as some others did, he was alternately
‘ rich and poor, and was often obliged to surrender to
‘ his cooler friends over a bottle which they never
‘ tasted, that plunder that he had taken from culls at
‘ the public table.

‘ However, we both made a shift to pick up an un-
‘ comfortable livelihood, and for two years I con-
‘ tinued of the calling, during which time I tasted all
‘ the varieties of fortune; sometimes flourishing in
‘ affluence, and at others being obliged to struggle with
‘ almost incredible difficulties. To-day wallowing in
‘ luxury, and to morrow reduced to the coarsest and
‘ most

‘ most homely fare. My fine clothes being often on
‘ my back in the evening, and at the pawnshop the
‘ next morning.

‘ One night as I was returning penniless from the
‘ gaming table, I observed a very great disturbance,
‘ and a large mob gathered together in the street. As
‘ I was in no danger from pickpockets, I ventured
‘ into the croud, where, upon enquiry, I found that
‘ a man had been robbed and very ill used by some
‘ ruffians. The wounded man appeared very bloody;
‘ and seemed scarce able to support himself on his
‘ legs. As I had not therefore been deprived of my
‘ humanity by my present life and conversation, though
‘ they had left me very little of either honesty or
‘ shame, I immediately offered my assistance to the un-
‘ happy person, who thankfully accepted it, and put-
‘ ting himself under my conduct, begged me to con-
‘ vey him to some tavern, where he might send for a
‘ surgeon, being, as he said, faint with loss of blood.
‘ He seemed indeed highly pleased at finding one who
‘ appeared in the dress of a gentleman: for as to all
‘ the rest of the company present, their outside was
‘ such that he could not wisely place any confidence
‘ in them.

‘ I took the poor man by the arm, and led him to
‘ the tavern where we kept our rendez-vous, as it hap-
‘ pened to be the nearest at hand. A surgeon happen-
‘ ing luckily to be in the house, immediately attend-
‘ ed, and applied himself to dressing his wounds,
‘ which I had the pleasure to hear were not likely to
‘ be mortal.

‘ The surgeon having very expeditiously and dex-
‘ trously finished his business, began to enquire in
‘ what

‘ what part of the town the wounded man lodged ;’
‘ who answered : ‘ That he was come to town that very
‘ morning ; that his horse was at an inn in Piccadilly,
‘ and that he had no other lodging, and very little or
‘ no acquaintance in town.’

‘ This surgeon, whose name I have forgot, though
‘ I remember it began with an R, had the first cha-
‘ racter in his profession, and was serjeant-surgeon to
‘ the king. He had moreover many good qualities,
‘ and was a very generous, good-natured man, and
‘ ready to do any service to his fellow-creatures. He
‘ offered his patient the use of his chariot to carry him
‘ to his inn, and at the same time whispered in his
‘ ear : ‘ That if he wanted any money, he would
‘ furnish him.’

‘ The poor man was not now capable of returning
‘ thanks for this generous offer : for having had his
‘ eyes for some time stedfastly on me, he threw him-
‘ self back in his chair, crying : O, my son ! my son !
‘ and then fainted away.

‘ Many of the people present imagined this accident
‘ had happened through his loss of blood : but I, who
‘ at the same time began to recollect the features of
‘ my father, was now confirmed in my suspicion,
‘ and satisfied that it was he himself who appeared be-
‘ fore me. I presently ran to him, raised him in my
‘ arms, and kissed his cold lips with the utmost eager-
‘ ness. Here I must draw a curtain over a scene
‘ which I cannot describe : for though I did not lose
‘ my being, as my father for a while did, my senses
‘ were however so overpowered with affright and sur-
‘ prise, that I am a stranger to what passed during
‘ some minutes, and indeed till my father had again
‘ recovered

‘ recovered from his swoon; and I found myself in
‘ his arms, both tenderly embracing each other, while
‘ the tears trickled apace down the cheeks of each
‘ of us.

‘ Most of those present seemed affected by this scene,
‘ which we, who might be considered as the actors in
‘ it, were desirous of removing from the eyes of all
‘ spectators, as fast as we could; my father therefore
‘ accepted the kind offer of the surgeon’s chariot, and
‘ I attended him in it to his inn.

‘ When we were alone together, he gently up-
‘ braided me with having neglected to write to him
‘ during so long a time, but entirely omitted the
‘ mention of that crime which had occasioned it. He
‘ then informed me of my mother’s death, and insisted
‘ on my returning home with him, saying: ‘ That
‘ he had long suffered the greatest anxiety on my
‘ account; that he knew not whether he had most
‘ feared my death or wished it; since he had so
‘ many more dreadful apprehensions for me. At
‘ last he said, a neighbouring gentleman, who had
‘ just recovered a son from the same place, informed
‘ him where I was, and that to reclaim me from
‘ this course of life, was the sole cause of his
‘ journey to London.’ He thanked heaven he had
‘ succeeded so far as to find me out by means of an
‘ accident which had like to have proved fatal to
‘ him; and had the pleasure to think he partly
‘ owed his preservation to my humanity, with which
‘ he profest himself to be more delighted than he
‘ should have been with my filial piety, if I had
‘ known that the object of all my care was my own
‘ father.

‘ Vice

‘ Vice had not so depraved my heart, as to excite
‘ in it an insensibility of so much paternal affection,
‘ though so unworthily bestowed. I presently pro-
‘ mised to obey his commands in my return home
‘ with him, as soon as he was able to travel, which
‘ indeed he was in a very few days, by the assistance
‘ of that excellent surgeon who had undertaken his
‘ cure.

‘ The day preceding my father’s journey (before
‘ which time I scarce ever left him) I went to take my
‘ leave of some of my most intimate acquaintance, par-
‘ ticularly of Mr. Watson, who dissuaded me from
‘ burying myself, as he called it, out of a simple com-
‘ pliance with the fond desires of a foolish old fellow.
‘ Such solicitations, however, had no effect; and I
‘ once more saw my own home. My father now great-
‘ ly solicited me to think of marriage; but my incli-
‘ nations were utterly averse to any such thoughts. I
‘ had tasted of love already, and perhaps you know
‘ the extravagant excesses of that most tender and most
‘ violent passion.’ Here the old gentleman paused, and
‘ looked earnestly at Jones; whose countenance within
‘ a minute’s space displayed the extremities of both red
‘ and white. Upon which the old man, without making
‘ any observations, renewed his narrative.

‘ Being now provided with all the necessaries of
‘ life, I betook myself once again to study, and that
‘ with a more inordinate application than I had ever
‘ done formerly. The books which now employed
‘ my time solely were those, as well ancient as modern,
‘ which treat of true philosophy, a word which is by
‘ many thought to be the subject only of farce and ri-
‘ dicule. I now read over the works of Aristotle and
‘ Plato,

‘ Plato, with the rest of those inestimable treasures which
‘ ancient Greece had bequeathed to the world.

‘ These authors, though they instructed me in no
‘ science, by which men may promise to themselves to
‘ acquire the least riches, or worldly power, taught
‘ me, however, the art of despising the highest acqui-
‘ sitions of both. They elevate the mind, and steel
‘ and harden it against the capricious invasions of for-
‘ tune. They not only instruct in the knowledge of
‘ wisdom, but confirm men in her habits, and demon-
‘ strate plainly, that this must be our guide, if we pro-
‘ pose ever to arrive at the greatest worldly happiness;
‘ or to defend ourselves with any tolerable security
‘ against the misery which every where surrounds and
‘ invests us.

‘ To this I added another study, compared to
‘ which all the philosophy taught by the wisest hea-
‘ thens is little better than a dream, and is indeed as
‘ full of vanity as the silliest jester ever pleased to re-
‘ present it. This is that divine wisdom which is
‘ alone to be found in the holy scriptures: for they
‘ impart to us the knowledge and assurance of things
‘ much more worthy our attention, than all which
‘ this world can offer to our acceptance; of things
‘ which heaven itself hath condescended to reveal to
‘ us, and to the smallest knowledge of which the
‘ highest human wit unassisted could never ascend. I
‘ began now to think all the time I had spent with the
‘ best heathen writers, was little more than labour
‘ lost: for however pleasant and delightful their les-
‘ sons may be, or however adequate to the right re-
‘ gulation of our conduct with respect to this world
‘ only: yet when compared with the glory revealed

in scripture, their highest documents will appear as trifling, and of as little consequence as the rules by which children regulate their childish little games and pastime. True it is, that philosophy makes us wiser, but christianity makes us better men. Philosophy elevates and steels the mind; christianity softens and sweetens it. The former makes us the objects of human admiration, the latter of divine love. That insures us a temporal, but this an eternal happiness— But I am afraid I tire you with my rhapsody.

‘Not at all,’ cries Partridge; ‘Lud forbid we should be tired with good things.’

‘I had spent,’ continued the stranger, ‘about four years in the most delightful manner to myself, totally given up to contemplation, and entirely unembarrassed with the affairs of the world, when I lost the best of fathers, and one whom I so entirely loved, that my grief at his loss exceeds all description. I now abandoned my books, and gave myself up for a whole month to the efforts of melancholy and despair. Time, however, the best physician of the mind, at length brought me relief.’ ‘Ay, ay: *Tempus edax rerum*,’ said Partridge. ‘I then,’ continued the stranger, ‘betook myself again to my former studies, which I may say perfected my cure: for philosophy and religion may be called the exercises of the mind; and when this is disordered they are as wholesome as exercise can be to a distempered body. They do indeed produce similar effects with exercise: for they strengthen and confirm the mind; till man becomes, in the noble strain of Horace:

11. 16 For-

‘ *Fortis, et in seipso totus teres atque rotundus,*
 ‘ *Externi ne quid valeat per læve morari:*
 ‘ *In quem manca ruit semper Fortuna.—**

Here Jones smiled at some conceit which intruded itself into his imagination; but the stranger, I believe, perceived it not, and proceeded thus.

‘ My circumstances were now greatly altered by
 ‘ the death of that best of men: for my brother,
 ‘ who was now become master of the house, differ-
 ‘ ed so widely from me in his inclinations, and our
 ‘ pursuits in life had been so very various, that we
 ‘ were the worst of company to each other; but
 ‘ what made our living together still more disagree-
 ‘ able, was the little harmony which could subsist
 ‘ between the few who resorted to me, and the nu-
 ‘ merous train of sportsmen who often attended my
 ‘ brother from the field to the table: for such fel-
 ‘ lows, besides the noise and nonsense with which
 ‘ they persecute the ears of sober men, endeavour
 ‘ always to attack them with affront and contempt.
 ‘ This was so much the case, that neither I myself,
 ‘ nor my friends, could ever sit down to a meal with
 ‘ them, without being treated with derision, because
 ‘ we were unacquainted with the phrases of sports-
 ‘ men. For men of true learning, and almost uni-
 ‘ versal knowledge, always compassionate the igno-
 ‘ rance of others; but fellows who excel in some
 ‘ little, low, contemptible art, are always certain

G 2

‘ 10

* Firm in himself, who on himself relies,
 Polish’d and round, who runs his proper course,
 And breaks misfortunes with superior force. Mr. FRANCIS.

‘ to despise those who are unacquainted with that
‘ art.

‘ In short, we soon separated, and I went by the
‘ advice of a physician to drink the Bath waters:
‘ for my violent affliction, added to a sedentary life,
‘ had thrown me into a kind of paralytic disorder,
‘ for which those waters are accounted an almost
‘ certain cure. The second day after my arrival, as
‘ I was walking by the river, the sun shone so in-
‘ tensely hot (though it was early in the year) that
‘ I retired to the shelter of some willows, and sat
‘ down by the river-side. Here I had not been seated
‘ long before I heard a person on the other side of the
‘ willows, sighing and bemoaning himself bitterly.
‘ On a sudden, having uttered a most impious oath,
‘ he cried: ‘ I am resolved to bear it no longer,’
‘ and directly threw himself into the water. I im-
‘ mediately started, and ran towards the place, cal-
‘ ling at the same time as loudly as I could for assist-
‘ ance. An angler happened luckily to be a fishing
‘ a little below me, though some very high sedge had
‘ hid him from my sight. He immediately came up,
‘ and both of us together, not without some hazard
‘ of our lives, drew the body to the shore. At first
‘ we perceived no sign of life remaining; but having
‘ held the body up by the heels (for we soon had as-
‘ sistance enough) it discharged a vast quantity of wa-
‘ ter at the mouth, and at length began to discover
‘ some symptoms of breathing, and a little afterwards
‘ to move both its hands and its legs.

‘ An apothecary, who happened to be present
‘ among others, advised that the body which seemed
‘ now to have pretty well emptied itself of water,
‘ should be and

‘ and which began to have many convulsive motions,
‘ should be directly taken up, and carried into a
‘ warm bed. This was accordingly performed, the
‘ apothecary and myself attending.

‘ As we were going towards an inn, for we knew
‘ not the man’s lodgings, luckily a woman met us,
‘ who after some violent screaming, told us, that the
‘ gentleman lodged at her house.

‘ When I had seen the man safely deposited there,
‘ I left him to the care of the apothecary, who, I
‘ suppose, used all the right methods with him; for
‘ the next morning I heard he had perfectly recover-
‘ ed his senses.

‘ I then went to visit him, intending to search
‘ out, as well as I could, the cause of his having at-
‘ tempted so desperate an act, and to prevent, as
‘ far as I was able, his pursuing such wicked inten-
‘ tions for the future. I was no sooner admitted into
‘ his chamber, than we both instantly knew each
‘ other; for who should this person be but my good
‘ friend Mr. Watson! here I will not trouble you
‘ with what past at our first interview; for I would
‘ avoid prolixity as much as possible.’ ‘ Pray let us
‘ hear all,’ cries Partridge, ‘ I want mightily to know
‘ what brought him to Bath.’

‘ You shall hear every thing material,’ answered
the stranger; and then proceeded to relate what we
shall proceed to write, after we have given a short
breathing time to both ourselves and the reader.

CHAP. XIV.

In which the Man of the Hill concludes his history.

‘**M**R. Watson,’ continued the stranger, ‘very
‘ freely acquainted me, that the unhappy
‘ situation of his circumstances, occasioned by a tide
‘ of ill-luck, had in a manner forced him to a reso-
‘ lution of destroying himself.

‘ ‘ I now began to argue very seriously with him,
‘ in opposition to this heathenish, or indeed diabo-
‘ lical principle of the lawfulness of self-murder;
‘ and said every thing which occurred to me on the
‘ subject; but, to my great concern, it seemed to
‘ have very little effect on him. He seemed not at all
‘ to repent of what he had done, and gave me reason
‘ to fear, he would soon make a second attempt of
‘ the like horrible kind.

‘ ‘ When I had finished my discourse, instead of
‘ endeavouring to answer my arguments, he looked
‘ me steadfastly in the face, and with a smile said:
‘ “ You are strangely altered, my good friend, since
‘ “ I remember you. I question whether any of our
‘ “ bishops could make a better argument against
‘ “ suicide than you have entertained me with; but
‘ “ unless you can find somebody who will lend me a
‘ “ cool hundred, I must either hang, or drown, or
‘ “ starve; and in my opinion the last death is the most
‘ “ terrible of the three.”

‘ ‘ I answered him very gravely, that I was indeed
‘ altered since I had seen him last. That I had found
‘ leisure to look into my follies, and to repent of
‘ them. I then advised him to pursue the same steps;
‘ and

‘ and at last concluded with an assurance, that I myself
‘ would lend him a hundred pound, if it would be of
‘ any service to his affairs, and he would not put it
‘ into the power of a die to deprive him of it.

‘ Mr. Watson, who seemed almost composed in
‘ slumber by the former part of my discourse, was
‘ roused by the latter. He seized my hand eagerly,
‘ gave me a thousand thanks, and declared I was a
‘ friend indeed; adding that he hoped I had a better
‘ opinion of him, than to imagine he had profited so
‘ little by experience, as to put any confidence in
‘ those damned dice, which had so often deceived
‘ him.’ ‘ No, no,’ cries he, ‘ let me but once
“ handsomely be set up again, and if ever fortune
“ makes a broken merchant of me afterwards, I will
“ forgive her.’

‘ I very well understood the language of setting
‘ up, and broken merchant. I therefore said to him
‘ with a very grave face: Mr. Watson, you must
‘ endeavour to find out some business, or employ-
‘ ment, by which you may procure yourself a liveli-
‘ hood; and I promise you, could I see any proba-
‘ bility of being repaid hereafter, I would advance
‘ a much larger sum than what you have mentioned,
‘ to equip you in any fair and honourable calling;
‘ but as to gaming, besides the baseness and wicked-
‘ ness of making it a profession, you are really, to my
‘ own knowledge, unfit for it, and it will end in your
‘ certain ruin.’

“ Why now, that’s strange, answered he, ‘ nei-
‘ ther you, nor any of my friends, would ever allow
‘ me to know any thing of the matter, and yet, I
‘ believe, I am as good a hand at every game as

“ any of you all; and I heartily wish I was to play with
“ you only for your whole fortune; I should desire
“ no better sport, and I would let you name your
“ game into the bargain: but come, my dear boy, have
“ you the hundred in your pocket?”

‘ I answered, I had only a bill for 50 l. which I
‘ delivered him, and promised to bring him the rest
‘ next morning; and, after giving him a little more
‘ advice, took my leave.

‘ I was indeed better than my word: for I re-
‘ turned to him that very afternoon. When I entered
‘ the room, I found him sitting up in his bed at cards
‘ with a notorious gamester. This sight, you will
‘ imagine, shocked me not a little! to which I may
‘ add the mortification of seeing my bill delivered by
‘ him to his antagonist, and thirty guineas only given
‘ in exchange for it.

‘ The other gamester presently quitted the room,
‘ and then Watson declared he was ashamed to see
‘ me; ‘ but,’ says he, ‘ I find luck runs so damna-
“ bly against me, that I will resolve to leave off
“ play for ever. I have thought of the kind propo-
“ sal you made me ever since, and I promise you
“ there shall be no fault in me, if I do not put it in
“ execution.’

‘ Though I had no great faith in his promises, I
‘ produced him the remainder of the hundred in con-
‘ sequence of my own; for which he gave me a note,
‘ which was all I ever expected to see in return for
‘ my money.

‘ We were prevented from any further discourse
‘ at present, by the arrival of the apothecary; who,
“ with much joy in his countenance, and without
‘ even

‘ even asking his patient how he did, proclaimed
‘ there was great news arrived in a letter to himself,
‘ which he said would shortly be public: ‘ That the
“ Duke of Monmouth was landed in the west with a
“ vast army of Dutch; and that another vast fleet
“ hovered over the coast of Norfolk, and was to make
“ a descent there, in order to favour the Duke’s en-
“ terprize with a diversion on that side.’

‘ This apothecary was one of the greatest politi-
‘ cians of his time. He was more delighted with the
‘ most paultry packet, than with the best patient;
‘ and the highest joy he was capable of, he received
‘ from having a piece of news in his possession an
‘ hour or two sooner than any other person in the
‘ town. His advices, however, were seldom authen-
‘ tic; for he would swallow almost any thing as a
‘ truth, a humour which many made use of to impose
‘ upon him.

‘ Thus it happened with what he at present com-
‘ municated; for it was known within a short time
‘ afterwards, that the Duke was really landed; but
‘ that his army consisted only of a few attendants;
‘ and as to the diversion in Norfolk, it was entirely
‘ false.

‘ The apothecary staid no longer in the room than
‘ while he acquainted us with his news; and then,
‘ without saying a syllable to his patient on any other
‘ subject, departed to spread his advices all over the
‘ town.

‘ Events of this nature in the public are generally
‘ apt to eclipse all private concerns. Our discourse,
‘ therefore, now became entirely political. For my
‘ own part, I had been for some time very seriously

‘ affected with the danger to which the protestant
‘ religion was so visibly exposed, under a popish
‘ prince; and thought the apprehension of it alone
‘ sufficient to justify that insurrection: for no real se-
‘ curity can ever be found against the persecuting
‘ spirit of popery, when armed with power, except
‘ the depriving it of that power, as woeful expe-
‘ rience presently shewed. You know how King
‘ James behaved after getting the better of this at-
‘ tempt; how little he valued either his royal word,
‘ or coronation-oath, or the liberties and rights of
‘ his people. But all had not the sense to foresee this
‘ at first, and therefore the Duke of Monmouth was
‘ weakly supported; yet all could feel when the evil
‘ came upon them; and therefore all united, at last,
‘ to drive out that king, against whose exclusion a
‘ great party among us had so warmly contended,
‘ during the reign of his brother, and for whom they
‘ now fought with such zeal and affection.’

‘ What you say, interrupted Jones, ‘ is very true;
‘ and it has often struck me, as the most wonderful
‘ thing I ever read of in history, that so soon after this
‘ convincing experience, which brought our whole
‘ nation to join so unanimously in expelling King
‘ James, for the preservation of our religion and li-
‘ berties, there should be a party among us mad e-
‘ nough to desire the placing his family again on the
‘ throne.’ ‘ You are not in earnest!’ answered the
old man; ‘ there can be no such party. As bad an
‘ opinion as I have of mankind, I cannot believe them
‘ infatuated to such a degree! There may be some
‘ hot-headed Papists led by their priests to engage in
‘ this desperate cause, and think it a holy war: but
‘ that

‘ that Protestants, that are members of the church of
‘ England, should be such apostates, such *Felos de se*,
‘ I cannot believe it; no, no, young man, unacquainted
‘ as I am with what has past in the world for these last
‘ thirty years, I cannot be so imposed upon as to credit
‘ so foolish a tale: but I see you have a mind to sport
‘ with my ignorance.’ ‘ Can it be possible,’ replied
Jones, ‘ that you have lived so much out of the
‘ world as not to know, that during that time there have
‘ been two rebellions in favour of the son of King
‘ James, one of which is now actually raging in the
‘ very heart of the kingdom?’ At these words the
old gentleman started up, and, in a most solemn tone
‘ of voice, conjured Jones by his Maker to tell him, if
what he said was really true; which the other as so-
lemnly affirming, he walked several turns about the
room in a profound silence, then cried, then laughed,
and, at last, fell down on his knees, and blessed God,
in a loud thanksgiving prayer, for having delivered
him from all society with human nature, which could
be capable of such monstrous extravagancies. After
which, being reminded by Jones that he had broke
off his story, he resumed it again in this manner.

‘ As mankind, in the days I was speaking of, was
‘ not yet arrived to that pitch of madness, which I find
‘ they are capable of now, and which, to be sure, I
‘ have only escaped by living alone, and at a dis-
‘ tance from the contagion, there was a considerable
‘ rising in favour of Monmouth; and, my principles
‘ strongly inclining me to take the same part, I de-
‘ termined to join him; and Mr. Watson, from dif-
‘ ferent motives concurring in the same resolution,
‘ (for the spirit of a gamester will carry a man as far
‘ upon

‘ upon such an occasion as the spirit of patriotism)
‘ we soon provided ourselves with all necessaries, and
‘ went to the Duke at Bridgewater.

‘ The unfortunate event of this enterprize you are,
‘ I conclude, as well acquainted with as myself. I
‘ escaped, together with Mr. Watson, from the bat-
‘ tle at Sedgemore, in which action I received a slight
‘ wound. We rode near forty miles together on the
‘ Exeter road, and, then abandoning our horses,
‘ scrambled as well as we could through the fields
‘ and bye-roads, till we arrived at a little wild hut
‘ on a common, where a poor old woman took all
‘ the care of us she could, and dressed my wound
‘ with salve, which quickly healed it.’

‘ Pray, Sir, where was the wound?’ says Partridge.
The stranger satisfied him it was in his arm, and then
continued his narrative. ‘ Here, Sir,’ said he, ‘ Mr.
‘ Watson left me the next morning, in order, as he
‘ pretended, to get us some provision from the town
‘ of Cullumpton;—but—can I relate it? or can you
‘ believe it?—This Mr. Watson, this friend, this
‘ base, barbarous, treacherous villain, betrayed me
‘ to a party of horse belonging to King James, and,
‘ at his return, delivered me into their hands.

‘ The soldiers, being six in number, had now seized
‘ me, and were conducting me to Taunton gaol;
‘ but neither my present situation, nor the apprehen-
‘ sions of what might happen to me, were half so
‘ irksome to my mind, as the company of my false
‘ friend, who, having surrendered himself, was like-
‘ wise considered as a prisoner, though he was better
‘ treated, as being to make his peace at my expence.
‘ He at first endeavoured to excuse his treachery; but
‘ when

‘ when he received nothing but scorn and upbraiding
‘ from me, he soon changed his note, abused me as
‘ the most atrocious and malicious rebel, and laid all
‘ his own guilt to my charge, who, as he declared,
‘ had solicited, and even threatened him, to make
‘ him take up arms against his gracious, as well as
‘ lawful sovereign.

‘ This false evidence, (for in reality, he had been
‘ much the forwarder of the two), stung me to the
‘ quick, and raised an indignation scarce conceivable
‘ by those who have not felt it. However, fortune
‘ at length took pity on me; for as we were got a
‘ little beyond Wellington, in a narrow lane, my
‘ guards received a false alarm, that near fifty of the
‘ enemy were at hand, upon which they shifted for
‘ themselves, and left me and my betrayer to do the
‘ same. That villain immediately ran from me, and
‘ I am glad he did, or I should have certainly endea-
‘ voured, though I had no arms, to have executed
‘ vengeance on his baseness.

‘ I was now once more at liberty, and immediately
‘ withdrawing from the highway into the fields, I
‘ travelled on, scarce knowing which way I went;
‘ and making it my chief care to avoid all public roads,
‘ and all towns, nay, even the most homely houses;
‘ for I imagined every human creature whom I saw,
‘ desirous of betraying me.

‘ At last, after rambling several days about the
‘ country, during which the fields afforded me the
‘ same bed, and the same food, which nature bestows
‘ on our savage brothers of the creation, I at length
‘ arrived at this place, where the solitude and wild-
‘ ness of the country invited me to fix my abode. The
‘ first

‘ first person with whom I took up my habitation, was
‘ the mother of this old woman, with whom I re-
‘ mained concealed, till the news of the glorious Re-
‘ volution put an end to all my apprehensions of
‘ danger, and gave me an opportunity of once more
‘ visiting my own home, and of enquiring a little into
‘ my affairs, which I soon settled as agreeably to my
‘ brother as to myself; having resigned every thing
‘ to him, for which he paid me the sum of a thousand
‘ pounds, and settled on me an annuity for life.

‘ His behaviour in this last instance, as in all others,
‘ was selfish and ungenerous. I could not look on
‘ him as my friend, nor indeed did he desire that I
‘ should; so I presently took my leave of him, as well
‘ as of my other acquaintance; and from that day to
‘ this, my history is little better than a blank.’

‘ And is it possible, Sir,’ said Jones, ‘ that you can
‘ have resided here from that day to this?’ ‘ O no,
‘ Sir,’ answered the gentleman, ‘ I have been a great
‘ traveller, and there are few parts of Europe with
‘ which I am not acquainted.’ ‘ I have not, Sir,’ cried
Jones, ‘ the assurance to ask it of you now. Indeed it
‘ would be cruel, after so much breath as you have al-
‘ ready spent. But you will give me leave to wish for
‘ some further opportunity of hearing the excellent ob-
‘ servations, which a man of your sense and know-
‘ ledge of the world must have made in so long a course
‘ of travels.’ ‘ Indeed, young gentleman,’ answered
the stranger, ‘ I will endeavour to satisfy your curio-
‘ sity on this head likewise, as far as I am able.’ Jones
attempted fresh apologies, but was prevented; and
while he and Partridge sat with greedy and impatient
ears, the stranger proceeded as in the next chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

A brief history of Europe. And a curious discourse between Mr. Jones and the Man of the Hill.

‘ **I** N Italy the landlords are very silent. In France they are more talkative, but yet civil. In Germany and Holland they are generally very impertinent. And as for their honesty, I believe it is pretty equal in all those countries. The *Laquais à Louange* are sure to lose no opportunity of cheating you: and as for the positions, I think they are pretty much alike all the world over. These, Sir, are the observations on men which I made in my travels; for these were the only men I ever conversed with. My design, when I went abroad, was to divert myself by seeing the wondrous variety of prospects, beasts, birds, fishes, insects, and vegetables, with which God has been pleased to enrich the several parts of this globe.—A variety, which as it must give great pleasure to a contemplative beholder, so doth it admirably display the power and wisdom, and goodness of the Creator. Indeed, to say the truth, there is but one work in his whole creation that doth him any dishonour, and with that I have long since avoided holding any conversation.’

‘ You will pardon me,’ cries Jones, ‘ but I have always imagined, that there is in this very work you mention, as great variety as in all the rest; for besides the difference of inclination, customs and climates have, I am told, introduced the utmost diversity into human nature.’ ‘ Very little indeed,’
an-

answered the other; ‘ those who travel in order to acquaint themselves with the different manners of men, might spare themselves much pains, by going to a carnival at Venice; for there they will see at once all which they can discover in the several courts of Europe; — the same hypocrisy, the same fraud; in short, the same follies and vices, dressed in different habits. In Spain these are equipped with much gravity; and in Italy, with vast splendor. In France, a knave is dressed like a fop; and in the northern countries, like a sloven. But human nature is every where the same; every where the object of detestation and scorn.

‘ As for my own part, I past through all these nations, as you perhaps may have done through a croud at a shew, jostling to get by them, holding my nose with one hand, and defending my pockets with the other, without speaking a word to any of them, while I was pressing on to see what I wanted to see; which, however entertaining it might be in itself, scarce made me amends for the trouble the company gave me.’

‘ Did not you find some of the nations, among which you travelled, less troublesome to you than others?’ said Jones. ‘ O yes,’ replied the old man; ‘ the Turks were much more tolerable to me than the Christians. For they are men of profound taciturnity, and never disturb a stranger with questions. Now and then indeed they bestow a short curse upon him, or spit in his face as he walks the streets, but then they have done with him; and a man may live an age in their country without hearing a dozen words from them. But of all the people I ever saw,

‘ heaven

‘ heaven defend me from the French. With their
‘ damned prate and civilities, and doing the honour
‘ of their nation to strangers, (as they are pleased to
‘ call it), but indeed setting forth their own vanity;
‘ they are so troublesome, that I had infinitely rather
‘ pass my life with the Hottentots, than set my foot
‘ in Paris again. They are a nasty people, but their
‘ nastiness is mostly without; whereas in France, and
‘ some other nations that I won’t name, it is all with-
‘ in, and makes them stink much more to my reason
‘ than that of Hottentots does to my nose.

‘ Thus, Sir, I have ended the history of my life;
‘ for as to all that series of years, during which I have
‘ lived retired here, it affords no variety to entertain
‘ you, and may be almost considered as one day. The
‘ retirement has been so compleat, that I could hardly
‘ have enjoyed a more absolute solitude in the deserts
‘ of the Thebais, than here in the midst of this popu-
‘ lous kingdom. As I have no estate, I am plagued
‘ with no tenants or stewards; my annuity is paid me
‘ pretty regularly, as indeed it ought to be; for it is
‘ much less than what I might have expected, in re-
‘ turn for what I gave up. Visits I admit none; and
‘ the old woman who keeps my house knows, that her
‘ place entirely depends upon her saving me all the
‘ trouble of buying the things that I want, keeping
‘ off all solicitation or business from me, and holding
‘ her tongue whenever I am within hearing. As my
‘ walks are all by night, I am pretty secure in this
‘ wild, unfrequented place from meeting any com-
‘ pany. Some few persons I have met by chance, and
‘ sent them home heartily frightened, as from the odd-
‘ ness of my dress and figure they took me for a ghost

‘ or a hobgoblin. But what has happened to - night
 ‘ shews, that even here I cannot be safe from the vil-
 ‘ lany of men; for without your assistance I had not
 ‘ only been robbed, but very probably murdered.’

Jones thanked the stranger for the trouble he had
 taken in relating his story, and then expressed some
 wonder how he could possibly endure a life of such
 solitude; ‘ in which,’ says he, ‘ you may well com-
 ‘ plain of the want of variety. Indeed, I am astonih-
 ‘ ed how you have filled up, or rather killed, so much
 ‘ of your time.’

‘ I am not at all surpris’d,’ answered the other, ‘ that
 ‘ to one whose affections and thoughts are fixed on the
 ‘ world, my hours should appear to have wanted em-
 ‘ ployment in this place; but there is one single act,
 ‘ for which the whole life of man is infinitely too
 ‘ short. What time can suffice for the contemplation
 ‘ and worship of that glorious, immortal, and eternal
 ‘ Being, among the works of whose stupendous crea-
 ‘ tion, not only this globe, but even those numberless
 ‘ luminaries which we may here behold spangling all
 ‘ the sky, though they should many of them be suns
 ‘ lighting different systems of worlds; may possibly
 ‘ appear but as a few atoms, opposed to the whole
 ‘ earth which we inhabit? Can a man who, by di-
 ‘ vine meditations, is admitted, as it were, into the
 ‘ conversation of this ineffable, incomprehensible Ma-
 ‘ jesty, think days, or years, or ages, too long for the
 ‘ continuance of so ravishing an honour? Shall the
 ‘ trifling amusements, the palling pleasures, the silly
 ‘ business of the world, roll away our hours too swiftly
 ‘ from us; and shall the pace of time seem sluggish
 ‘ to a mind exercised in studies so high, so important,

‘ and so glorious! As no time is sufficient, so no place
is improper for this great concern. On what object
‘ can we cast our eyes, which may not inspire us with
‘ ideas of his power, of his wisdom, and of his good-
‘ ness? It is not necessary, that the rising sun should
‘ dart his fiery glories over the eastern horizon; nor
‘ that the boisterous winds should rush from their ca-
‘ verns, and shake the lofty forest; nor that the open-
‘ ing clouds should pour their deluges on the plains:
‘ it is not necessary, I say, that any of these should
‘ proclaim his Majesty; there is not an insect, not a
‘ vegetable, of so low an order in the creation, as
‘ not to be honoured with bearing marks of the at-
‘ tributes of its great Creator; marks not only of his
‘ power, but of his wisdom and goodness. Man alone,
‘ the king of this globe, the last and greatest work of
‘ the supreme Being, below the sun; man alone hath
‘ basely dishonoured his own nature, and by dishonest-
‘ ty, cruelty, ingratitude, and treachery, hath called
‘ his Maker’s goodness in question, by puzzling us to
‘ account how a benevolent Being should form so
‘ foolish, and so vile an animal. Yet this is the Being
‘ from whose conversation you think, I suppose, that
‘ I have been unfortunately restrained; and without
‘ whose blessed society, life, in your opinion, must
‘ be tedious and insipid.”

‘ In the former part of what you said,” replied
Jones, ‘ I most heartily and readily concur; but I be-
‘ lieve, as well as hope, that the abhorrence which
‘ you express for mankind, in the conclusion, is much
‘ too general. Indeed, you here fall into an error,
‘ which, in my little experience, I have observed to
‘ be a very common one, by taking the character of

‘ mankind from the worst and basest among them;
‘ whereas indeed, as an excellent writer observes, no-
‘ thing should be esteemed as characteristical of a spe-
‘ cies, but what is to be found among the best and
‘ most perfect individuals of that species. This error,
‘ I believe, is generally committed by those who,
‘ from want of proper caution in the choice of their
‘ friends and acquaintance, have suffered injuries from
‘ bad and worthless men; two or three instances of
‘ which are very unjustly charged on all human na-
‘ ture.’

‘ I think I had experience enough of it,’ answered
the other. ‘ My first mistress, and my first friend be-
‘ trayed me in the basest manner, and in matters which
‘ threatened to be of the worst of consequences, even
‘ to bring me to a shameful death.’

‘ But you will pardon me,’ cries Jones, ‘ if I desire
‘ you to reflect who that mistress, and who that friend
‘ were. What better, my good Sir, could be expected
‘ in love derived from the stews, or in friendship first
‘ produced and nourished at the gaming table! To
‘ take the characters of woman from the former in-
‘ stance, or of men from the latter, would be as unjust
‘ as to assert, that air is a nauseous and unwholesome
‘ element, because we find it so in a jakes. I have
‘ lived but a short time in the world, and yet have
‘ known men worthy of the highest friendship, and
‘ women of the highest love.’

‘ Alas! young man,’ answered the stranger, ‘ you
‘ have lived, you confess, but a very short time in the
‘ world; I was somewhat older than you when I was
‘ of the same opinion.’

‘ You

‘ You might have remained so still,’ replied Jones, ‘ if you had not been unfortunate, I will venture to say incautious, in the placing your affections. If there was indeed much more wickedness in the world than there is, it would not prove such general assertions against human nature, since much of this arrives by mere accident, and many a man who commits evil, is not totally bad and corrupt in his heart. In truth, none seem to have any title to assert human nature to be necessarily and universally evil, but those whose own minds afford them one instance of this natural depravity; which is not, I am convinced, your case.’

‘ And such,’ said the stranger, ‘ will be always the most backward to assert any such thing. Knaves will no more endeavour to persuade us of the baseness of mankind, than a highwayman will inform you that there are thieves on the road. This would indeed be a method to put you on your guard, and to defeat their own purposes. For which reason though knaves, as I remember, are very apt to abuse particular persons; yet they never cast any reflections on human nature in general.’ The old gentleman spoke this so warmly, that as Jones despaired of making a convert, and was unwilling to offend, he returned no answer.

The day now began to send forth its first streams of light, when Jones made an apology to the stranger for having staid so long, and perhaps detained him from his rest. The stranger answered: ‘ he never wanted rest less than at present; for that day and night were indifferent seasons to him, and that he commonly made use of the former the time

‘ of his repose, and of the latter for his walks and
 ‘ lucubrations. However,’ said he, ‘ it is now a most
 ‘ lovely morning, and if you can bear any longer to
 ‘ be without your own rest or food, I will gladly en-
 ‘ tertain you with the sight of some very fine pro-
 ‘ spects, which I believe you have not yet seen.’

Jones very readily embraced this offer, and they immediately set forward together from the cottage. As for Partridge, he had fallen into a profound repose, just as the stranger had finished his story; for his curiosity was satisfied, and the subsequent discourse was not forcible enough in its operation to conjure down the charms of sleep. Jones therefore left him to enjoy his nap; and as the reader may perhaps be, at this season, glad of the same favour, we will here put an end to the eighth book of our history.

It no longer remains to be seen!



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 and the new and ancient
 the new and ancient
 the new and ancient
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THE
HISTORY
OF A
FOUNDLING.

BOOK IX.

Containing twelve hours.

CHAP. I.

Of those who lawfully may, and of those who may not write such histories as this.

AMONG other good uses for which I have thought proper to institute these several introductory chapters, I have considered them as a kind of mark or stamp, which may hereafter enable a very indifferent reader to distinguish what is true and genuine in this historic kind of writing, from what is false and counterfeit. Indeed it seems likely that some such mark may shortly become necessary, since the favourable reception which two or three authors have lately procured for their works of this nature from the public, will probably serve as an encouragement to many others to undertake the like. Thus a swarm of foolish novels, and monstrous romances will be produced.

duced, either to the great impoverishing of booksellers, or to the great loss of time, and depravation of morals in the reader; nay, often to the spreading of scandal and calumny, and to the prejudice of the characters of many worthy and honest people.

I question not but the ingenious author of the *Spectator* was principally induced to prefix Greek and Latin mottoes to every paper from the same consideration of guarding against the pursuit of those scribblers, who, having no talents of a writer but what is taught by the writing master, are yet nowise afraid nor ashamed to assume the same titles with the greatest genius, than their good-brother in the fable was of braying in the lion's skin.

By the device therefore of his motto, it became impracticable for any man to presume to imitate the *Spectators*, without understanding at least one sentence in the learned languages. In the same manner I have now secured myself from the imitation of those who are utterly incapable of any degree of reflection, and whose learning is not equal to an essay.

I would not be here understood to insinuate, that the greatest merit of such historical productions can ever lie in these introductory chapters; but, in fact, those parts which contain mere narrative only, afford much more encouragement to the pen of an imitator, than those which are composed of observation and reflection. Here I mean such imitators as Rowe was of Shakespear, or as Horace hints some of the Romans were of Cato, by bare feet and four faces.

To invent good stories, and to tell them well, are possibly very rare talents, and yet I have observed few persons who have scrupled to aim at both; and if we

examine the romances and novels with which the world abounds, I think we may fairly conclude, that most of the authors would not have attempted to shew their teeth (if the expression may be allowed me) in any other way of writing; nor could indeed have strung together a dozen sentences on any other subject whatever. *Scribimus indocti doctique passim**, may be more truly said of the historian and biographer, than of any other species of writing: for all the arts and sciences (even criticism itself) require some little degree of learning and knowledge. Poetry indeed may perhaps be thought an exception; but then it demands numbers, or something like numbers; whereas to the composition of novels and romances, nothing is necessary but paper, pens, and ink, with the manual capacity of using them. This, I conceive, their productions shew to be the opinion of the authors themselves; and this must be the opinion of their readers, if indeed there be any such.

Hence we are to derive that universal contempt, which the world, who always denominate the whole from the majority, have cast on all historical writers, who do not draw their materials from records. And it is the apprehension of this contempt, that hath made us so cautiously avoid the term romance, a name with which we might otherwise have been well enough contented. Though as we have good authority for all our characters; no less indeed than the vast authentic doomsday-book of nature, as is elsewhere hinted, our labours have sufficient title to the name of history. Certainly they deserve some distinction from those

works,

* --- Each desperate blockhead dares to write,
Verse is the trade of every living wight.

works, which one of the wittiest of men regarded only as proceeding from a Pruritus, or indeed rather from a looseness of the brain.

But besides the dishonour which is thus cast on one of the most useful as well as entertaining of all kinds of writing, there is just reason to apprehend, that by encouraging such authors, we shall propagate much dishonour of another kind; I mean to the characters of many good and valuable members of society: for the dullest writers no more than the dullest companions are always inoffensive. They have both enough of language to be indecent and abusive. And surely, if the opinion just above cited be true, we cannot wonder, that works so nastily derived should be nasty themselves, or make others so.

To prevent therefore for the future, such intemperate abuses of leisure, of letters, and of the liberty of the press, especially as the world seems at present to be more than usually threatened with them, I shall here venture to mention some qualifications, every one of which are in a pretty high degree necessary to this order of historians.

The first is genius, without a full vein of which, no study, says Horace, can avail us. By genius I would understand that power, or rather those powers of the mind, which are capable of penetrating into all things within our reach and knowledge, and of distinguishing their essential differences. These are no other than invention and judgment; and they are both called by the collective name of genius, as they are of those gifts of nature which we bring with us into the world. Concerning each of which many seem to have fallen into very great errors: for by invention, I be-

believe, is generally understood a creative faculty; which would indeed prove most romance-writers to have the highest pretensions to it; whereas by invention is really meant no more, (and so the word signifies) than discovery, or finding out; or to explain it at large, a quick and sagacious penetration into the true essence of all the objects of our contemplation. This, I think, can rarely exist, without the concomitancy of judgment: for how we can be said to have discovered the true essence of two things, without discerning their difference, seems to me hard to conceive. Now this last is the undisputed province of judgment, and yet some few men of wit have agreed with all the dull fellows in the world, in representing these two to have been seldom or never the property of one and the same person.

But though they should be so, they are not sufficient for our purpose, without a good share of learning; for which I could again cite the authority of Horace, and of many others, if any was necessary to prove that tools are of no service to a workman, when they are not sharpened by art, or when he wants rules to direct him in his work, or hath no matter to work upon. All these uses are supplied by learning: for nature can only furnish us with capacity, or, as I have chose to illustrate it, with the tools of our profession; learning must fit them for use, must direct them in it; and lastly, must contribute, part at least, of the materials. A competent knowledge of history and of the Belles Lettres, is here absolutely necessary; and without this share of knowledge at least, to affect the character of an historian, is as vain as to endeavour at building a house without timber or mortar, or brick or stone.

Homer

Homer and Milton, who, though they added the ornament of numbers to their works, were both historians of our order, and masters of all the learning of their times.

Again, there is another sort of knowledge beyond the power of learning to bestow, and this is to be had by conversation. So necessary is this to the understanding the characters of men, that none are more ignorant of them than those learned pedants, whose lives have been entirely consumed in colleges, and among books; for however exquisitely human nature may have been described by writers, the true practical system can be learnt only in the world. Indeed the like happens in every other kind of knowledge. Neither physic, nor law, are to be practically known from books. Nay, the farmer, the planter, the gardener, must perfect by experience what he hath acquired the rudiments of by reading. How accurately soever the ingenious Mr. Miller may have described the plant, he himself would advise his disciple to see it in the garden. As we must perceive, that after the nicest strokes of a Shakespear, or a Johnson, of a Wycherly, or an Otway, some touches of nature will escape the reader, which the judicious action of a Garrick, of a Cibber, or a Clive*, can convey to him; so on the real stage, the character, shews himself in a stronger and bolder light, than he can be described. And if this be the case in those fine and nervous descriptions, which great authors

* There is a peculiar propriety in mentioning this great actor, and these two most justly celebrated actresses in this place; as they have all formed themselves on the study of nature only; and not on the imitation of their predecessors. Hence they have been able to excel all who have gone before them; a degree of merit which the servile herd of imitators can never possibly arrive at.

authors themselves have taken from life, how much more strongly will it hold when the writer himself takes his lines not from nature, but from books! Such characters are only the faint copy of a copy, and can have neither the justness nor the spirit of an original.

Now this conversation in our historian must be universal, that is, with all ranks and degrees of men: for the knowledge of what is called high-life, will not instruct him in low, nor *e converso*, will his being acquainted with the inferior part of mankind, teach him the manners of the superior. And though it may be thought that the knowledge of either may sufficiently enable him to describe at least that in which he hath been conversant; yet he will even here fall greatly short of perfection: for the follies of either rank do in reality illustrate each other. For instance the affectation of high-life appears more glaring and ridiculous from the simplicity of the low; and again, the rudeness and barbarity of this latter, strikes with much stronger ideas of absurdity, when contrasted with, and opposed to the politeness which controuls the former. Besides, to say the truth, the manners of our historians will be improved by both these conversations: for in the one he will easily find examples of plainness, honesty, and sincerity: in the other of refinement, elegance, and a liberality of spirit; which last quality I myself have scarce ever seen in men of low birth and education.

Nor will all the qualities I have hitherto given my historian avail him, unless he have what is generally meant by a good heart, and be capable of feeling. The author who will make me weep, says Horace, must first weep himself. In reality, no man can paint a distress

stress well, which he doth not feel while he is painting it; nor do I doubt, but that the most pathetic and affecting scenes have been writ with tears. In the same manner it is with the ridiculous. I am convinced I never make my reader laugh heartily, but where I have laughed before him; unless it should happen at any time, that instead of laughing with me, he should be inclined to laugh at me. Perhaps this may have been the case at some passages in this chapter, from which apprehension I will here put an end to it.

CHAP. II.

Containing a very surprising adventure indeed, which Mr. Jones met with in his walk with the Man of the Hill.

AURORA now first opened her casement, *Anglice*, the day began to break, when Jones walked forth in company with the stranger, and mounted Mazzard Hill; of which they had no sooner gained the summit, than one of the most noble prospects in the world presented itself to their view, and which we would likewise present to the reader; but for two reasons we shall omit it. First: We despair of making those who have seen this prospect, admire our description. Secondly: We very much doubt whether those, who have not seen it, would understand it.

Jones stood for some minutes fixed in one posture, and directing his eyes towards the south; upon which the old gentleman asked what he was looking at with so much attention! 'Alas, Sir,' answered he with a sigh, 'I was endeavouring to trace out my own journey hither. Good Heavens! what a distance is
' Glou-

‘ Gloucester from us! What a vast track of land must
‘ be between me and my own home.’ ‘ Ay, ay,
‘ young gentleman,’ cries the other, ‘ and, by your
‘ sighing, from what you love better than your own
‘ home, or I am mistaken. I perceive now the object
‘ of your contemplation is not within your sight, and
‘ yet I fancy you have a pleasure in looking that way.’
Jones answered with a smile: ‘ I find, old friend, you
‘ have not yet forgot the sensations of your youth.—
‘ —I own my thoughts were employed as you have
‘ guessed.’

They now walked to that part of the hill which looks to the north-west, and which hangs over a vast and extensive wood. Here they were no sooner arrived, than they heard at a distance the most violent screams of a woman, proceeding from the wood below them. Jones listened a moment, and then, without saying a word to his companion (for indeed the occasion seemed sufficiently pressing) ran, or rather slid, down the hill, and without the least apprehension or concern for his own safety, made directly to the thicket whence the sound had issued.

He had not entered far into the wood before he beheld a most shocking sight indeed, a woman stript half naked, under the hands of a ruffian, who had put his garter round her neck, and was endeavouring to draw her up to a tree. Jones asked no questions at this interval; but fell instantly upon the villain, and made such good use of his trusty oaken stick, that he laid him sprawling on the ground, before he could defend himself, indeed almost before he knew he was attacked; nor did he cease the prosecution of his blows, till the woman herself begged him to
for-

forbear, saying, she believed he had sufficiently done his business.

The poor wretch then fell upon her knees to Jones, and gave him a thousand thanks for her deliverance: he presently lifted her up, and told her he was highly pleased with the extraordinary accident which had sent him thither for her relief, where it was so improbable she should find any: adding, that heaven seemed to have designed him as the happy instrument of her protection: 'Nay,' answered she, 'I could almost conceive you to be some good angel; and to say the truth, you look more like an angel than a man, in my eye.' Indeed he was a charming figure, and if a very fine person, and a most comely set of features, adorned with youth, health, strength, freshness, spirit, and good-nature, can make a man resemble an angel, he certainly had that resemblance.

The redeemed captive had not altogether so much of the human angelic species: she seemed to be, at least, of the middle age, nor had her face much appearance of beauty; but her cloaths being torn from all the upper part of her body, her breasts, which were well formed, and extremely white, attracted the eyes of her deliverer, and for a few moments they stood silent, and gazing at each other; till the ruffian on the ground beginning to move, Jones took the garter which had been intended for another purpose, and bound both his hands behind him. And now, on contemplating his face, he discovered, greatly to his surprize, and perhaps not a little to his satisfaction, this very person to be no other than ensign Norther-ton. Nor had the ensign forgotten his former antagonist, whom he knew the moment he came to himself.

His



H. Gravelot inv.

His surprize was equal to that of Jones; but I conceive his pleasure was rather less on this occasion.

Jones helped Northerton upon his legs, and then looking him stedfastly in the face: 'I fancy, Sir,' said he, 'you did not expect to meet me any more in this world, and I confess I had as little expectation to find you here. However, fortune, I see, hath brought us once more together, and hath given me satisfaction for the injury I have received, even without my own knowledge.'

'It is very much like a man of honour indeed,' answered Northerton, 'to take satisfaction by knocking a man down behind his back. Neither am I capable of giving you satisfaction here, as I have no sword; but if you dare behave like a gentleman, let us go where I can furnish myself with one, and I will do by you as a man of honour ought.'

'Doth it become such a villain as you are,' cries Jones, 'to contaminate the name of honour by assuming it? But I shall waste no time in discourse with you.—Justice requires satisfaction of you now, and shall have it.' Then turning to the woman, he asked her, if she was near her home; or if not, whether she was acquainted with any house in the neighbourhood, where she might procure herself some decent cloaths, in order to proceed to a justice of the peace.

She answered, she was an entire stranger in that part of the world. Jones then recollecting himself, said he had a friend near, who would direct them; indeed he wondered at his not following; but, in fact, the good Man of the Hill, when our hero departed, sat himself down on the brow, where, though he had a gun in

his hand, he with great patience and unconcern, had attended the issue.

Jones then stepping without the wood, perceived the old man sitting as we have just described him: he presently exerted his utmost agility, and with surprizing expedition ascended the hill.

The old man advised him to carry the woman to Upton, which he said was the nearest town; and there he would be sure of furnishing her with all manner of conveniencies. Jones having received his direction to the place, took his leave of the man of the Hill, and desiring him to direct Partridge the same way, returned hastily to the wood.

Our hero, at his departure to make this enquiry of his friend, had considered, that as the ruffian's hands were tied behind him, he was incapable of executing any wicked purposes on the poor woman. Besides, he knew he should not be beyond the reach of her voice, and could return soon enough to prevent any mischief. He had moreover declared to the villain, that if he attempted the least insult, he would be himself immediately the executioner of vengeance on him. But Jones unluckily forgot, that though the hands of Northerton were tied, his legs were at liberty; nor did he lay the least injunction on the prisoner, that he should not make what use of these he pleased. Northerton therefore having given no parole of that kind, thought he might without any breach of honour, depart, not being obliged as he imagined, by any rules, to wait for a formal discharge. He therefore took up his legs, which were at liberty, and walked off through the wood, which favoured his retreat; nor did the woman, whose eyes were perhaps rather turned towards her deliverer, once think of his
escape,

escape, or give herself any concern or trouble to prevent it.

Jones therefore at his return, found the woman alone. He would have spent some time in searching for Northerton; but she would not permit him; earnestly entreating that he would accompany her to the town whither they had been directed: 'As to the fellow's escape,' said she, 'it gives me no uneasiness: for philosophy and christianity both preach us forgiveness of injuries. But for you, Sir, I am concerned at the trouble I give you; nay indeed my nakedness may well make me ashamed to look you in the face; and if it was not for the sake of your protection, I should wish to go alone.'

Jones offered her his coat; but, I know not for what reason, she absolutely refused the most earnest solicitations to accept it. He then begged her to forget both the causes of her confusion: 'With regard to the former,' says he, 'I have done no more than my duty in protecting you; and as for the latter, I will entirely remove it, by walking before you all the way: for I would not have my eyes offend you, and I could not answer for my power of resisting the attractive charms of so much beauty.'

Thus our hero and the redeemed lady walked in the same manner, as Orpheus and Eurydice marched heretofore: but though I cannot believe that Jones was designedly tempted by his fair one to look behind him, yet as she frequently wanted his assistance to help her over stiles, and had besides many trips and other accidents, he was often obliged to turn about. However, he had better fortune than what attended poor Orpheus; for he brought his companion, or rather follower, safe into the famous town of Upton. I 2 CHAP.

CHAP. III.

The arrival of Mr. Jones, with his lady at the inn, with a very full description of the battle of Upton.

THOUGH the reader, we doubt not, is very eager to know who this lady was, and how she fell into the hands of Mr. Northerton; we must beg him to suspend his curiosity for a short time, as we are obliged, for some very good reasons, which hereafter perhaps he may guess, to delay his satisfaction a little longer.

Mr. Jones and his fair companion no sooner entered the town, than they went directly to that inn which, in their eyes, presented the fairest appearance to the street. Here Jones, having ordered a servant to shew a room above stairs, was ascending, when the dishevelled fair hastily following, was laid hold on by the master of the house, who cried: ‘Hey-day, where is that beggar wench going? Stay below stairs, I desire you;’ but Jones at that instant thundered from above: ‘Let the lady come up,’ in so authoritative a voice, that the good man instantly withdrew his hands, and the lady made the best of her way to the chamber.

Here Jones wished her joy of her safe arrival, and then departed, in order, as he promised, to send the landlady up with some cloaths. The poor woman thanked him heartily for all his kindness, and said, She hoped she should see him again soon, to thank him a thousand times more. During this short conversation, she covered her white bosom as well as she could possibly with her arms: for Jones could not avoid steal-
ing

ing a fly peep or two, though he took all imaginable care to avoid giving any offence.

Our travellers had happened to take up their residence at a house of exceeding good repute, whither Irish ladies of strict virtue, and many northern lasses of the same predicament, were accustomed to resort in their way to Bath. The landlady therefore would by no means have admitted any conversation of a disreputable kind to pass under her roof. Indeed so foul and contagious are all such proceedings, that they contaminate the very innocent scenes where they are committed, and give the name of a bad house, or of a house of ill repute, to all those where they are suffered to be carried on.

Not that I would intimate, that such strict chastity as was preserved in the temple of Vesta can possibly be maintained at a public inn. My good landlady did not hope for such a blessing, nor would any of the ladies I have spoken of, or indeed any others of the most rigid note, have expected or insisted on any such thing. But to exclude all vulgar concubinage, and to drive all whores in rags from within the walls, is within the power of every one. This my landlady very strictly adhered to; and this her virtuous guests who did not travel in rags, would very reasonably have expected of her.

Now it required no very blameable degree of suspicion, to imagine that Mr. Jones and his ragged companion had certain purposes in their intention, which, though tolerated in some Christian countries, connived at in others, and practised in all, are however as expressly forbidden as murder, or any other horrid vice, by that religion which is universally be-

lieved in those countries. The landlady therefore had no sooner received an intimation of the entrance of the above said persons, than she began to meditate the most expeditious means for their expulsion. In order to this, she had provided herself with a long and deadly instrument with which, in time of peace, the chambermaid was wont to demolish the labours of the industrious spider. In vulgar phrase she had taken up the broom-stick, and was just about to sally from the kitchen, when Jones accosted her with a demand of a gown and other vestments, to cover the half naked woman above stairs.

Nothing can be more provoking to the human temper, nor more dangerous to that cardinal virtue, patience, than solicitations of extraordinary offices of kindness, on behalf of those very persons with whom we are highly incensed. For this reason Shakespear hath artfully introduced his Desdemona soliciting favours for Cassio of her husband, as the means of inflaming not only his jealousy, but his rage, to the highest pitch of madness; and we find the unfortunate Moor less able to command his passion on this occasion, than even when he beheld his valued present to his wife in the hands of his supposed rival. In fact, we regard these efforts as insults on our understanding; and to such the pride of man is very difficultly brought to submit.

My landlady, though a very good-tempered woman, had, I suppose, some of this pride in her composition; for Jones had scarce ended his request, when she fell upon him with a certain weapon, which though it be neither long, nor sharp, nor hard, nor indeed threatens from its appearance with either death or wound, hath
been

been however held in great dread and abhorrence by many wise men; nay, by many brave ones; inso-much that some who have dared to look into the mouth of a loaded cannon, have not dared to look into a mouth where this weapon was brandished; and rather than run the hazard of its execution, have contented themselves with making a most pitiful and sneaking figure in the eyes of all their acquaintance.

To confess the truth, I am afraid Mr. Jones was one of these; for, though he was attacked and violently belaboured with the aforesaid weapon, he could not be provoked to make any resistance; but in a most cowardly manner applied, with many entreaties, to his antagonist to desist from pursuing her blows: in plain English, he only begged her with the utmost earnestness to hear him; but, before he could obtain his request, my landlord himself entered into the fray, and embraced that side of the cause which seemed to stand very little in need of assistance.

There are a sort of heroes, who are supposed to be determined in their chusing or avoiding a conflict, by the character and behaviour of the person whom they are to engage. These are said to know their men, and Jones, I believe, knew his woman; for, though he had been so submissive to her, he was no sooner attacked by her husband, than he demonstrated an immediate spirit of resentment, and enjoined him silence, under a very severe penalty; no less than that, I think, of being converted into fuel for his own fire.

The husband, with great indignation, but with a mixture of pity, answered: 'You must pray first to

‘ be made able; I believe I am a better man than
‘ yourself; ay, every way, that I am;’ and presently
proceeded to discharge half a dozen whores at the
lady above stairs, the last of which had scarce issued
from his lips, when a swinging blow from the cudgel
that Jones carried in his hand, assaulted him over
the shoulders.

It is a question whether the landlord or the land-
lady was the most expeditious in returning this blow.
My landlord, whose hands were empty, fell to with
his fist, and the good wife, uplifting her broom, and
aiming at the head of Jones, had probably put an
immediate end to the fray, and to Jones likewise,
had not the descent of this broom been prevented,—
not by the miraculous intervention of any heathen
deity, but by a very natural, though fortunate acci-
dent; viz. by the arrival of Partridge, who entered
the house at that instant, (for fear had caused him to
run every step from the hill), and who, seeing the
danger which threatened his master, or companion,
(which you chuse to call him), prevented so sad a ca-
tastrophe, by catching hold of the landlady’s arm, as
it was brandished aloft in the air.

The landlady soon perceived the impediment which
prevented her blow; and, being unable to rescue her
arm from the hands of Partridge, she let fall the
broom; and, then leaving Jones to the discipline of
her husband, she fell with the utmost fury on that
poor fellow, who had already given some intimation
of himself, by crying: ‘Zounds! do you intend to
‘ kill my friend?’

Partridge, though not much addicted to battle,
would not however stand still when his friend was at-
tacked;

tacked; nor was he much displeased with that part of the combat which fell to his share: he therefore returned my landlady's blows as soon as he received them; and now the fight was obstinately maintained on all parts, and it seemed doubtful to which side fortune would incline, when the naked lady, who had listened at the top of the stairs to the dialogue which preceeded the engagement, descended suddenly from above, and, without weighing the unfair inequality of two to one, fell upon the poor woman who was boxing with Partridge; nor did that great champion desist, but rather redoubled his fury, when he found fresh succours were arrived to his assistance.

Victory must now have fallen to the side of the travellers, (for the bravest troops must yield to numbers), had not Susan the chambermaid come luckily to support her mistress. This Susan was as two-handed a wench (according to the phrase), as any in the country, and would, I believe, have beat the famed Thalestris herself, or any of her subject Amazons; for her form was robust and manlike, and every way made for such encounters. As her hands and arms were formed to give blows with great mischief to an enemy, so was her face as well contrived to receive blows without any great injury to herself: her nose being already flat to her face; her lips were so large, that no swelling could be perceived in them, and moreover they were so hard, that a fist could hardly make any impression on them. Lastly, her cheek-bones stood out, as if nature had intended them for two bastions to defend her eyes in those encounters for which she seemed so well calculated, and to which she was most wonderfully well inclined.

This fair creature, entering the field of battle, immediately filed to that wing where her mistress maintained so unequal a fight with one of either sex. Here she presently challenged Partridge to single combat. He accepted the challenge, and a most desperate fight began between them.

Now the dogs of war being let loose began to lick their bloody lips; now victory with golden wings hung hovering in the air. Now fortune, taking her scales from her shelf, began to weigh the fates of Tom Jones, his female companion, and Partridge, against the landlord, his wife, and maid; all which hung in exact balance before her; when a good-natured accident put suddenly an end to the bloody fray, with which half of the combatants had already sufficiently feasted. This accident was the arrival of a coach and four; upon which my landlord and landlady immediately desisted from fighting, and at their entreaty obtained the same favour of their antagonists; but Susan was not so kind to Partridge; for that Amazonian fair having overthrown and bestrid her enemy, was now cuffing him lustily with both her hands, without any regard to his request of a cessation of arms, or to those loud exclamations of murder which he roared forth.

No sooner, however, had Jones quitted the landlord, than he flew to the rescue of his defeated companion, from whom he with much difficulty drew off the enraged chambermaid: but Partridge was not immediately sensible of his deliverance; for he still lay flat on the floor, guarding his face with his hands, nor did he cease roaring, till Jones had forced him

him

him to look up, and to perceive that the battle was at an end.

The landlord, who had no visible hurt, and the landlady hiding her well-scratched face with her handkerchief, ran both hastily to the door to attend the coach, from which a young lady and her maid now alighted. These the landlady presently ushered into that room where Mr. Jones had at first deposited his fair prize, as it was the best apartment in the house. Hither they were obliged to pass through the field of battle, which they did with the utmost haste, covering their faces with their handkerchiefs, as desirous to avoid the notice of any one. Indeed their caution was quite unnecessary: for the poor unfortunate Helen, the fatal cause of all the bloodshed, was entirely taken up in endeavouring to conceal her own face, and Jones was no less occupied in rescuing Partridge from the fury of Susan, which being happily effected, the poor fellow immediately departed to the pump to wash his face, and to stop that bloody torrent which Susan had plentifully set a flowing from his nostrils.

CHAP. IV.

In which the arrival of a man of war puts a final end to hostilities, and causes the conclusion of a firm and lasting peace between all parties.

A SERJEANT and a file of musqueteers, with a deserter in their custody, arrived about this time. The serjeant presently enquired for the principal magistrate of the town, and was informed by my landlord, that he himself was vested in that office. He then

then demanded his billets, together with a mug of beer, and, complaining it was cold, spread himself before the kitchen fire.

Mr. Jones was at this time comforting the poor distressed lady, who sat down at a table in the kitchen, and, leaning her head upon her arm, was bemoaning her misfortunes; but, lest my fair readers should be in pain concerning a particular circumstance, I think proper here to acquaint them, that, before she had quitted the room above stairs, she had so well covered herself with a pillowbeer which she there found, that her regard to decency was not in the least violated by the presence of so many men as were now in the room.

One of the soldiers now went up to the serjeant, and whispered something in his ear; upon which he stedfastly fixed his eyes on the lady, and, having looked at her for near a minute, he came up to her, saying: ‘ I ask pardon, Madam, but I am certain I am not deceived, you can be no other person than Captain Waters’s lady.’

The poor woman, who in her present distress had very little regarded the face of any person present, no sooner looked at the serjeant, than she presently recollected him, and, calling him by his name, answered: ‘ that she was indeed the unhappy person he imagined her to be; but added, I wonder any one should know me in this disguise.’ To which the serjeant replied, ‘ he was very much surpris’d to see her ladyship in such a dress, and was afraid some accident had happened to her.’ ‘ An accident hath happened to me, indeed,’ says she, ‘ and I am highly obliged to this gentleman, (pointing to Jones), that it was not a
fatal

‘ fatal one, or that I am now living to mention it.’
‘ Whatever the gentleman hath done, cries the ser-
jeant, ‘ I am sure the captain will make him amends
for it; and if I can be of any service, your ladyship
may command me, and I shall think myself very
happy to have it in my power to serve your lady-
ship; and so indeed may any one, for I know the
captain will well reward them for it.’

The landlady who heard from the stairs all that past
between the serjeant and Mrs. Waters, came hastily
down, and, running directly up to her, began to ask
pardon for the offences she had committed, begging
that all might be imputed to ignorance of her quality:
for, ‘ Lud! Madam,’ says she, ‘ how should I have ima-
gined that a lady of your fashion would appear in
such a dress? I am sure, Madam, if I had once sus-
pected that your ladyship was your ladyship, I would
sooner have burnt my tongue out, than have said what
I have said; and I hope your ladyship will accept
of a gown, till you can get your own cloaths.’

‘ Prithee woman,’ says Mrs. Waters, ‘ cease your
impertinence; how can you imagine I should con-
cern myself about any thing which comes from the
lips of such low creatures as yourself. But I am
surprized at your assurance in thinking, after what
is past, that I will condescend to put on any of your
dirty things. I would have you know, creature, I
have a spirit above that.’

Here Jones interferred, and begged Mrs. Waters to
forgive the landlady, and to accept her gown: ‘ For
I must confess,’ cries he, ‘ our appearance was a
little suspicious when first we came in: and I am
well assured, all this good woman did, was, as she
pro-

‘ professed, out of regard to the reputation of her
‘ house.’

‘ Yes, upon my truly was it,’ says she, ‘ the gen-
‘ tleman speaks very much like a gentleman, and I
‘ see very plainly is so; and to be certain the house
‘ is well known to be a house of as good reputation
‘ as any on the road, and, though I say it, is fre-
‘ quented by gentry of the best quality, both Irish
‘ and English. I defy any body to say black is my
‘ eye, for that matter. And, as I was saying, if I
‘ had known your ladyship to be your ladyship, I
‘ would as soon have burnt my fingers as have af-
‘ fronted your ladyship; but truly, where gentry come
‘ and spend their money, I am not willing that they
‘ should be scandalized by a set of poor shabby ver-
‘ min, that, where-ever they go, leave more lice than
‘ money behind them; such folks never raise my com-
‘ passion: for, to be certain, it is foolish to have any
‘ for them, and, if our justices did as they ought,
‘ they would be all whipt out of the kingdom; for,
‘ to be certain, it is what is most fitting for them.
‘ But, as for your ladyship, I am heartily sorry your
‘ ladyship hath had a misfortune, and, if your lady-
‘ ship will do me the honour to wear my cloaths, till
‘ you can get some of your ladyship’s own, to be cer-
‘ tain the best I have is at your ladyship’s service.’

Whether cold, shame, or the persuasions of Mr. Jones prevailed most on Mrs. Waters, I will not determine; but she suffered herself to be pacified by this speech of my landlady, and retired with that good woman, in order to apparel herself in a decent manner.

My

My landlord was likewise beginning his oration to Jones, but was presently interrupted by that generous youth, who shook him heartily by the hand; and assured him of entire forgiveness, saying: ‘if you are
‘satisfied, my worthy friend, I promise you I am;’ and indeed in one sense the landlord had the better reason to be satisfied; for he had received a belly-full of drubbing, whereas Jones had scarce felt a single blow.

Partridge, who had been all this time washing his bloody nose at the pump, returned into the kitchen at the instant when his master and the landlord were shaking hands with each other. As he was of a peaceable disposition, he was pleased with those symptoms of reconciliation; and, though his face bore some marks of Susan’s fist, and many more of her nails, he rather chose to be contented with his fortune in the last battle, than to endeavour at bettering it in another.

The heroic Susan was likewise well contented with her victory, though it had cost her a black-eye, which Partridge had given her at the first onset. Between these two, therefore, a league was struck, and those hands, which had been the instruments of war, became now the mediators of peace.

Matters were thus restored to a perfect calm, at which the serjeant, though it may seem so contrary to the principles of his profession, testified his approbation. ‘Why now, that’s friendly,’ said he; ‘d—n
‘me, I hate to see two people bear ill-will to one
‘another, after they have had a tussel. The only
‘way when friends quarrel, is to see it out fairly in
‘a friendly manner, as a man may call it, either with
‘a fist, or sword, or pistol, according as they like,
‘and then let it be all over; for my own part, d—n
‘me

‘ me if ever I love my friend better than when I am
‘ fighting with him. To bear malice is more like a
‘ Frenchman than an Englishman.’

He then proposed a libation as a necessary part of the ceremony at all treaties of this kind. Perhaps the reader may here conclude, that he was well versed in ancient history; but this, though highly probable, as he cited no authority to support the custom, I will not affirm with any confidence. Most likely indeed it is, that he founded his opinion on very good authority, since he confirmed it with many violent oaths.

Jones no sooner heard the proposal, than, immediately agreeing with the learned serjeant, he ordered a bowl, or rather a large mug, filled with the liquor used on these occasions, to be brought in, and then began the ceremony himself. He placed his right hand in that of the landlord, and, seizing the bowl with his left, uttered the usual words, and then made his libation. After which the same was observed by all present. Indeed there is very little need of being particular in describing the whole form, as it differed so little from those libations of which so much is recorded in ancient authors, and their modern transcribers. The principal difference lay in two instances; for first, the present company poured the liquor only down their throats; and secondly, the serjeant, who officiated as priest, drank the last; but he preserved, I believe, the ancient form in swallowing much the largest draught of the whole company, and in being the only person present who contributed nothing towards the libation, besides his good offices in assisting at the performance.

The

The good people now ranged themselves round the kitchen: fire, where good humour seemed to maintain an absolute dominion, and Partridge not only forgot his shameful defeat, but converted hunger into thirst, and soon became extremely facetious. We must, however, quit this agreeable assembly for a while, and attend Mr. Jones to Mrs. Waters's apartment, where the dinner which he had now bespoke was on the table. Indeed it took no long time in preparing, having been all drest three days before, and required nothing more from the cook than to warm it over again.

CHAP. V.

An apology for all heroes who have good stomachs, with a description of a battle of the amorous kind.

HEROES, notwithstanding the high ideas, which by the means of flatterers thy may entertain of themselves, or the world may conceive of them, have certainly more of mortal than divine about them. However elevated their minds may be, their bodies at least (which is much the major part of most) are liable to the worst infirmities, and subject to the vilest offices of human nature. Among these latter the act of eating, which hath by several wise men been considered as extremely mean and derogatory from the philosophic dignity, must be in some measure performed by the greatest prince, hero, or philosopher upon earth; nay, sometimes nature hath been so froliksome as to exact of these dignified characters a much more exorbitant share of this office, than she hath obliged those of the lowest order to perform.

To say the truth, as no known inhabitant of this globe is really more than man, so none need be ashamed of submitting to what the necessities of man demand; but when those great personages I have just mentioned, condescend to aim at confining such low offices to themselves; as when by hoarding or destroying, they seem desirous to prevent any other from eating, they then surely become very low and despicable.

Now, after this short preface, we think it no disparagement to our hero to mention the immoderate ardour with which he laid about him at this season. Indeed it may be doubted, whether Ulysses, who by the way seems to have had the best stomach of all the heroes in that eating poem of the *Odyssey*, ever made a better meal. Three pounds at least of that flesh which formerly had contributed to the composition of an ox, was now honoured with becoming part of the individual Mr. Jones.

This particular we thought ourselves obliged to mention, as it may account for our hero's temporary neglect of his fair companion; who eat but very little, and was indeed employed in considerations of a very different nature, which passed unobserved by Jones, till he had entirely satisfied that appetite which a fast of twenty-four hours had procured him; but his dinner was no sooner ended, than his attention to other matters revived; with these matters, therefore, we shall now proceed to acquaint the reader.

Mr. Jones, of whose personal accomplishments we have hitherto said very little, was in reality one of the handsomest young fellows in the world. His face, besides being the picture of health, had in it the most apparent marks of sweetness and good-nature. These

.. .. .qua-

qualities were indeed so characteristical in his countenance, that while the spirit and sensibility in his eyes, though they must have been perceived by an accurate observer, might have escaped the notice of the less discerning, so strongly was this good-nature painted in his look, that it was remarked by almost every one who saw him.

It was, perhaps, as much owing to this, as to a very fine complexion, that his face had a delicacy in it almost inexpressible, and which might have given him an air rather too effeminate, had it not been joined to a most masculine person and mien; which latter had as much in them of the Hercules, as the former had of the Adonis. He was besides active, genteel, gay, and good-humoured, and had a flow of animal spirits, which enlivened every conversation where he was present.

When the reader hath duly reflected on these many charms which all centered in our hero, and considers at the same time the fresh obligations which Mrs. Waters had to him, it will be a mark more of prudery than candour to entertain a bad opinion of her, because she conceived a very good opinion of him.

But whatever censures may be passed upon her, it is my business to relate matters of fact with veracity. Mrs. Waters had, in truth, not only a good opinion of our hero, but a very great affection for him. To speak out boldly at once, she was in love, according to the present universally received sense of that phrase, by which love is applied indiscriminately to the desirable objects of all our passions, appetites, and senses, and is understood to be that preference which we give to one kind of food rather than to another.

But though the love to these several objects may possibly be one and the same in all cases, its operations however must be allowed to be different; for how much soever we may be in love with an excellent surloin of beef, or bottle of Burgundy; with a damask rose, or Cremona fiddle; yet do we never smile, nor ogle, nor dress, nor flatter, nor endeavour by any other arts or tricks to gain the affection of the said beef, &c. Sigh indeed we sometimes may; but it is generally in the absence, not in the presence of the beloved object. For otherwise we might possibly complain of their ingratitude and deafness, with the same reason as Pasiphae doth of her bull, whom she endeavoured to engage by all the coquetry practised with good success in the drawing-room, on the much more sensible as well as tender hearts of the fine gentlemen there.

The contrary happens in that love, which operates between persons of the same species, but of different sexes. Here we are no sooner in love, than it becomes our principal care to engage the affection of the object beloved. For what other purpose indeed are our youth instructed in all the arts of rendering themselves agreeable? If it was not with a view to this love, I question whether any of those trades, which deal in setting off and adorning the human person, would procure a livelihood. Nay, those great polishers of our manners, who are by some thought to teach what principally distinguishes us from the brute creation, even dancing-masters themselves, might possibly find no place in society. In short, all the graces which young ladies and young gentlemen too learn from others; and the many improvements which,

which, by the help of a looking-glass, they add of their own, are in reality those very *Spicula & Faces Amoris*, so often mentioned by Ovid: or, as they are sometimes called in our own language: The whole artillery of love.

Now Mrs. Waters and our hero had no sooner sat down together, than the former began to play this artillery upon the latter. But here, as we are about to attempt a description hitherto unessayed either in prose or verse, we think proper to invoke the assistance of certain aerial beings, who will, we doubt not, come kindly to our aid on this occasion.

‘ Say then, ye graces, you that inhabit the heavenly mansions of Seraphina’s countenance; for you are truly divine, are always in her presence, and well know all the arts of charming; say, what were the weapons now used to captivate the heart of Mr. Jones.’

‘ First, from two lovely blue eyes, whose bright orbs flashed lightning at their discharge, flew forth two pointed ogles. But happily for our hero, hit only a vast piece of beef which he was then conveying into his plate, and harmless spent their force. The fair warrior perceived their miscarriage, and immediately from her fair bosom drew forth a deadly sigh. A sigh, which none could have heard unmoved, and which was sufficient at once to have swept off a dozen beaus; so soft, so sweet, so tender, that the insinuating air must have found its subtle way to the heart of our hero, had it not luckily been driven from his ears by the coarse bubbling of some bottled ale, which at that time he was pouring forth. Many other weapons did she assay; but

‘ the god of eating (if there be any such deity; for I
‘ do not confidently assert it) preserved his votary; or
‘ perhaps it may not be *dignus vindice nodus*, and the
‘ present security of Jones may be accounted for by
‘ natural means: for as love frequently preserves from
‘ the attacks of hunger, so may hunger possibly, in
‘ some cases, defend us against love.

‘ The fair one, enraged at her frequent disappoint-
‘ ments, determined on a short cessation of arms.
‘ Which interval she employed in making ready every
‘ engine of amorous warfare for the renewing of the
‘ attack, when dinner should be over.

‘ No sooner then was the cloth removed, than she
‘ again began her operations. First, having planted
‘ her right eye side ways against Mr. Jones, she shot
‘ from its corner a most penetrating glance; which,
‘ though great part of its force was spent before it
‘ reached our hero, did not vent itself absolutely
‘ without effect. This the fair one perceiving, hastily
‘ withdrew her eyes, and levelled them downwards,
‘ as if she was concerned for what she had done:
‘ though by this means she designed only to draw him
‘ from his guard, and indeed to open his eyes, through
‘ which she intended to surprise his heart. And
‘ now, gently lifting up those two bright orbs, which
‘ had already begun to make an impression on poor
‘ Jones, she discharged a volley of small charms at
‘ once from her whole countenance in a smile. Not
‘ a smile of mirth, nor of joy; but a smile of affec-
‘ tion, which most ladies have always ready at their
‘ command, and which serves them to shew at once
‘ their good-humour, their pretty dimples, and their
‘ white teeth.

‘ This

‘ This smile our hero received full in his eyes, and
 ‘ was immediately staggered with its force. He then
 ‘ began to see the designs of the enemy, and indeed to
 ‘ feel their success. A parley was now set on foot
 ‘ between the parties; during which the artful fair so
 ‘ slyly and imperceptibly carried on her attack, that
 ‘ she had almost subdued the heart of our hero, before
 ‘ she again repaired to acts of hostility. To confess
 ‘ the truth, I am afraid Mr. Jones maintained a kind
 ‘ of Dutch defence, and treacherously delivered up
 ‘ the garrison, without duly weighing his allegiance
 ‘ to the fair Sophia. In short, no sooner had the amo-
 ‘ rous parley ended, and the lady had unmasked the
 ‘ royal battery, by carelessly letting her handkerchief
 ‘ drop from her neck, than the heart of Mr. Jones
 ‘ was entirely taken, and the fair conqueror enjoyed
 ‘ the usual fruits of her victory.

Here the graces think proper to end their descrip-
 tion, and here we think proper to end the chapter.

CHAP. VI.

*A friendly conversation in the kitchen, which
 had a very common, though not very friendly
 conclusion.*

WHILE our lovers were entertaining them-
 selves in the manner which is partly described
 in the foregoing chapter; they were likewise furnish-
 ing out an entertainment for their good friends in the
 kitchen. And this in a double sense, by affording
 them matter for their conversation, and at the same
 time, drink to enliven their spirits.

There were now assembled round the kitchen-fire, besides my landlord and landlady, who occasionally went backward and forward, Mr. Partridge, the serjeant, and the coachman who drove the young lady and her maid.

Partridge having acquainted the company with what he had learnt from the Man of the Hill, concerning the situation in which Mrs. Waters had been found by Jones, the serjeant proceeded to that part of her history which was known to him. He said, she was the wife of Mr. Waters, who was a captain in their regiment, and had often been with him at quarters. ‘Some folks,’ says he, ‘used indeed to doubt whether they were lawfully married in a church or no. But, for my part, that’s no business of mine; I must own if I was put to my corporal oath, I believe she is little better than one of us; and I fancy the captain may go to heaven when the sun shines upon a rainy day. But if he does, that is neither here nor there; for he won’t want company. And the lady, to give the devil his due, is a very good sort of lady, and loves the cloth, and is always desirous to do strict justice to it; for she hath begged off many a poor soldier, and, by her good-will, would never have any of them punished. But yet, to be sure, ensign Northerton and she were very well acquainted together, at our last quarters, that is the very right and truth of the matter. But the captain he knows nothing about it; and as long as there is enough for him too, what does it signify? He loves her not a bit the worse, and I am certain would run any man through the body that was to abuse her, therefore I won’t abuse

‘ abuse her, for my part. I only repeat what other
‘ folks say; and to be certain, what every body says,
‘ there must be some truth in.’ ‘ Ay, ay, a great
‘ deal of truth, I warrant you, cries Partridge:
‘ *Veritas odium parit.*’ ‘ All a parcel of scandalous
‘ stuff,’ answered the mistress of the house. ‘ I am
‘ sure, now she is drest, she looks like a very good
‘ sort of lady, and she behaves herself like one; for
‘ she gave me a guinea for the use of my cloaths.’
‘ A very good lady indeed,’ cries the landlord; ‘ and
‘ if you had not been a little too hasty, you would
‘ not have quarrelled with her as you did at first.’
‘ You need mention that with me truly,’ answered
she; ‘ if it had not been for your nonsense, nothing had
‘ happened. You must be meddling with what did
‘ not belong to you, and throw in your fool’s dis-
‘ course.’ ‘ Well, well,’ answered he, ‘ what’s past
‘ cannot be mended, so there’s an end of the matter.’
‘ Yes,’ cries she, ‘ for this once; but will it be mend-
‘ ed ever the more hereafter? This is not the first
‘ time I have suffered for your numscull’s pate. I wish
‘ you would always hold your tongue in the house,
‘ and meddle only in matters without doors which con-
‘ cern you. Don’t you remember what happened about
‘ seven years ago?’ — ‘ Nay, my dear,’ returned he,
‘ don’t rip up old stories. Come, come, all’s well, and
‘ I am sorry for what I have done.’ The landlady was
going to reply, but was prevented by the peace-mak-
ing serjeant, sorely to the displeasure of Partridge,
who was a great lover of what is called fun, and a
great promoter of those harmless quarrels which tend
rather to the production of comical than tragical in-
cidents.

The serjeant asked Partridge whither he and his master were travelling? None of your magisters,' answered Partridge; 'I am no man's servant, I assure you; for though I have had misfortunes in the world, I write gentleman after my name; and as poor and simple as I may appear now, I have taught grammar school in my time: *Sed heu mihi! non sum quod fui.*' 'No offence I hope, Sir,' said the serjeant: 'where then, if I may venture to be so bold, may you and your friend be travelling?' — 'You have now denominated us right,' says Partridge: '*Amici sumus.* And I promise you my friend is one of the greatest gentlemen in the kingdom.' (at which words both landlord and landlady pricked up their ears.) 'He is the heir of 'squire Allworthy.' 'What, the 'squire who doth so much good all over the country?' cries my landlady. 'Even he,' answered Partridge. 'Then I warrant,' says she, 'he'll have a swinging great estate hereafter.' 'Most certainly,' answered Partridge. 'Well,' replied the landlady, 'I thought the first moment I saw him he looked like a good sort of gentleman; but my husband here, to be sure, is wiser than any body.' 'I own, my dear,' cries he, 'it was a mistake.' 'A mistake indeed!' answered she; 'but when did you ever know me to make such mistakes?' — 'But how comes it, Sir,' cries the landlord, 'that such a great gentleman walks about the country afoot!' 'I don't know,' returned Partridge; 'great gentlemen have humours sometimes. He hath now a dozen horses and servants at Gloucester; and nothing would serve him, but last night, it being very hot weather, he must cool himself with a walk to
yon

‘ yon high hill, whither I likewise walked with him to
‘ bear him company; but if ever you catch me there
‘ again; for I was never so frightened in all my life.
‘ We met with the strangest man there.’ ‘ I’ll be
‘ hanged,’ cries the landlord, ‘ if it was not the Man
‘ of the Hill, as they call him; if indeed he be a
‘ man; but I know several people who believe it is the
‘ devil that lives there.’ ‘ Nay, nay, like enough,’
says Partridge; ‘ and now you put me in the head
‘ of it, I verily and sincerely believe it was the devil;
‘ though I could not perceive his cloven foot, but per-
‘ haps he might have the power given him to hide that,
‘ since evil spirits can appear in what shapes they
‘ please.’ ‘ And pray Sir,’ says the serjeant, ‘ no of-
‘ fence I hope; but pray what sort of a gentleman is
‘ the devil? For I have heard some of our officers
‘ say, there is no such person; and that it is only a
‘ trick of the parsons, to prevent their being broke;
‘ for if it was publickly known that there was no de-
‘ vil, the parsons would be of no more use than we are
‘ in time of peace.’ ‘ Those officers,’ says Partridge,
‘ are very great scholars, I suppose.’ ‘ Not much
‘ of schollards neither,’ answered the serjeant; ‘ they
‘ have not half your learning, Sir, I believe; and
‘ to be sure, I thought there must be a devil, not-
‘ withstanding what they said, though one of them
‘ was a captain; for methought, thinks I to myself,
‘ if there be no devil, how can wicked people be sent
‘ to him, and I have read all that upon a book.’
‘ Some of your officers,’ quoth the landlord, ‘ will
‘ find there is a devil, to their shame, I believe. I
‘ don’t question but he’ll pay off some old scores,
‘ upon my account. Here was one quartered upon
‘ me

‘ me half a year, who had the conscience to take
‘ up one of my best beds, though he hardly spent
‘ a shilling a day in the house, and suffered his men
‘ to roast cabbages at the kitchen-fire, because I
‘ would not give them a dinner on a Sunday. Every
‘ good christian must desire there should be a devil
‘ for the punishment of such wretches.’ ‘ Harkee,
‘ landlord,’ said the serjeant, ‘ don’t abuse the cloth;
‘ for I won’t take it.’ ‘ D—n the cloth, answered
the landlord, ‘ I have suffered enough by them.’
‘ Bear witness, gentlemen, says the serjeant, he curses
‘ the king and that’s high treason.’ ‘ I curse the
‘ king! you villain,’ said the landlord. ‘ Yes, you
‘ did,’ cries the serjeant, ‘ you cursed the cloth, and
‘ that’s cursing the king. Its all one and the same;
‘ for every man who curses the cloth, would curse
‘ the king if he durst; so for matter o’that it’s all
‘ one and the same thing.’ ‘ Excuse me there, Mr.
‘ serjeant,’ quoth Partridge, ‘ that’s a *non sequitur*.’
‘ None of your outlandish linguo,’ answered the ser-
jeant, leaping from his seat; ‘ I will not sit still and
‘ hear the cloth abused.’— ‘ You mistake me friend,’
cries Partridge, ‘ I did not mean to abuse the cloth;
‘ I only said your conclusion was a *non sequitur**.’
‘ You are another,’ cries the serjeant, ‘ an you come
‘ to that. No more a *sequitur* than yourself. You
‘ are a pack of rascals, and I’ll prove it; for I will
‘ fight the best man of you all for twenty pound.’
This challenge effectually silenced Partridge, whose
stomach for drubbing did not so soon return after the
hearty

* This word, which the serjeant unhappily mistook for an affront, is a term in logic, and means that the conclusion doth not follow from the premises.

heartly meal which he had lately been treated with; but the coachman, whose bones were less sore, and whose appetite for fighting was somewhat sharper, did not so easily brook the affront, of which he conceived some part at least fell to his share. He started therefore from his seat, and advancing to the serjeant, swore he looked on himself to be as good a man as any in the army, and offered to box for a guinea. The military man accepted the combat, but refused the wager; upon which both immediately stript and engaged, till the driver of horses was so well mauled by the leader of men, that he was obliged to exhaust his small remainder of breath in begging for quarter.

The young lady was now desirous to depart, and had given orders for her coach to be prepared; but all in vain, for the coachman was disabled from performing his office for that evening. An ancient heathen would perhaps have imputed this disability to the god of drink, no less than to the god of war; for, in reality, both the combatants had sacrificed as well to the former deity as to the latter. To speak plainly, they were both dead drunk, nor was Partridge in a much better situation. As for my landlord, drinking was his trade; and the liquor had no more effect on him, than it had on any other vessel in his house.

The mistress of the inn being summoned to attend Mr. Jones and his companion, at their tea, gave a full relation of the latter part of the foregoing scene; and at the same time expressed great concern for the young lady, 'who,' she said, 'was under the utmost uneasiness at being prevented from pursuing her journey. She is a sweet pretty
' cre-

‘creature,’ added she, ‘and I am certain I have seen her face before. I fancy she is in love, and in running away from her friends. Who knows but some young gentleman or other may be expecting her, with a hearth as heavy as her own.’

Jones fetched a hearty sigh at those words; of which, though Mrs. Waters observed it, she took no notice while the landlady continued in the room; but after the departure of that good woman, she could not forbear giving our hero certain hints of her suspecting some very dangerous rival in his affections. The awkward behaviour of Mr. Jones on this occasion convinced her of the truth, without his giving her a direct answer to any of her questions; but she was not nice enough in her amours to be greatly concerned at the discovery. The beauty of Jones highly charmed her eye; but, as she could not see his heart, she gave herself no concern about it. She could feast heartily at the table of love, without reflecting that some other had already been, or hereafter might be, feasted with the same repast. A sentiment which, if it deals but little in refinement, deals however much in substance; and is less capricious, and perhaps less ill-natured and selfish than the desires of those females who can be contented enough to abstain from the possession of their lovers, provided they are sufficiently satisfied that no one else possesses them.

CHAP. VII.

Containing a fuller account of Mrs. Waters, and by what means she came into that distressful situation, from which she was rescued by Jones.

THOUGH nature hath by no means mixed up an equal share either of curiosity or vanity in every human composition, there is perhaps no individual to whom she hath not allotted such a proportion of both, as requires much arts and pains too, to subdue and keep under. A conquest, however, absolutely necessary to every one who would in any degree deserve the characters of wisdom or good-breeding.

As Jones therefore might very justly be called a well-bred man, he had stifled all that curiosity, which the extraordinary manner in which he had found Mrs. Waters, must be supposed to have occasioned. He had indeed at first thrown out some few hints to the lady; but when he perceived her industriously avoiding any explanation, he was contented to remain in ignorance, the rather as he was not without suspicion, that there were some circumstances which must have raised her blushes, had she related the whole truth.

Now, since it is possible that some of our readers may not so easily acquiesce under the same ignorance, and as we are very desirous to satisfy them all, we have taken uncommon pains to inform ourselves of the real fact, with the relation of which we shall conclude this book.

This lady then had lived some years with one captain Waters, who was a captain in the same regiment
to

to which Mr. Northerton belonged. She past for that gentleman's wife, and went by his name; and yet, as the serjeant said, there were some doubts concerning the reality of their marriage, which we shall not at present take upon us to resolve.

Mrs. Waters, I am sorry to say it, had for some time contracted an intimacy with the above-mentioned ensign, which did no great credit to her reputation. That she had a remarkable fondness for that young fellow is most certain; but whether she indulged this to any very criminal lengths, is not so extremely clear, unless we will suppose that women never grant every favour to a man but one, without granting him that one also.

The division of the regiment to which captain Waters belonged, had two days preceded the march of that company to which Mr. Northerton was the ensign; so that the former had reached Worcester, the very day after the unfortunate rencounter between Jones and Northerton, which we have before recorded.

Now it had been agreed between Mrs. Waters and the captain, that she would accompany him in his march as far as Worcester, where they were to take their leave of each other, and she was thence to return to Bath, where she was to stay till the end of the winter's campaign against the rebels.

With this agreement Mr. Northerton was made acquainted. To say the truth, the lady had made him an assignation at this very place, and promised to stay at Worcester till his division came thither; with what view, and for what purpose must be left to the reader's divination: for though we are obliged

to relate facts, we are not obliged to do a violence to our nature by any comments to the disadvantage of the loveliest part of the creation.

Northerton no sooner obtained a release from his captivity, as we have seen, than he hastened away to overtake Mrs. Waters; which, as he was a very active nimble fellow, he did at the last mentioned city, some few hours after Captain Waters had left her: at his first arrival he made no scruple of acquainting her with the unfortunate accident, which he made appear very unfortunate indeed: for he totally extracted every particle of what could be called fault, at least in a court of honour, though he left some circumstances which might be questionable in a court of law.

Women, to their glory be it spoken, are more generally capable of that violent and apparently disinterested passion of love, which seeks only the good of its object, than men. Mrs. Waters, therefore, was no sooner apprized of the danger, to which her lover was exposed, than she lost every consideration besides that of his safety; and this being a matter equally agreeable to the gentleman, it became the immediate subject of debate between them.

After much consultation on this matter, it was at length agreed, that the ensign should go a-cross the country to Hereford, whence he might find some conveyance to one of the sea-ports in Wales, and thence might make his escape abroad. In all which expedition Mrs. Waters declared she would bear him company; and for which she was able to furnish him with money, a very material article to Mr. Northerton, she having then in her pocket three bank-notes

to the amount of 90 l. besides some cash, and a diamond ring of pretty considerable value on her finger. All which she with the utmost confidence revealed to this wicked man, little suspecting she should by these means inspire him with a design of robbing her. Now, as they must, by taking horses from Worcester, have furnished any pursuers with the means of hereafter discovering their rout, the ensign proposed, and the lady presently agreed, to make their first stage on foot, for which purpose the hardness of the frost was very seasonable.

The main part of the lady's baggage was already at Bath, and she had nothing with her at present besides a very small quantity of linen, which the gallant undertook to carry in his own pockets. All things therefore being settled in the evening, they arose early the next morning, and at five o'clock departed from Worcester, it being then above two hours before day. But the moon, which was then at the full, gave them all the light she was capable of affording.

Mrs. Waters was not of that delicate race of women, who are obliged to the invention of vehicles for the capacity of removing themselves from one place to another, and with whom consequently a coach is reckoned among the necessaries of life. Her limbs were indeed full of strength and agility, and as her mind was no less animated with spirit, she was perfectly able to keep pace with her nimble lover.

Having travelled on for some miles in a high road, which Northerton said he was informed led to Hereford, they came at the break of day to the side of a large wood, where he suddenly stopped, and affecting to meditate a moment with himself, expres-

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sed some apprehensions from travelling any longer in so public a way. Upon which he easily persuaded his fair companion to strike with him into a path which seemed to lead directly through the wood, and which at length brought them both to the bottom of Mazard-hill.

Whether the execrable scheme, which he now attempted to execute, was the effect of previous deliberation, or whether it now first came into his head, I cannot determine. But being arrived in this lonely place, where it was very improbable he should meet with any interruption, he suddenly flipped his garter from his leg, and, laying violent hands on the poor woman, endeavoured to perpetrate that dreadful and detestable fact, which we have before commemorated, and which the providential appearance of Jones did so fortunately prevent.

Happy was it for Mrs. Waters, that she was not of the weakest order of females; for no sooner did she perceive, by his tying a knot in his garter, and by his declarations, what his hellish intentions were, than she stood stoutly to her defence, and so strongly struggled with her enemy, screaming all the while for assistance, that she delayed the execution of the villain's purpose several minutes, by which means Mr. Jones came to her relief, at that very instant when her strength failed, and she was totally overpowered, and delivered her from the ruffian's hands, with no other loss than that of her cloaths, which were torn from her back, and of the diamond ring, which, during the contention, either dropped from her finger, or was wrenched from it by Northerton.

Thus, reader, we have given thee the fruits of a very painful enquiry, which, for thy satisfaction, we have made into this matter. And here we have opened to thee a scene of folly, as well as villany, which we could scarce have believed a human creature capable of being guilty of; had we not remembered that this fellow was at that time firmly persuaded, that he had already committed a murder, and had forfeited his life to the law. As he concluded therefore that his only safety lay in flight, he thought the possessing himself of this poor woman's money and ring, would make him amends for the additional burden he was to lay on his conscience.

And here, reader, we must strictly caution thee, that thou dost not take any occasion from the misbehaviour of such a wretch as this, to reflect on so worthy and honourable a body of men, as are the officers of our army in general. Thou wilt be pleased to consider, that this fellow, as we have already informed thee, had neither the birth nor education of a gentleman, nor was a proper person to be inrolled among the number of such. If therefore his baseness can justly reflect on any besides himself, it must be only on those who gave him his commission.

THE
HISTORY
OF A
FOUNDLING.

BOOK X.

In which the history goes forward about twelve hours.

CHAP. II.

Containing instructions very necessary to be perused by modern critics.

READER, it is impossible we should know what sort of person thou wilt be: for perhaps, thou may'st be as learned in human nature as Shakespear himself was, and perhaps thou may'st be no wiser than some of his editors. Now, lest this latter should be the case, we think proper, before we go any farther together, to give thee a few wholesome admonitions; that thou may'st not as grossly misunderstand and misrepresent us, as some of the said editors have misunderstood and misrepresented their author.

First, then, we warn thee not too hastily to condemn any of the incidents in this our history, as impertinent and foreign to our main design, because thou dost not immediately conceive in what manner such incident may conduce to that design. This work may, indeed, be considered as a great creation of our own; and for a little reptile of a critic to presume to find fault with any of its parts, without knowing the manner in which the whole is connected, and before he comes to the final catastrophe, is a most presumptuous absurdity. The allusion and metaphor we have here made use of, we must acknowledge to be infinitely too great for our occasion; but there is, indeed, no other, which is at all adequate to express the difference between an author of the first rate, and a critic of the lowest.

Another caution we would give thee, my good reptile, is, that thou dost not find out too near a resemblance between certain characters here introduced; as for instance, between the landlady who appears in the seventh book, and her in the ninth. Thou art to know, friend, that there are certain characteristics, in which most individuals of every profession and occupation agree. To be able to preserve these characteristics, and at the same time to diversify their operations, is one talent of a good writer. Again, to mark the nice distinction between two persons actuated by the same vice or folly, is another; and as this last talent is found in very few writers, so is the true discernment of it found in as few readers; though, I believe, the observation of this forms a very principal pleasure in those who are capable of the discovery: every person, for instance, can distinguish between Sir Epicure Mammon,

mon, and Sir Fopling Flutter; but to note the difference between Sir Fopling Flutter and Sir Courtly Nice, requires a more exquisite judgment: for want of which, vulgar spectators of plays very often do great injustice in the theatre; where I have sometimes known a poet in danger of being convicted as a thief, upon much worse evidence than the resemblance of hands hath been held to be in the law. In reality, I apprehend every amorous widow on the stage would run the hazard of being condemned as a servile imitation of Dido, but that happily very few of our play-house-critics understand enough of Latin to read Virgil.

In the next place, we must admonish thee, my worthy friend, (for, perhaps, thy heart may be better than thy head), not to condemn a character as a bad one, because it is not perfectly a good one. If thou dost delight in these models of perfection, there are books enough written to gratify thy taste; but as we have not, in the course of our conversation, ever happened to meet with any such person, we have not chosen to introduce any such here. To say the truth, I a little question whether mere man ever arrived at this consummate degree of excellence, as well as whether there hath ever existed a monster bad enough to verify that:

——— *Nulla virtute redemptum*

A vitiis ——— *

in Juvenal: nor do I, indeed, conceive the good purposes served by inserting characters of such angelic perfection, or such diabolical depravity, in any work of invention: since, from contemplating either, the

L 4 mind

* Whose vices are not allayed with a single virtue.

mind of man is more likely to be overwhelmed with sorrow and shame, than to draw any good uses from such patterns: for in the former instance he may be both concerned and ashamed to see a pattern of excellence, in his nature, which he may reasonably despair of ever arriving at; and, in contemplating the latter, he may be no less affected with those uneasy sensations, at seeing the nature, of which he is a partaker, degraded into so odious and detestable a creature.

In fact, if there be enough of goodness in a character to engage the admiration and affection of a well-disposed mind, though there should appear some of those little blemishes, *quas humane parum cavit natura*, they will raise our compassion rather than our abhorrence. Indeed, nothing can be of more moral use than the imperfections which are seen in examples of this kind; since such form a kind of surprize, more apt to affect and dwell upon our minds, than the faults of very vicious and wicked persons. The foibles and vices of men, in whom there is great mixture of good, become more glaring objects from the virtues which contrast them, and shew their deformity; and, when we find such vices attended with their evil consequence to our favourite characters, we are not only taught to shun them for our own sake, but to hate them for the mischiefs they have already brought on those we love.

And now, my friend, having given you these few admonitions, we will, if you please, once more set forward with our history.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

Containing the arrival of an Irish gentleman, with very extraordinary adventures which ensued at the inn.

NOW the little trembling hare, which the dread of all her numerous enemies, and chiefly of that cunning, cruel, carnivorous animal man, had confined all the day to her lurking place, sports wantonly o'er the lawns: now on some hollow tree the owl, shrill chorister of the night, hoots forth notes which might charm the ears of some modern connoisseurs in music; now in the imagination of the half-drunk clown, as he staggers through the church-yard, or rather charnel-yard, to his home, fear paints the bloody hobgoblin: now thieves and ruffians are awake, and honest watchmen fast asleep: in plain English, it was now midnight; and the company at the inn, as well those who have been already mentioned in this history, as some others who arrived in the evening, were all in bed. Only Susan chambermaid was now stirring, she being obliged to wash the kitchen, before she retired to the arms of the fond, expecting hostler.

In this posture were affairs at the inn, when a gentleman arrived there post. He immediately alighted from his horse, and, coming up to Susan, enquired of her, in a very abrupt and confused manner, being almost out of breath with eagerness, whether there was any lady in the house. The hour of night, and the behaviour of the man, who stared very wildly all the time, a little surpris'd Susan, so that she hesitated before she made any answer: upon which the gentleman,

with redoubled eagerness, begged her to give him a true information, saying, he had lost his wife, and was come in pursuit of her. ‘Upon my shoul,’ cries he, ‘I have been near catching her already in two or three places, if I had not found her gone just as I came up with her. If she be in the house, do carry me up in the dark, and shew her to me; and, if she be gone away before me, do tell me which way I shall go after her to meet her, and upon my shoul, I will make you the richest poor woman in the nation.’ He then pulled out a handful of guineas, a sight which would have bribed persons of much greater consequence than this poor wench, to much worse purposes.

Susan, from the account she had received of Mrs. Waters, made not the least doubt but that she was the very identical stray whom the right owner pursued. As she concluded, therefore, with great appearance of reason, that she never could get money in an honest way than by restoring a wife to her husband, she made no scruple of assuring the gentleman, that the lady he wanted was then in the house; and was presently afterwards prevailed upon (by very liberal promises, and some earnest paid into her hands), to conduct him to the bed-chamber of Mrs. Waters.

It hath been a custom long established in the polite world, and that upon very solid and substantial reasons, that a husband shall never enter his wife’s apartment without first knocking at the door. The many excellent uses of this custom need scarce be hinted to a reader who hath any knowledge of the world: for by this means the lady hath time to adjust herself, or to remove any disagreeable object out of the way; for there are
some

some situations, in which nice and delicate women would not be discovered by their husbands.

To say the truth, there are several ceremonies instituted among the polished part of mankind, which, though they may, to coarser judgments, appear as matters of mere form, are found to have much of substance in them, by the more discerning; and lucky would it have been, had the custom above-mentioned been observed by our gentleman in the present instance. Knock, indeed, he did at the door, but not with one of those gentle raps which is usual on such occasions. On the contrary, when he found the door locked, he flew at it with such violence, that the lock immediately gave way, the door burst open, and he fell headlong into the room.

He had no sooner recovered his legs, than forth from the bed, upon his legs likewise appeared —— with shame and sorrow are we obliged to proceed —— our hero himself, who, with a menacing voice, demanded of the gentleman who he was, and what he meant by daring to burst open his chamber in that outrageous manner.

The gentleman at first thought he had committed a mistake, and was going to ask pardon and retreat, when, on a sudden, as the moon shone very bright, he cast his eyes on stays, gowns, petticoats, caps, ribbons, stockings, garters, shoes, clogs, &c. all which lay in a disordered manner on the floor. All these operating on the natural jealousy of his temper, so enraged him, that he lost all power of speech; and, without returning any answer to Jones, he endeavoured to approach the bed.

Jones

Jones immediately interposing, a fierce contention arose, which soon proceeded to blows on both sides. And now Mrs. Waters (for we must confess she was in the same bed), being, I suppose, awakened from her sleep, and seeing two men fighting in her bed-chamber, began to scream in the most violent manner, crying out murder! robbery! and more frequently rape! which last, some, perhaps, may wonder she should mention, who do not consider that these words of exclamation are used by ladies in a fright, as fa, la, la, ra, da, &c. are, in music, only as the vehicles of sound, and without any fixed ideas.

Next to the lady's chamber was deposited the body of an Irish gentleman, who arrived too late at the inn to have been mentioned before. This gentleman was one of those whom the Irish call a *calabalaro*, or cavalier. He was a younger brother of a good family, and, having no fortune at home, was obliged to look abroad in order to get one: for which purpose he was proceeding to Bath to try his luck with cards and the women.

This young fellow lay in bed reading one of Mrs. Behn's novels; for he had been instructed by a friend, that he would find no more effectual method of recommending himself to the ladies than the improving his understanding, and filling his mind with good literature. He no sooner, therefore, heard the violent uproar in the next room, than he leapt from his bolster, and, taking his sword in one hand, and the candle which burnt by him in the other, he went directly to Mrs. Waters's chamber.

If the sight of another man in his shirt at first added some shock to the decency of the lady, it made her
pre-

presently amends by considerably abating her fears; for no sooner had the calabaro entered the room, than he cried out: ‘Mr. Fitzpatrick, what the devil is the meaning of this? Upon which the other immediately answered: ‘O, Mr. Macklachlan, I am rejoiced you are here. — This villain hath debauched my wife, and is got into bed with her.’ — ‘What wife?’ cries Macklachlan, ‘do not I know Mrs. Fitzpatrick very well, and don’t I see that the lady, whom the gentleman who stands here in his shirt is lying in bed with, is none of her?’

Fitzpatrick now perceiving, as well by the glimpse he had of the lady, as by her voice, which might have been distinguished at a greater distance than he now stood from her, that he had made a very unfortunate mistake, began to ask many pardons of the lady; and, then turning to Jones, he said: ‘I would have you take notice I do not ask your pardon, for you have beat me; for which I am resolved to have your blood in the morning.’

Jones treated this menace with much contempt; and Mr. Macklachlan answered: ‘Indeed, Mr. Fitzpatrick, you may be ashamed of your ownself, to disturb people at this time of night: if all the people in the inn were not asleep, you would have awakened them as you have me. The gentleman has served you very rightly. Upon my conscience, though I have no wife, if you had treated her so, I would have cut your throat.’

Jones was so confounded with his fears for his lady’s reputation, that he knew neither what to say or do; but the invention of women is, as hath been observed, much readier than that of men. She recollected that
there

there was a communication between her chamber and that of Mr. Jones; relying, therefore, on his honour and her own assurance, she answered: ‘ I know not what you mean, villains! I am wife to none of you. Help! Rape! Murder! Rape!’—And now the landlady coming into the room, Mrs. Waters fell upon her with the utmost virulence, saying: ‘ She thought herself in a sober inn, and not in a bawdy-house; but that a set of villains had broke into her room, with an intent upon her honour, if not upon her life; and both, she said, were equally dear to her.’

The landlady now began to roar as loudly as the poor woman in bed had done before. She cried: ‘ She was undone, and that the reputation of her house, which was never blown upon before, was utterly destroyed.’ Then turning to the men, she cried: ‘ What, in the devil’s name, is the reason of all this disturbance in the lady’s room?’ Fitzpatrick, hanging down his head, repeated: ‘ that he had committed a mistake, for which he heartily asked pardon,’ and then retired with his countryman. Jones, who was too ingenious to have missed the hint given him by his fair one, boldly asserted: ‘ That he had run to her assistance upon hearing the door broke open; with what design he could not conceive, unless of robbing the lady; which if they intended, he said, he had the good fortune to prevent.’ ‘ I never had a robbery committed in my house, since I have kept it,’ cries the landlady: ‘ I would have you to know, Sir, I harbour no highwaymen here; I scorn the word, tho’ I say it. None but honest, good gentlefolks, are welcome to my house; and I thank good luck,

‘ I

‘ I have always had enow of such customers; indeed
‘ as many as I could entertain. Here hath been my
‘ Lord ——,’ and then she repeated over a catalogue
of names and titles, many of which we might, perhaps,
be guilty of a breach of privilege by inserting.

Jones, after much patience, at length interrupted
her, by making an apology to Mrs. Waters, for having
appeared before her in his shirt, assuring her: ‘ That
‘ nothing but a concern for her safety could have
‘ prevailed on him to do it. The reader may inform
himself of her answer, and, indeed, of her whole behaviour
to the end of the scene, by considering the situation
which she affected, it being that of a modest lady,
who was awakened out of her sleep by three strange men
in her chamber. This was the part which she undertook
to perform; and, indeed, she executed it so well, that
none of our theatrical actresses could exceed her, in any
of their performances, either on or off the stage.

And hence, I think, we may very fairly draw an
argument, to prove how extremely natural virtue is to
the fair sex: for though there is not, perhaps, one in
ten thousand who is capable of making a good actress;
and even among these we rarely see two who are equally
able to personate the same character; yet this of virtue
they can all admirably well put on; and as well those
individuals who have it not, as those who possess it, can
all act it to the utmost degree of perfection.

When the men were all departed, Mrs. Waters,
recovering from her fear, recovered likewise from her
anger and spoke in much gentler accents to the land-
lady, who did not so readily quit her concern for the

reputation of the house, in favour of which she began again to number the many great persons who had slept under her roof; but the lady stopt her short, and, having absolutely acquitted her of having had any share in the past disturbance, begged to be left to her repose, which, she said, she hoped to enjoy unmolested during the remainder of the night. Upon which the landlady, after much civility, and many court'sies, took her leave.

CHAP. III.

A dialogue between the landlady, and Susan the chambermaid, proper to be read by all innkeepers and their servants; with the arrival, and affable behaviour of a beautiful young lady; which may teach persons of condition how they may acquire the love of the whole world.

THE landlady, remembering that Susan had been the only person out of bed when the door was burst open, resorted presently to her, to enquire into the first occasion of the disturbance, as well as who the strange gentleman was, and when and how he arrived.

Susan related the whole story, which the reader knows already, varying the truth only in some circumstances, as she saw convenient, and totally concealing the money which she had received. But whereas her mistress had, in the preface to her enquiry, spoken much in compassion for the fright which the lady had been in, concerning any intended de-

depredations on her virtue, Susan could not help endeavouring to quiet the concern which her mistress seemed to be under on that account, by swearing heartily she saw Jones leap out from her bed.

The landlady fell into a violent rage at these words. 'A likely story truly,' cried she, 'that a woman should cry out, and endeavour to expose herself, if that was the case! I desire to know what better proof any lady can give of her virtue than her crying out, which, I believe, twenty people can witness for her she did? I beg, Madam, you would spread no such scandal of any of my guests; for it will not only reflect on them, but upon the house; and I am sure no vagabonds, nor wicked beggarly people come here.'

'Well,' says Susan, 'then I must not believe my own eyes.' 'No, indeed must you not always,' answered her mistress; 'I would not have believed my own eyes against such good gentlefolks. I have not had a better supper ordered this half year than they ordered last night; and so easy and good humoured were they, that they found no fault with my Worcesterhire perry, which I sold them for Champagne; and to be sure it is as well tasted, and as wholesome as the best Champagne in the kingdom, otherwise I would scorn to give it 'em, and they drank me two bottles. No, no, I will never believe any harm of such sober good sort of people.'

Susan being thus silenced, her mistress proceed to other matter. 'And so you tell me,' continued she, 'that the strange gentleman came post, and there is a footman without with the horses; why then, he is certainly some of your great gentlefolks too. Why

‘ did not you ask him whether he’d have any supper?
‘ I think, he is in the other gentleman’s room; go up
‘ and ask whether he called. Perhaps he’ll order some-
‘ thing when he finds any body stirring in the house to
‘ dress it. Now don’t commit any of your usual blun-
‘ ders, by telling him the fire’s out, and the fowls
‘ alive. And if he should order mutton, don’t blab
‘ out, that we have none. The butcher, I know,
‘ killed a sheep just before I went to bed, and he never
‘ refuses to cut it up warm when I desire it. Go, re-
‘ member there’s all sorts of mutton and fowls; go,
‘ open the door, with: Gentlemen d’ye call; and if
‘ they say nothing, ask what his honour will be pleased
‘ to have for his supper. Don’t forget his honour. Go;
‘ if you don’t mind all these matters better, you’ll
‘ never come to any thing.’

Susan departed, and soon returned with an account that the two gentlemen were got both into the same bed. ‘ Two gentlemen,’ says the landlady, ‘ in the same bed! that’s impossible; they are two errant scrubs, I warrant them; and, I believe, young squire Allworthy guessed right, that the fellow intended to rob her ladyship; for if he had broke open the lady’s door with any of the wicked designs of a gentleman, he would never have sneaked away to another room to save the expence of a supper and a bed to himself. They are certainly thieves, and their searching after a wife is nothing but a pretence.’

In these censures, my landlady did Mr. Fitzpatrick great injustice; for he was really born a gentleman, though not worth a groat; and though, perhaps, he had some few blemishes in his heart as well as in his head,

head, yet being a sneaking, or a niggardly fellow, was not one of them. In reality, he was so generous a man, that whereas he had received a very handsome fortune with his wife, he had now spent every penny of it, except some little pittance which was settled upon her; and in order to possess himself of this, he had used her with such cruelty, that together with his jealousy, which was of the bitterest kind, it had forced the poor woman to run away from him.

This gentleman then being well tired with his long journey from Chester in one day, with which, and some good dry blows he had received in the scuffle, his bones were so sore, that added to the forenens of his mind, it had quite deprived him of any appetite for eating. And being now so violently disappointed in the woman, whom at the maid's instance, he had mistaken for his wife, it never once entered into his head, that she might nevertheless be in the house though he had erred in the first person he had attacked. He therefore yielded to the dissuasions of his friend from searching any farther after her that night, and accepted the kind offer of part of his bed.

The footman and post-boy were in a different disposition. They were more ready to order than the landlady was to provide; however, after being pretty well satisfied by them of the real truth of the case, and that Mr. Fitzpatrick was no thief, she was at length prevailed on to set some cold meat before them, which they were devouring with great greediness, when Partridge came into the kitchen. He had been first awakened by the hurry which we have before seen; and while he was endeavouring to compose himself again on his pillow, a screech-owl had given him such a serenade at

his window, that he leapt in a most horrible affright from his bed, and huddling on his cloaths with great expedition, ran down to the protection of the company, whom he heard talking below in the kitchen.

His arrival detained my landlady from returning to her rest; for she was just about to leave the other two guests to the care of Susan; but the friend of young Squire Allworthy was not to be so neglected, especially as he called for a pint of wine to be mulled. She immediately obeyed, by putting the same quantity of perry to the fire: for this readily answered to the name of every kind of wine.

The Irish footman was retired to bed, and the post-boy was going to follow; but Partridge invited him to stay, and partake of his wine, which the lad very thankfully accepted. The schoolmaster was indeed afraid to return to bed by himself; and as he did not know how soon he might lose the company of my landlady, he was resolved to secure that of the boy, in whose presence he apprehended no danger from the devil, or any of his adherents.

And now arrived another post-boy at the gate; upon which Susan being ordered out, returned, introducing two young women in riding habits, one of which was so very richly laced, that Partridge and the post-boy instantly started from their chairs, and my landlady fell to her courtesies, and her ladyships, with great eagerness.

The lady in the rich habit said, with a smile of great condescension: 'If you will give me leave, Madam, I will warm myself a few minutes at your kitchen-fire; for it is really very cold; but I must insist on disturbing no one from his seat.' This was spoken
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on account of Partridge, who had retreated to the other end of the room, struck with the utmost awe and astonishment at the splendor of the lady's dress.—Indeed, she had a much better title to respect than this: for she was one of the most beautiful creatures in the world.

The lady earnestly desired Partridge to return to his seat, but could not prevail. She then pulled off her gloves, and displayed to the fire two hands, which had every property of snow in them, except that of melting. Her companion, who was indeed her maid, likewise pulled off her gloves, and discovered what bore an exact resemblance, in cold and colour, to a piece of frozen beef.

‘I wish, Madam,’ quoth the latter, ‘your ladyship would not think of going any farther to-night. I am terribly afraid your ladyship will not be able to bear the fatigue.’

‘Why sure,’ cries the landlady, ‘her ladyship’s honour can never intend it. O bless me, farther to-night indeed! let me beseech your ladyship not to think on’t—But to be sure, your ladyship can’t. What will your honour be pleased to have for supper! I have mutton of all kinds, and some nice chicken.’

‘I think, Madam,’ said the lady, ‘it would be rather breakfast than supper; but I can’t eat any thing; and if I stay, shall only lie down for an hour or two. However, if you please, Madam, you may get me a little sack-whey made very small and thin.’

‘Yes, Madam,’ cries the mistress of the house. ‘I have some excellent white-wine.’ ‘You have no sack then,’ says the lady. ‘Yes, an’t please your honour, I have; I may challenge the country for

‘ that—but let me beg your ladyship to eat something.’

‘ Upon my word, I can’t eat a morsel,’ answered the lady; ‘ and I shall be much obliged to you, if you will please to get my apartment ready as soon as possible? for I am resolved to be on horseback again in three hours.’

‘ Why Susan,’ cries the landlady, ‘ is there a fire lit yet in the Wild-goose? ——— I am sorry, Madam, all my best rooms are full. Several people of the first quality are now in bed. Here’s a great young squire, and many other great gentlefolks of quality.’

Susan answered, ‘ That the Irish gentlemen were got into the Wild-goose.’

‘ Was ever any thing like it!’ says the mistress; ‘ why the devil would you not keep some of the best rooms for the quality, when you know scarce a day passes without some calling here? — If they be gentlemen, I am certain, when they know it is for her ladyship, they will get up again.’

‘ Not upon my account,’ says the lady; ‘ I will have no person disturbed for me. If you have a room that is commonly decent, it will serve me very well, though it be never so plain. I beg, Madam, you will not give yourself so much trouble on my account.’ ‘ O, Madam,’ cries the other, ‘ I have several very good rooms for that matter, but none good enough for your honour’s ladyship. However, as you are so condescending to take up with the best I have, do, Susan, get a fire in the Rose this minute. Will your Ladyship be pleased to go up now, or stay till the fire is lighted? ‘ I think,

‘ think, I have sufficiently warmed myself,’ answered the lady; ‘ so if you please I will go now: I am
‘ afraid I have kept people, and particularly that gentleman, (meaning Partridge), too long in the cold
‘ already. Indeed I cannot bear to think of keeping
‘ any person from the fire this dreadful weather.’ She then departed with her maid, the landlady marching with two lighted candles before her.

When that good woman returned, the conversation in the kitchen was all upon the charms of the young lady. There is indeed in perfect beauty a power which none almost can withstand: for my landlady, though she was not pleased at the negative given to the supper, declared she had never seen so lovely a creature. Partridge ran out into the most extravagant encomiums on her face, though he could not refrain from paying some compliments to the gold-lace on her habit: the post-boy sung forth the praises of her goodness, which were likewise echoed by the other post-boy, who was now came in. ‘ She’s a true
‘ good lady, I warrant her,’ says he; ‘ she hath mercy
‘ upon dumb creatures; for she asked me every now
‘ and then upon the journey, if I did not think she
‘ should hurt the horses by riding too fast; and, when
‘ she came in, she charged me to give them as much
‘ corn as ever they would eat.’

Such charms are there in affability, and so sure is it to attract the praises of all kinds of people. It may indeed be compared to the celebrated Mrs. Hussey*. It is equally sure to set off every female perfection to the highest advantage, and to palliate and

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* A celebrated mantua-maker in the Strand, famous for setting off the shapes of women.

conceal every defect. A short reflection which we could not forbear making in this place, where my reader hath seen the loveliness of an affable deportment; and truth will now oblige us to contrast it, by shewing the reverse.

CHAP. IV.

Containing infallible nostrums for procuring universal disesteem and hatred.

THE lady had no sooner laid herself on her pillow, than the waiting-woman returned to the kitchen to regale with some of those dainties which her mistress had refused.

The company, at her entrance, shewed her the same respect which they had before paid to her mistress, by rising, but she forgot to imitate her, by desiring them to set down again. Indeed it was scarce possible they should have done so: for she placed her chair in such a posture, as to occupy almost the whole fire. She then ordered a chicken to be broiled that instant, declaring, if it was not ready in a quarter of an hour, she would not stay for it. Now, though the said chicken was then at roost in the stable, and required the several ceremonies of catching, killing, and picking, before it was brought to the grid-iron, my landlady would nevertheless have undertaken to do all within the time; but the guest, being unfortunately admitted behind the scenes, must have been witness to the Fourberie; the poor woman was therefore obliged to confess that she had none in the house; ‘but, Madam,’ said she, ‘I can get any kind of mutton in an instant from the butcher’s.’

‘Do

‘Do you think then,’ answered the waiting gentlewoman, ‘that I have the stomach of a horse to eat mutton at this time of night? Sure you people that keep inns imagine your betters are like yourselves. Indeed I expected to get nothing at this wretched place. I wonder my lady would stop at it. I suppose none but tradesmen and grafiers ever call here.’ The landlady fired at this indignity offered to her house; however she suppressed her temper, and contented herself with saying: ‘Very good quality frequented it, she thanked heaven!’ ‘Don’t tell me,’ cries the other, ‘of quality! I believe I know more of people of quality than such as you.— But, prithee, without troubling me with any of your impertinence, do tell me what I can have for supper; for, though I cannot eat horse-flesh, I am really hungry.’ ‘Why truly, Madam,’ answered the landlady, ‘you could not take me again at such a disadvantage: for I must confess I have nothing in the house, unless a cold piece of beef, which indeed a gentleman’s footman and the post-boy have almost cleared to the bone.’ ‘Woman,’ said Mrs. Abigail, (so for shortness we will call her), ‘I intreat you not to make me sick. If I had fasted a month, I could not eat what had been touched by the fingers of such fellows: is there nothing neat or decent to be had in this horrid place?’ ‘What think you of some eggs and bacon, Madam,’ said the landlady— ‘Are your eggs new laid? are you certain they were laid to-day? and let me have the bacon cut very nice and thin; for I can’t endure any thing that’s gross— Prithee, try if you can do a little tolerably for once, and don’t think you

‘ have a farmer’s wife, or some of those creatures in
‘ the house.’— The landlady then began to handle her
knife; but the other stopt her, saying: ‘ Good wo-
‘ man, I must insist upon your first washing your
‘ hands; for I am extremely nice, and have been al-
‘ ways used from my cradle to have every thing in the
‘ most elegant manner.’

The landlady, who governed herself with much difficulty, began now the necessary preparations; for as to Susan, she was utterly rejected, and with such disdain, that the poor wench was as hard put to it, to restrain her hands from violence, as her mistress had been to hold her tongue. This indeed Susan did not entirely: for though she literally kept it within her teeth, yet there it muttered many: ‘ marry-come-
‘ ups, as good flesh and blood as yourself,’ with other such indignant phrases.

While the supper was preparing, Mrs. Abigail began to lament she had not ordered a fire in the parlour; but she said, that was now too late. ‘ How-
‘ ever,’ said she, ‘ I have novelty to recommend a
‘ kitchen; for I do not believe I ever eat in one be-
‘ fore.’ Then, turning to the post-boys, she asked them, ‘ why they were not in the stable with their
‘ horses? If I must eat my hard fare here, Madam,’ cries she to the landlady, ‘ I beg the kitchen may be
‘ kept clear, that I may not be surrounded with all
‘ the black-guards in town: as for you, Sir,’ says she to Partridge, ‘ you look somewhat like a gentleman,
‘ and may sit still if you please; I don’t desire to
‘ disturb any body but mob.’

‘ Yes, yes, Madam,’ cries Partridge, ‘ I am a
‘ gentleman, I do assure you, and I am not so easily
‘ to

‘to be disturbed. *Non semper vox casualis est verbo nominativus.*’ This Latin she took to be some affront, and answered: ‘You may be a gentleman, Sir; but you don’t shew yourself as one, to talk Latin to a woman.’ Partridge made a gentle reply, and concluded with more Latin; upon which she tossed up her nose, and contented herself by abusing him with the name of a great scholar.

The supper being now on the table, Mrs. Abigail eat very heartily, for so delicate a person; and, while a second course of the same was by her order preparing, she said: ‘And so, Madam, you tell me your house is frequented by people of great quality.’

The landlady answered in the affirmative, saying: ‘There were a great many very good quality and gentlefolks in it now. There’s young ‘squire Allworthy, as that gentleman there knows.’

‘And pray who is this young gentleman of quality, this young ‘squire Allworthy?’ said Abigail.

‘Who should he be,’ answered Partridge, ‘but the son and heir of the great ‘squire Allworthy of Somersetshire.’

‘Upon my word,’ said she, ‘you tell me strange news: for I know Mr. Allworthy of Somersetshire very well, and I know he hath no son alive.’

The landlady pricked up her ears at this, and Partridge looked a little confounded. However, after a short hesitation, he answered: ‘Indeed, Madam, it is true every body doth not know him to be ‘squire Allworthy’s son; for he was never married to his mother; but his son he certainly is, and will be his heir too, as certainly as his name is *Jones*.’

At

At that word Abigail let drop the bacon, which she was conveying to her mouth, and cried out: 'You surprise me, Sir. Is it possible Mr. Jones should be now in the house?' 'Quare non?' answered Partridge. 'it is possible, and it is certain.'

Abigail now made haste to finish the remainder of her meal, and then repaired back to her mistress, when the conversation passed, which may be read in the next chapter.

CHAP. V.

Shewing who the amiable lady, and her unamiable maid were.

AS in the month of June the damask rose, which chance hath planted among the lilies with their candid hue mixes his vermilion: or as some playsome heifer, in the pleasant month of May, diffuses her odoriferous breath over the flowery meadows: or as, in the blooming month of April, the gentle, constant dove, perched on some fair bough, sits meditating on her mate; so looking a hundred charms, and breathing as many sweets, her thoughts being fixed on her Tommy, with a heart as good and as innocent, as her face was beautiful: Sophia (for it was she herself) lay reclining her lovely head on her hand, when her maid entered the room, and, running directly to her bed, cried: 'Madam—Madam—who doth your Ladyship think is in the house?' Sophia, starting up, cried: 'I hope my father hath not overtaken us.' 'No, Madam, it is one worth a hundred fathers; Mr. Jones himself is here at this very instant.' 'Mr. Jones,' says Sophia, 'it is impossible; I cannot be so fortunate.' Her maid averred the fact; and was pre-

presently detached by her mistress to order him to be called; for she said she was resolved to see him immediately.

Mrs. Honour had no sooner left the kitchen in the manner we have before seen, than the landlady fell severely upon her. The poor woman had indeed been loading her heart with foul language for some time, and now it scoured out of her mouth, as filth doth from a mud-cart, when the board which confines it is removed. Partridge likewise shovelled in his share of calumny; and (what may surprise the reader), not only bespattered the maid, but attempted to sully the lily-white character of Sophia herself. ‘Never a barrel the better herring,’ cries he: *Noscitur a socio* ‘is a true saying. It must be confessed indeed, that the lady in the fine garments is the civiller of the two; but I warrant neither of them are a bit better than they should be. A couple of Bath trulls, I’ll answer for them; your quality don’t ride about at this time o’night without servants.’ ‘Sbodlikins, and that’s true,’ cries the landlady, ‘you have certainly hit upon the very matter; for quality don’t come into a house without bespeaking a supper, whether they eat or no.’

While they were thus discoursing, Mrs. Honour returned, and discharged her commission by bidding the landlady immediately wake Mr. Jones, and tell him a lady wanted to speak with him. The landlady referred her to Partridge, saying, he was the squire’s friend; but for her part she never called men-folks, especially gentlemen, and then walked sullenly out of the kitchen. Honour applied herself to Partridge; but he refused; ‘for my friend,’ cries he,

he, 'went to bed very late, and he would be very
'angry to be disturbed so soon.' Mrs. Honour insisted still to have him called, saying: 'She was sure,
'instead of being angry, that he would be to the
'highest degree delighted when he knew the occasion.'
'Another time perhaps he might,' cries Partridge; but *non omnia possumus omnes*. One
'woman is enough at once for a reasonable man.'
'What do you mean by one woman, fellow?' cries Honour. 'None of your fellow?' answered Partridge. He then proceeded to inform her plainly, that Jones was in bed with a wench, and made use of an expression too indelicate to be here inserted; which so enraged Mrs. Honour, that she called him *jackanapes*, and returned in a violent hurry to her mistress, whom she acquainted with the success of her errand, and with the account she had received; which, if possible, she exaggerated, being as angry with Jones as if he had pronounced all the words that came from the mouth of Partridge. She discharged a torrent of abuse on the master, and advised her mistress to quit all thoughts of a man who had never shewn himself deserving of her. She then ripped up the story of Molly Seagrim, and gave the most malicious turn to his formerly quitting Sophia herself; which, I must confess, the present incident not a little countenanced.

The spirits of Sophia were too much dissipated by concern to enable her to stop the torrent of her maid. At last, however, she interrupted her, saying: 'I never can believe this; some villain hath belied him. You say you had it from his friend; but surely
'it is not the office of a friend to betray such secrets.'

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‘ I suppose,’ cries Honour, ‘ the fellow is his pimp ;
‘ for I never saw so ill-looking a villain. Besides, such
‘ profligate rakes as Mr. Jones are never ashamed of
‘ these matters.’

To say the truth, this behaviour of Partridge was a little inexcusable; but he had not slept off the effect of the dose which he swallowed the evening before; which had, in the morning, received the addition of above a pint of wine, or indeed rather of malt spirits; for the perry was by no means pure. Now that part of his head, which nature designed for the reservoir of drink, being very shallow, a small quantity of liquor overflowed it, and opened the sluices of his heart; so that all the secrets there deposited run out. These sluices were indeed naturally very ill-secured. To give the best-natured turn we can to his disposition, he was a very honest man; for as he was the most inquisitive of mortals, and eternally prying into the secrets of others; so he very faithfully paid them by communicating, in return, every thing within his knowledge.

While Sophia, tormented with anxiety, knew not what to believe, nor what resolution to take, Susan arrived with the sack-whey. Mrs. Honour immediately advised her mistress, in a whisper, to pump this wench, who probably could inform her of the truth. Sophia approved it, and began as follows:
‘ Come hither, child, now answer me truly what
‘ I am going to ask you, and I promise you I will
‘ very well reward you. Is there a young gentleman
‘ in this house, a handsome young gentleman that
‘ —’ Here Sophia blushed and was confounded—
‘ A young gentleman,’ cries Honour, ‘ that came
‘ hither

‘ hither in company with that saucy rascal who is
‘ now in the kitchen? Susan answered, ‘ there was.’
‘ — Do you know any thing of any lady?’ continues
Sophia, ‘ any lady? I don’t ask you whether she is
‘ handsome or no; perhaps she is not, that’s nothing
‘ to the purpose; but do you know of any lady?’
‘ La, Madam,’ cries Honour, ‘ you will make a very
‘ bad examiner. Harkee, child,’ says she, ‘ is not
‘ that very young gentleman now in bed with some
‘ nasty trull or other?’ Here Susan smiled, and was
silent. ‘ Answer the question, child,’ says Sophia,
‘ and here’s a guinea for you. ‘ A guinea! Madam,’
cries Susan; ‘ La, what’s a guinea? If my mistress
‘ should know it, I shall certainly lose my place that
‘ very instant.’ ‘ Here’s another for you,’ says So-
phia, ‘ and I promise you faithfully your mistress
‘ shall never know it.’ Susan, after a very short he-
sitation, took the money, and told the whole story,
concluding with saying: ‘ If you have any great cu-
‘ riosity, Madam, I can steal softly into his room,
‘ and see whether he be in his own bed or no. She
accordingly did this by Sophia’s desire, and returned
with an answer in the negative.

Sophia now trembled and turned pale. Mrs. Ho-
nour begged her to be comforted, and not to think
any more of so worthless a fellow. ‘ Why there,’
says Susan, ‘ I hope, Madam, your Ladyship won’t
‘ be offended; but pray, Madam, is not your Lady-
‘ ship’s name *Madam Sophia Western*?’ ‘ How is it
‘ possible you should know me?’ answered Sophia.
‘ Why that man that the gentlewoman spoke of, who
‘ is in the kitchen, told about you last night. But
‘ I hope your Ladyship is not angry with me.’ ‘ In-
‘ deed,

‘ deed, child,’ said she, ‘ I am not; pray tell me
‘ all, and I promise you I’ll reward you.’ ‘ Why,
‘ Madam,’ continued Susan, ‘ that man told us all
‘ in the kitchen, that Madam Sophia Western— In-
‘ deed I don’t know how to bring it out.’— Here she
stopped, till, having received encouragement from
Sophia, and being vehemently pressed by Mrs. Ho-
nour, she proceeded thus:— ‘ He told us, Madam,
‘ though to be sure it is all a lie, that your Ladyship
‘ was dying for love of the young ’squire, and that
‘ he was going to the wars to get rid of you. I
‘ thought to myself then he was a false-hearted
‘ wretch; but now to see such a fine, rich, beautiful
‘ lady as you be forsaken for such an ordinary wo-
‘ man; for to be sure so she is, and another man’s
‘ wife into the bargain. It is such a strange unna-
‘ tural thing, in a manner.’

Sophia gave her a third guinea, and telling her she
would certainly be her friend, if she mentioned no-
thing of what had passed, nor informed any one who
she was, dismissed the girl with orders to the post-boy
to get the horses ready immediately.

Being now left alone with her maid, she told her
trusty waiting-woman: ‘ That she never was more
‘ easy than at present. I am now convinced,’ said
‘ she, ‘ he is not only a villain, but a low despicable
‘ wretch. I can forgive all rather than his exposing
‘ my name in so barbarous a manner. That renders
‘ him the object of my contempt. Yes, Honour, I am
‘ now easy. I am indeed. I am very easy;’ and then
she burst into a violent flood of tears.

After a short interval, spent by Sophia, chiefly in
crying, and assuring her maid that she was perfectly

easy, Susan arrived with an account that the horses were ready, when a very extraordinary thought suggested itself to our young heroine, by which Mr. Jones would be acquainted with her having been at the inn, in a way, which, if any sparks of affection for her remained in him, would be at least some punishment for his faults.

The reader will be pleased to remember a little muff, which hath had the honour of being more than once remembered already in this history. This muff, ever since the departure of Mr. Jones, had been the constant companion of Sophia by day, and her bed-follow by night; and this muff she had at this very instant upon her arm; whence she took it off with great indignation, and, having writ her name with her pencil upon a piece of paper which she pinned to it, she bribed the maid to convey it into the empty bed of Mr. Jones, in which if he did not find it, she charged her to take some method of conveying it before his eyes in the morning.

Then having paid for what Mrs. Honour had eaten, in which bill was included an account for what she herself might have eaten, she mounted her horse, and, once more assuring her companion that she was perfectly easy, continued her journey.

CHAP. VI.

Containing, among other things, the ingenuity of Partridge, the madness of Jones, and the folly of Fitzpatrick.

IT was now past five in the morning, and other company began to rise and come to the kitchen, among whom were the serjeant and the coachman, who,

who, being thoroughly reconciled, made a libation, or, in the English phrase, drank a hearty cup together.

In this drinking nothing more remarkable happened than the behaviour of Partridge, who, when the serjeant drank a health to King George, repeated only the word *King*: nor could he be brought to utter more; for though he was going to fight against his own cause, yet he could not be prevailed upon to drink against it.

Mr. Jones, being now returned to his own bed, (but from whence he returned we must beg to be excused from relating), summoned Partridge from this agreeable company, who, after a ceremonious preface, having obtained leave to offer his advice, delivered himself as follows:

‘ It is, Sir, an old saying, and a true one, that a
‘ wise man may sometimes learn counsel from a fool;
‘ I wish therefore I might be so bold as to offer you
‘ my advice, which is to return home again, and
‘ leave these *horrida bella*, these bloody wars, to fel-
‘ lows who are contented to swallow gunpowder, be-
‘ cause they have nothing else to eat. Now every
‘ body knows your Honour wants for nothing at home;
‘ when that’s the case, why should any man travel
‘ abroad.’

‘ Partridge,’ cries Jones, ‘ thou art certainly a cow-
‘ ard; I wish therefore thou would’st return home
‘ thyself, and trouble me no more.’

‘ I ask your Honour’s pardon,’ cries Partridge, ‘ I
‘ spoke on your account more than my own; for as
‘ to me, Heaven knows my circumstances are bad
‘ enough; and I am so far from being afraid, that I

‘ value a pistol, or a blunderbuss, or any such thing,
‘ no more than a pop-gun. Every man must die once,
‘ and what signifies the manner how; besides, per-
‘ haps, I may come off with the loss only of an arm
‘ or a leg. I assure you, Sir, I was never less afraid
‘ in my life; and so, if your Honour is resolved to go
‘ on, I am resolved to follow you. But, in that case,
‘ I wish I might give my opinion. To be sure it is a
‘ scandalous way of travelling, for a great gentleman
‘ like you, to walk a foot. Now here are two or three
‘ good horses in the stable, which the landlord will
‘ certainly make no scruple of trusting you with; but,
‘ if he should, I can easily contrive to take them;
‘ and let the worst come to the worst, the King
‘ would certainly pardon you, as you are going to
‘ fight in his cause.’

Now as the honesty of Partridge was equal to his understanding, and both dealt only in small matters, he would never have attempted a roguery of this kind, had he not imagined it altogether safe; for he was one of those who have more consideration of the gallows than of the fitness of things; but, in reality, he thought he might have committed this felony without any danger: for, besides that he doubted not but the name of Mr. Allworthy would sufficiently quiet the landlord, he conceived they should be altogether safe, whatever turn affairs might take; as Jones, he imagined, would have friends enough on one side, and as his friends would as well secure him on the other.

When Mr. Jones found that Partridge was in earnest in this proposal, he very severely rebuked him, and that in such bitter terms, that the other attempted to laugh it off, and presently turned the discourse to
other

other matters, saying, he believed they were then in a bawdy-house, and that he had with much ado prevented two wenches from disturbing his Honour in the middle of the night: ‘Heyday!’ says he, ‘I believe
‘ they got into your chamber whether I would or no;
‘ for here lies the muff of one of them on the ground.’ Indeed, as Jones returned to his bed in the dark, he had never perceived the muff on the quilt, and in leaping into his bed he had tumbled it on the floor. This Partridge now took up, and was going to put into his pocket, when Jones desired to see it. The muff was so very remarkable, that our hero might possibly have recollected it without the information annexed. But his memory was not put to that hard office; for at the same instant he saw and read the words: *Sophia Western* upon the paper which was pinned to it. His looks now grew frantic in a moment, and he eagerly cried out: ‘Oh Heavens, how came
‘ this muff here!’ ‘I know no more than your
‘ Honour,’ cried Partridge; ‘but I saw it upon the
‘ arm of one of the women who would have disturbed
‘ you, if I would have suffered them.’ ‘Where are
‘ they?’ cries Jones, jumping out of bed, and laying hold of his clothes. ‘Many miles off, I believe,
‘ by this time,’ said Partridge. And now Jones, upon further enquiry, was sufficiently assured that the bearer of this muff was no other than the lovely Sophia herself.

The behaviour of Jones on this occasion, his thoughts, his looks, his words, his actions, were such as beggar all description. After many bitter execrations on Partridge, and not fewer on himself, he ordered the poor fellow, who was frightened out of his

wits, to run down and hire him horses at any rate; and, a very few minutes afterwards, having shuffled on his clothes, he hastened down stairs to execute the orders himself, which he had just before given.

But, before we proceed to what passed on his arrival in the kitchen, it will be necessary to recur to what had there happened since Partridge had first left it on his master's summons.

The serjeant was just marched off with his party, when the two Irish gentlemen arose, and came down stairs; both complaining, that they had been so often waked by the noises in the inn, that they had never once been able to close their eyes all night.

The coach, which had brought the young lady and her maid, and which, perhaps, the reader may have hitherto concluded was her own, was indeed a returned coach belonging to Mr. King of Bath, one of the worthiest and honestest men that ever dealt in horse-flesh, and whose coaches we heartily recommend to all our readers who travel that road. By which means they may, perhaps, have the pleasure of riding in the very coach, and being driven by the very coachman, that is recorded in this history.

The coachman, having but two passengers, and hearing Mr. Maclachlan was going to Bath, offered to carry him thither at a very moderate price. He was induced to this by the report of the hostler, who said, that the horse which Mr. Maclachlan had hired from Worcester, would be much more pleased with returning to his friends there, than to prosecute a long journey; for that the said horse was rather a two-legged than a four-legged animal.

Mr.

Mr. Maclachlan immediately closed with the proposal of the coachman, and, at the same time, persuaded his friend Fitzpatrick to accept of the fourth place in the coach. This conveyance the soreness of his bones made more agreeable to him than a horse; and, being well assured of meeting with his wife at Bath, he thought a little delay would be of no consequence.

Maclachlan, who was much the sharper man of the two, no sooner heard that this lady came from Chester, with the other circumstances which he learned from the hostler, than it came into his head that she might possibly be his friend's wife; and presently acquainted him with this suspicion, which had never once occurred to Fitzpatrick himself. To say the truth, he was one of those compositions which nature makes up in too great a hurry, and forgets to put any brains into their head.

Now it happens to this sort of men, as to bad hounds, who never hit off a fault themselves; but no sooner doth a dog of sagacity open his mouth, than they immediately do the same, and, without the guidance of any scent, run directly forwards as fast as they are able. In the same manner, the very moment Mr. Maclachlan had mentioned his apprehension, Mr. Fitzpatrick instantly concurred, and flew directly upstairs to surprise his wife, before he knew where she was; and unluckily (as fortune loves to play tricks with those gentlemen who put themselves entirely under her conduct), ran his head against several doors and posts to no purpose. Much kinder was she to me, when she suggested that simile of the hounds, just before inserted; since the poor wife may, on these

occasions, be so justly compared to a hunted hare. Like that little wretched animal, she pricks up her ears to listen after the voice of her pursuer; like her, flies away trembling when she hears it; and, like her, is generally overtaken and destroyed in the end.

This was not however the case at present; for, after a long fruitless search, Mr. Fitzpatrick returned to the kitchen, where, as if this had been a real chase, entered a gentleman hallowing as hunters do when the hounds are at a fault. He was just alighted from his horse, and many attendants at his heels.

Here, reader, it may be necessary to acquaint thee with some matters, which, if thou dost know already, thou art wiser than I take thee to be. And this information thou shalt receive in the next chapter.

CHAP. VII.

In which are concluded the adventures that happened at the inn at Upton.

IN the first place then, this gentleman just arrived was no other person than 'squire Western himself, who was come hither in pursuit of his daughter; and, had he fortunately been two hours earlier, he had not only found her, but his niece into the bargain; for such was the wife of Mr. Fitzpatrick, who had run away with her five years before, out of the custody of that sage lady Madam Western.

Now this lady had departed from the inn much about the same time with Sophia: for, having been waked by the voice of her husband, she had sent up for the landlady, and, being by her apprized of the matter, had bribed the good woman, at an extravagant price, to furnish her with horses for her escape.

Such

Such prevalence had money in this family; and tho' the mistress would have turned away her maid for a corrupt hussy, if she had known as much as the reader, yet she was no more proof against corruption herself than poor Susan had been.

Mr. Western and his nephew were not known to one another; nor indeed would the former have taken any notice of the latter, if he had known him; for this being a stolen match, and consequently an unnatural one in the opinion of the good 'squire, he had, from the time of her committing it, abandoned the poor young creature, who was then no more than eighteen, as a monster, and had never since suffered her to be named in his presence.

The kitchen was now a scene of universal confusion, Western enquiring after his daughter, and Fitzpatrick as eagerly after his wife, when Jones entered the room, unfortunately having Sophia's muff in his hand.

As soon as Western saw Jones, he set up the same holla as is used by sportsmen when their game is in view. He then immediately run up, and laid hold of Jones, crying: ' We have got the dog-fox, I warrant ' the bitch is not far off.' The jargon which followed for some minutes, where many spoke different things at the same time, as it would be very difficult to describe, so would it be no less unpleasant to read.

Jones having, at length, shaken Mr. Western off, and some of the company having interfered between them, our hero protested his innocence as to knowing any thing of the lady; when parson Supple stepped up, and said: ' It is folly to deny it; for why, the ' marks of guilt are in thy hands. I will myself as- ' severate and bind it by an oath, that the muff thou

‘ bearest in thy hand belongeth unto Madam Sophia;
‘ for I have frequently observed her, of later days,
‘ to bear it about her.’ ‘ My daughter’s muff,’ cries
the ‘squire in a rage. ‘ Hath he got my daughter’s
‘ muff? Bear witness the goods are found upon him.
‘ I’ll have him before a justice of the peace this instant.
‘ Where is my daughter, villain?’ ‘ Sir,’ said Jones,
‘ I beg you would be pacified. The muff, I acknow-
‘ ledge, is the young lady’s; but, upon my honour,
‘ I have never seen her.’ At these words Western lost
all patience, and grew inarticulate with rage.

Some of the servants had acquainted Fitzpatrick
who Mr. Western was. The good Irishman therefore,
thinking he had now an opportunity to do an act of
service to his uncle, and by that means might possibly
obtain his favour, stepped up to Jones, and cried out:
‘ Upon my conscience, Sir, you may be ashamed of
‘ denying your having seen the gentleman’s daughter
‘ before my face, when you know I found you there
‘ upon the bed together.’ Then, turning to Western,
he offered to conduct him immediately to the room
where his daughter was: which offer being accepted,
he, the ‘squire, the parson, and some others, ascended
directly to Mrs. Waters’s chamber, which they entered
with no less violence than Mr. Fitzpatrick had done
before.

The poor lady started from her sleep with as much
amazement as terror, and beheld at her bed-side a
figure which might very well be supposed to have
escaped out of Bedlam: Such wildness and confusion
were in the looks of Mr. Western; who no sooner saw
the lady, than he started back, shewing sufficiently by
his

his manner, before he spoke, that this was not the person sought after.

So much more tenderly do women value their reputation than their persons, that though the latter seemed now in more danger than before; yet, as the former was secure, the lady screamed not with such violence as she had done on the other occasion. However, she no sooner found herself alone, than she abandoned all thoughts of further repose; and, as she had sufficient reason to be dissatisfied with her present lodging, she dressed herself with all possible expedition.

Mr. Western now proceeded to search the whole house, but to as little purpose as he had disturbed poor Mrs. Waters. He then returned disconsolate into the kitchen, where he found Jones in the custody of his servants.

This violent uproar had raised all the people in the house, though it was yet scarcely day-light. Among these was a grave gentleman, who had the honour to be in the commission of the peace for the county of Worcester. Of which Mr. Western was no sooner informed, than he offered to lay his complaint before him. The justice declined executing his office, as he said he had no clerk present, nor no book about justice business; and that he could not carry all the law in his head about stealing away daughters, and such sort of things.

Here Mr. Fitzpatrick offered to lend him his assistance; informing the company that he had been himself bred to the law. (And indeed he had served three years as clerk to an attorney in the north of Ireland, when, chusing a genteeler walk in life, he quitted his master,

master, came over to England, and set up that business which requires no apprenticeship, namely, that of a gentleman, in which he had succeeded as hath been already partly mentioned).

Mr. Fitzpatrick declared that the law concerning daughters was out of the present case; that stealing a muff was undoubtedly felony, and the goods, being found upon the person, were sufficient evidence of the fact.

The magistrate, upon the encouragement of so learned a coadjutor, and upon the violent intercession of the Squire, was at length prevailed upon to seat himself in the chair of justice, where being placed, upon viewing the muff which Jones still held in his hand, and upon the parson's swearing it to be the property of Mr. Western, he desired Mr. Fitzpatrick to draw up a commitment, which he said he would sign.

Jones now desired to be heard, which was at last, with difficulty, granted him. He then produced the evidence of Mr. Partridge, as to the finding it: but, what was still more, Susan deposed, that Sophia herself had delivered the muff to her, and had ordered her to convey it into the chamber where Mr. Jones had found it.

Whether a natural love of justice, or the extraordinary comeliness of Jones, had wrought on Susan to make the discovery, I will not determine; but such were the effects of her evidence, that the magistrate, throwing himself back in his chair, declared that the matter was now altogether as clear on the side of the prisoner, as it had been before against him; with which the parson concurred, saying: The Lord forbid he should be instrumental in committing an innocent per-

person to durance. The justice then arose, acquitted the prisoner, and broke up the court.

Mr. Western now gave every one present a hearty curse, and, immediately ordering his horses, departed in pursuit of his daughter, without taking the least notice of his nephew Fitzpatrick, or returning any answer to his claim of kindred, notwithstanding all the obligations he had just received from that gentleman. In the violence, moreover, of his hurry, and of his passion, he luckily forgot to demand the must of Jones: I say luckily; for he would have died on the spot rather than have parted with it.

Jones likewise, with his friend Partridge, set forward the moment he had paid his reckoning, in quest of his lovely Sophia, whom he now resolved never more to abandon the pursuit of. Nor could he bring himself even to take leave of Mrs. Waters; of whom he detested the very thoughts, as she had been, tho' not designedly, the occasion of his missing the happiest interview with Sophia, to whom he now vowed eternal constancy.

As for Mrs. Waters, she took the opportunity of the coach which was going to Bath; for which place she set out in company with the two Irish gentlemen, the landlady kindly lending her her clothes; in return for which she was contented only to receive about double their value, as a recompence for the loan. Upon the road she was perfectly reconciled to Mr. Fitzpatrick, who was a very handsome fellow, and indeed did all she could to console him in the absence of his wife.

Thus ended the many odd adventures which Mr. Jones encountered at his inn at Upton, where they
talk,

talk, to this day, of the beauty and lovely behaviour of the charming Sophia, by the name of *the Somersetshire angel*.

CHAP. VIII.

In which the history goes backward.

BEFORE we proceed any farther in our history, it may be proper to look a little back, in order to account for the extraordinary appearance of Sophia and her father at the inn at Upton.

The reader may be pleased to remember, that, in the ninth chapter of the seventh book of our history, we left Sophia, after a long debate between love and duty, deciding the cause, as it usually, I believe, happens, in favour of the former.

This debate had arisen, as we have there shewn, from a visit which her father had just before made her, in order to force her consent to a marriage with Blisil: and which he understood to be fully implied in her acknowledgment, “that she neither must, nor could “ refuse any absolute command of his.”

Now from this visit the 'squire retired to his evening potation, overjoyed at the success he had gained with his daughter; and as he was of a social disposition, and willing to have partakers in his happiness, the beer was ordered to flow very liberally into the kitchen; so that before eleven in the evening, there was not a single person sober in the house, except only Mrs. Western herself, and the charming Sophia.

Early in the morning a messenger was dispatched to summon Mr. Blisil: for though the 'squire imagined that young gentleman had been much less acquainted than he really was, with the former aversion of his daughter;

daughter: as he had not, however, yet received her consent, he longed impatiently to communicate it to him, not doubting but that the intended bride herself would confirm it with her lips. As to the wedding, it had the evening before been fixed, by the male parties, to be celebrated on the next morning save one.

Breakfast was now set forth in the parlour, where Mr. Blifil attended, and where the 'squire and his sister likewise were assembled; and now Sophia was ordered to be called.

O, Shakespear, had I thy pen! O, Hogarth, had I thy pencil! then would I draw the picture of the poor serving man, who, with pale countenance, staring eyes, chattering teeth, faltering tongue, and trembling limbs,

(E'en such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-be-gone,
Drew Priam's curtains in the dead of night,
And would have told him, half his Troy was
burn'd)

entered the room and declared:—That Madam Sophia was not to be found.

'Not to be found!' cries the 'squire, starting from his chair: 'Zounds and damnation! Blood and fury! 'Where, when, how, what,——Not to be found! 'Where?'

'La! Brother,' said Mrs. Western, with true political coldness, 'you are always throwing yourself into such violent passions for nothing. My niece, I suppose, is only walked out into the garden. I protest

‘test you are grown so unreasonable, that it is impossible to live in the house with you.’

‘Nay, nay,’ answered the squire, returning as suddenly to himself, as he had gone from himself; ‘if that be all the matter, it signifies not much; but, upon my soul, my mind misgave me, when the fellow said she was not to be found.’ He then gave orders for the bell to be rung in the garden, and sat himself contentedly down.

No two things could be more the reverse of each other than were the brother and sister, in most instances, particularly in this. That as the brother never foresaw any thing at a distance, but was most sagacious in immediately seeing every thing the moment it had happened; so the sister eternally foresaw at a distance, but was not so quick-sighted to objects before her eyes. Of both these the reader may have observed examples: and, indeed, both their several talents were excessive: for as the sister often foresaw what never came to pass, so the brother often saw much more than was actually the truth.

This was not however the case at present. The same report was brought from the garden, as before had been brought from the chamber, that Madam Sophia was not to be found.

The squire himself now sallied forth, and began to roar forth the name of Sophia as loudly, and in as hoarse a voice as whilome did Hercules that of Hylas: and as the poet tells us, that the whole shore echoed back the name of that beautiful youth; so did the house, the garden, and all the neighbouring fields, resound nothing but the name of Sophia, in the hoarse voices of the men, and in the shrill pipes of the women;

men; while echo seemed so pleased to repeat the beloved sound, that, if there is really such a person, I believe Ovid hath belied her sex.

Nothing reigned for long time but confusion; till at last the 'squire, having sufficiently spent his breath, returned to the parlour, where he found Mrs. Western and Mr. Blifil, and threw himself, with the utmost dejection in his countenance, into a great chair.

Here Mrs. Western began to apply the following consolation:

“ Brother, I am sorry for what hath happened;
“ and that my niece should have behaved herself in
“ a manner so unbecoming her family; but it is all
“ your own doings, and you have nobody to thank
“ but yourself. You know she hath been educated
“ always in a manner directly contrary to my advice,
“ and now you see the consequence. Have I not a
“ thousand times argued with you about giving my
“ niece her own will? But you know I never could
“ prevail upon you; and when I had taken so much
“ pains to eradicate her headstrong opinions, and
“ to rectify your errors in policy, you know she was
“ taken out of my hands; so that I have nothing to
“ answer for. Had I been trusted entirely with the
“ care of her education, no such accident as this
“ had ever befallen you: so that you must comfort
“ yourself by thinking it was all your own doing;
“ and indeed what else could be expected from such
“ indulgence?”——

“ Zounds! sister,” answered he, “ you are enough
“ to make one mad. Have I indulged her? Have I
“ given her her will?—— It was no longer ago than

“ last night that I threatened, if she disobeyed me,
“ to confine her to her chamber, upon bread and
“ water, as long as she lived.— You would provoke
“ the patience of Job.”

“ Did ever mortal hear the like?” replied she.
“ Brother, if I had not the patience of fifty Jobs,
“ you would make me forget all decency and deco-
“ rum. Why would you interfere? Did I not beg
“ you, did I not intreat you, to leave the whole con-
“ duct to me? You have defeated all the operations
“ of the campaign by one false step. Would any
“ man in his senses have provoked a daughter by
“ such threats as these? How often have I told you,
“ that English women are not to be treated like Ci-
“ racassian* slaves. We have the protection of the
“ world: we are to be won by gentle means only,
“ and not to be hectorred, and bullied, and beat into
“ compliance. I thank Heaven, no Salique law go-
“ verns here. Brother, you have a roughness in your
“ manner which no woman but myself would bear.
“ I do not wonder my niece was frightened and ter-
“ rified into taking this measure; and, to speak ho-
“ nestly, I think my niece will be justified to the
“ world for what she hath done. I repeat it to you
“ again, brother, you must comfort yourself, by re-
“ membering that it is all your own fault. How often
“ have I advised—” Here Western rose hastily from
his chair, and, venting two or three horrid imprecations, ran out of the room.

When he was departed, his sister expressed more
bitterness (if possible) against him, than she had done
while

* Possibly Circassian.

while he was present; for the truth of which she appealed to Mr. Blifil, who, with great complacence, acquiesced entirely in all she said; but excused all the faults of Mr. Western, 'as they must be considered,' he said, 'to have proceeded from the too inordinate fondness of a father, which must be allowed the name of an amiable weakness.' 'So much the more inexcusable,' answered the lady; 'for whom doth he ruin by his fondness, but his own child?' To which Blifil immediately agreed.

Mrs. Western then began to express great confusion on the account of Mr. Blifil, and of the usage which he had received from a family to which he intended so much honour. On this subject she treated the folly of her niece with great severity; but concluded with throwing the whole on her brother, who, she said, was inexcusable to have proceeded so far without better assurances of his daughter's consent: 'But he was,' says she, 'always of a violent, headstrong temper; and I can scarce forgive myself for all the advice I have thrown away upon him.'

After much of this kind of conversation, which, perhaps, would not greatly entertain the reader, was it here particularly related, Mr. Blifil took his leave, and returned home, not highly pleased with his disappointment; which however the philosophy which he had acquired from Square, and the religion infused into him by Thwackum, together with somewhat else, taught him to bear rather better than more passionate lovers bear these kinds of evils.

CHAP. IX.

The escape of Sophia.

IT is now time to look after Sophia; whom the reader, if he loves her half so well as I do, will rejoice to find escaped from the clutches of her passionate father, and from those of her dispassionate lover.

Twelve times did the iron register of time beat on the sonorous bell-metal, summoning the ghosts to rise, and walk their nightly round.— In plainer language, it was twelve o'clock, and all the family, as we have said, lay buried in drink and sleep, except only Mrs. Western, who was deeply engaged in reading a political pamphlet, and except our heroine, who now softly stole down stairs, and, having unbarred and unlocked one of the house-doors, sallied forth, and hastened to the place of appointment.

Notwithstanding the many pretty arts, which ladies sometimes practise to display their fears on every little occasion, (almost as many of the other sex uses to conceal theirs) certainly there is a degree of courage, which not only becomes a woman, but is often necessary to enable her to discharge her duty. It is indeed, the idea of fierceness, and not of bravery, which destroys the female character: for who can read the story of the justly celebrated Arria, without conceiving as high an opinion of her gentleness and tenderness, as of her fortitude? At the same time, perhaps many a woman, who shrieks at a mouse or a rat, may be capable of poisoning a husband; or, what is worse, of driving him to poison himself.

Sophia, with all the gentleness which a woman can have, had all the spirit which she ought to have. When therefore she came to the place of appointment, and, instead of meeting her maid, as was agreed, saw a man ride directly up to her, she neither screamed out nor fainted away: not that her pulse then beat with its usual regularity; for she was at first under some surprise and apprehension, but these were relieved almost as soon as raised, when the man pulling off his hat, asked her in a very submissive manner: ‘ If her ladyship did not expect to meet another lady?’ And then proceeded to inform her, that he was sent to conduct her to that lady.

Sophia could have no possible suspicion of any falsehood in this account: she therefore mounted resolutely behind the fellow, who conveyed her safe to a town about five miles distant, where she had the satisfaction of finding the good Mrs. Honour: for as the soul of the waiting-woman was wrapt up in those very habiliments which used to enwrap her body, she could by no means bring herself to trust them out of her sight. Upon these, therefore, she kept guard in person, while she detached the aforesaid fellow after her mistress, having given him all proper instructions.

They now debated what course to take, in order to avoid the pursuit of Mr. Western, who, they knew, would send after them in a few hours. The London road had such charms for Honour, that she was desirous of going on directly: alledging, that as Sophia could not be missed till eight or nine the next morning, her pursuers would not be able to overtake her, even though they knew which way she had gone. But So-

phia had too much at stake to venture any thing to chance; nor did she dare trust too much to her tender limbs, in a contest which was to be decided only by swiftness. She resolved, therefore, to travel across the country, for at least twenty or thirty miles, and then to take the direct road to London. So, having hired horses to go twenty miles one way, when she intended to go twenty miles the other, she set forward with the same guide, behind whom she had ridden from her father's house; the guide having now taken up behind him, in the room of Sophia, a much heavier, as well as much less lovely burden; being, indeed a huge portmanteau, well stuffed with those outside ornaments, by means of which the fair Honour hoped to gain many conquests, and finally to make her fortune in London city.

When they had gone about two hundred paces from the inn, on the London road, Sophia rode up to the guide, and with a voice much fuller of honey than was ever that of Plato, though his mouth is supposed to have been a bee-hive, begged him to take the first turning which led towards Bristol.

Reader, I am not superstitious, nor any great believer of modern miracles. I do not, therefore, deliver the following as a certain truth; for, indeed, I can scarce credit it myself: but the fidelity of an historian obliges me to relate what hath been confidently asserted. The horse then, on which the guide rode, is reported to have been so charmed by Sophia's voice, that he made a full stop, and expressed an unwillingness to proceed any farther.

Perhaps, however, the fact may be true, and less miraculous than it hath been represented; since the
natural

natural cause seems adequate to the effect: for as the guide at that moment desisted from a constant application of his armed right heel, (for, like Hudibras, he wore but one spur), it is more than possible that this omission alone might occasion the beast to stop, especially as this was very frequent with him at other times.

But, if the voice of Sophia had really an effect on the horse, it had very little on the rider. He answered somewhat surlily: ‘ That measter had ordered
‘ him to go a different way, and that he should lose
‘ his place, if he went any other way than that he
‘ was ordered.’

Sophia, finding all her persuasions had no effect, began now to add irresistible charms to her voice; charms, which, according to the proverb, make the old mare trot, instead of standing still; charms! to which modern ages have attributed all that irresistible force, which the ancients imputed to perfect oratory. In a word, she promised she would reward him to his utmost expectation.

The lad was not totally deaf to these promises; but he disliked their being indefinite: for though perhaps he had never heard that word; yet that in fact was his objection. He said: ‘ Gentlevolks did not
‘ consider the case of poor volks; that he had like to
‘ have been turned away the other day, for riding
‘ about the country with a gentleman from ‘squire
‘ Allworthy’s, who did not reward him as he should
‘ have done.’

‘ With whom?’ says Sophia eagerly.— ‘ With a
‘ gentleman from ‘squire Allworthy’s,’ repeated the
lad; ‘ the ‘squire’s son, I think, they call ‘un.’— ‘ Whi-
ther,

‘ther, which way did he go?’ says Sophia. , Why a
‘little o’ one side o’ Bristol, about twenty miles off,’
answered the lad.— ‘Guide me,’ says Sophia, ‘to the
‘same place, and I’ll give thee a guinea, or two,
‘if one is not sufficient.’ ‘To be certain,’ said the
boy, ‘it is honestly worth two, when your Ladyship
‘considers what a risk I run; but however, if your
‘Ladyship will promise me the two guineas, I’ll e’en
‘venture: to be certain it is a sinful thing to ride about
‘my master’s horses; but one comfort is, I can only
‘be turned away, and two guineas will partly make
‘me amends.’

The bargain being thus struck, the lad turned aside into the Bristol road, and Sophia set forward in pursuit of Jones, highly contrary to the remonstrances of Mrs. Honour, who had much more desire to see London, than to see Mr. Jones: for indeed she was not his friend with her mistress, as he had been guilty of some neglect in certain pecuniary civilities, which are by custom due to the waiting-gentlewoman in all love affairs, and more especially in those of a clandestine kind. This we impute rather to the carelessness of his temper, than to any want of generosity; but perhaps she derived it from the latter motive: certain it is, that she hated him very bitterly on that account, and resolved to take every opportunity of injuring him with her mistress. It was therefore highly unlucky for her, that she had gone to the very same town and inn whence Jones had started, and still more unlucky was she in having stumbled on the same guide, and on this accidental discovery which Sophia had made.

Our

Our travellers arrived at Hambrook* at the break of day, where Honour was against her will charged to enquire the route which Mr. Jones had taken. Of this, indeed, the guide himself could have informed them; but Sophia, I know not for what reason, never asked him the question.

When Mrs. Honour had made her report from the landlord, Sophia, with much difficulty, procured some indifferent horses, which brought her to the inn, where Jones had been confined rather by the misfortune of meeting with a surgeon, than by having met with a broken head.

Here Honour, being again charged with a commission of enquiry, had no sooner applied herself to the landlady, and had described the person of Mr. Jones, than that sagacious woman began, in the vulgar phrase, to smell a rat. When Sophia therefore entered the room, instead of answering the maid, the landlady, addressing herself to the mistress, began the following speech: ‘Good-lack a-day! why there
 ‘now, who would have thought it? I protest the
 ‘loveliest couple that ever eye beheld. I-fackins, Ma-
 ‘dam, it is no wonder the ’squire run on so about
 ‘your Ladyship. He told me indeed you was the
 ‘finest lady in the world, and to be sure so you be.
 ‘Mercy on him, poor heart, I bepited him, so I
 ‘did, when he used to hug his pillow, and call it his
 ‘dear Madam Sophia.— I did all I could to dissuade
 ‘him from going to the wars: I told him there were
 ‘men enow that were good for nothing else but to be
 ‘killed, that had not the love of such fine ladies.’
 • Sure,’ says Sophia, ‘the good woman is distracted.’

O. 5. ‘No,

* This was the village where Jones met the Quaker.

‘No, no,’ cries the landlady, ‘I am not distracted.’
‘What, doth your Ladyship think I don’t know then?’
‘I assure you he told me all.’ ‘What saucy fellow,’
cries Honour, ‘told you any thing of my lady?’ ‘No
‘saucy fellow,’ answered the landlady, ‘but the
‘young gentleman you enquired after, and a very
‘pretty young gentleman he is, and he loves Madam
‘Sophia Western to the bottom of his soul.’ ‘He
‘love my lady! I’d have you to know, woman, she
‘is meat for his master.’— ‘Nay, Honour,’ said So-
phía, interrupting her, ‘don’t be angry with the
‘good woman; she intends no harm.’ ‘No, marry
‘don’t I,’ answered the landlady, emboldened by
the soft accents of Sophia, and then launched into a
long narrative too tedious to be here set down, in
which some passages dropt, that gave a little offence
to Sophia, and much more to her waiting-woman,
who hence took occasion to abuse poor Jones to her
mistress the moment they were alone together, saying:
‘that he must be a very pitiful fellow, and could
‘have no love for a lady, whose name he would thus
‘prostitute in an alehouse.’

Sophía did not see his behaviour in so very disadvantageous a light, and was perhaps more pleased with the violent raptures of his love, (which the landlady exaggerated as much as she had done every other circumstance), than she was offended with the rest; and indeed she imputed the whole to the extravagance, or rather ebullience of his passion, and to the openness of his heart.

This incident, however, being afterwards revived in her mind, and placed in the most odious colours by Honour, served to heighten and give credit to those

those unlucky occurrences at Upton, and assisted the waiting woman in her endeavours to make her mistress depart from that inn, without seeing Jones.

The landlady, finding Sophia intended to stay no longer than till her horses were ready, and that without either eating or drinking, soon withdrew; when Honour began to take her mistress to task, (for indeed she used great freedom), and after a long harangue, in which she reminded her of her intention to go to London, and gave frequent hints of the impropriety of pursuing a young fellow, she at last concluded with this serious exhortation: ‘For Heaven’s sake, Madam, consider what you are about, and whither you are going.’

This advice to a lady who had already rode near forty miles, and in no very agreeable season, may seem foolish enough. It may be supposed she had well considered and resolved this already; nay, Mrs. Honour, by the hints she threw out, seemed to think so; and this, I doubt not, is the opinion of many readers, who have, I make no doubt, been long since well convinced of the purpose of our heroine, and have heartily condemned her for it as a wanton baggage.

But in reality this was not the case. Sophia had been lately so distracted between hope and fear, her duty and love to her father, her hatred to Blifil, her compassion, and (why should we not confess the truth?) her love for Jones; which last the behaviour of her father, of her aunt, of every one else, and more particularly of Jones himself, had blown into a flame, that her mind was in that confused state, which may be truly said to make us ignorant of what we do, or
whither

whither we go, or rather indeed indifferent as to the consequence of either.

The prudent and sage advice of her maid produced, however, some cool reflection: and she at length determined to go to Gloucester, and thence to proceed directly to London.

But unluckily, a few miles before she entered that town, she met the hack-attorney, who, as is before mentioned, had dined there with Mr. Jones. This fellow, being well known to Mrs. Honour, stopt and spoke to her; of which Sophia at that time took little notice, more than to enquire who he was.

But having had a more particular account from Honour of this man afterwards at Gloucester, and hearing of the great expedition he usually made in travelling, for which (as hath been before observed), he was particularly famous; recollecting likewise, that she had overheard Mrs. Honour inform him, that they were going to Gloucester, she began to fear lest her father might, by this fellow's means, be able to trace her to that city; wherefore, if she should there strike into the London road, she apprehended he would certainly be able to overtake her. She therefore altered her resolution; and having hired horses to go a week's journey, a way which she did not intend to travel, she again set forward after a light refreshment, contrary to the desire and earnest entreaties of her maid, and to the no less vehement remonstrances of Mrs. Whitefield, who from good-breeding, or perhaps from good-nature, (for the poor young lady appeared much fatigued), pressed her very heartily to stay that evening at Gloucester.

Having

Having refreshed herself only with some tea, and with lying about two hours on the bed, while her horses were getting ready, she resolutely left Mrs. Whitefield's about eleven at night, and, striking directly into the Worcester road, within less than four hours arrived at that very inn where we last saw her.

Having thus traced our heroine very particularly back from her departure, till her arrival at Upton, we shall in a very few words bring her father to the same place; who having received the first scent from the post-boy, who conducted his daughter to Hambrook, very easily traced her afterwards to Gloucester; whence he pursued her to Upton, as he had learned Mr. Jones had taken that route, (for Partridge, to use the 'squire's expression, left every where a strong scent behind him), and he doubted not in the least but Sophia travelled, or, as he phrased it, ran the same way. (He used indeed a very coarse expression, which need not be here inserted; as fox-hunters, who alone would understand it, will easily suggest it to themselves.

THE
HISTORY
OF A
FOUNDLING.

BOOK XI.

Containing about three days.

CHAP. I.

A crust for the critics.

IN our last initial chapter, we may be supposed to have treated that formidable set of men, who are called *critics*, with more freedom than becomes us; since they exact, and indeed generally receive, great condescension from authors. - We shall in this, therefore, give the reasons of our conduct to this august body; and here we shall perhaps place them in a light, in which they have not hitherto been seen.

This word *critic* is of Greek derivation, and signifies *judgment*. Hence I presume some persons who have not understood the original, and have seen the English translation of the primitive, have concluded, that it meant judgment in the legal sense, in which it is frequently used as equivalent to condemnation.

I am

I am the rather inclined to be of that opinion, as the greatest number of critics hath of late years been found amongst the lawyers. Many of these gentlemen, from despair, perhaps, of ever rising to the bench in Westminster-hall, have placed themselves on the benches at the play-house, where they have exerted their judicial capacity, and have given judgment, *i. e.* condemned without mercy.

The gentlemen would perhaps be well enough pleased, if we were to leave them thus compared to one of the most important and honourable offices in the commonwealth, and, if we intended to apply to their favour, we would do so; but, as we design to deal very sincerely and plainly too with them, we must remind them of another officer of justice of a much lower rank; to whom, as they not only pronounce, but execute their own judgment, they bear likewise some remote resemblance.

But in reality there is another light, in which these modern critics may with great justice and propriety be seen; and this is that of a common slanderer. If a person who pries into the characters of others, with no other design but to discover their faults, and to publish them to the world, deserves the title of a *slanderer of the reputations of men*; why should not a critic, who reads with the same malevolent view, be as properly stiled the *slanderer of the reputation of books*?

Vice hath not, I believe, a more abject slave; society produces not a more odious vermin; nor can the devil receive a guest more worthy of him, nor possibly more welcome to him, than a slanderer. The world, I am afraid, regards not this monster with half the abhorrence which he deserves; and I am more afraid
to

to assign the reason of this criminal lenity shewn towards him; yet it is certain, that the thief looks innocent in the comparison; nay, the murderer himself can seldom stand in competition with his guilt: for slander is a more cruel weapon than a sword, as the wounds which the former gives are always incurable. One method, indeed, there is of killing, and that the basest and most execrable of all, which bears an exact analogy to the vice here disclaimed against, and that is poison: A means of revenge so base, and yet so horrible, that it was once wisely distinguished by our laws from all other murders, in the peculiar severity of the punishment.

Besides the dreadful mischiefs done by slander, and the baseness of the means by which they are effected, there are other circumstances that highly aggravate its atrocious quality: for it often proceeds from no provocation, and seldom promises itself any reward, unless some black and infernal mind may propose a reward in the thoughts of having procured the ruin and misery of another.

Shakespear hath nobly touched this vice, when he says:

Who steals my purse steals trash, 'tis something,
nothing;

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and hath been slave to thou-
sands:

But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that WHICH NOT ENRICHES HIM,
BUT MAKES ME POOR INDEED.

With all this my good reader will doubtless agree; but much of it will probably seem too severe, when
ap-

applied to the slanderer of books. But let it here be considered, that both proceed from the same wicked disposition of mind, and are alike void of the excuse of temptation. Nor shall we conclude the injury done this way to be very slight, when we consider a book as the Author's offspring, and indeed as the child of his brain.

The reader who hath suffered his muse to continue hitherto in a virgin state, can have but a very inadequate idea of this kind of paternal fondness. To such we may parody the tender exclamation of Macduff: "Alas! Thou hast written no book." But the Author whose muse hath brought forth, will feel the pathetic strain, perhaps will accompany me with tears (especially if his darling be already no more) while I mention the uneasiness with which the big muse bears about her burden, the painful labour with which she produces it, and lastly, the care, the fondness, with which the tender father nourishes his favourite, till it be brought to maturity, and produced into the world.

Nor is there any paternal fondness which seems less to favour of absolute instinct, and which may so well be reconciled to worldly wisdom, as this. These children may most truly be called the riches of their father; and many of them have with true filial piety fed their parent in his old age: so that not only the affection, but the interest of the author, may be highly injured by these slanderers, whose poisonous breath brings his book to an untimely end.

Lastly, the slander of a book is, in truth, the slander of the author: for as no one can call another *bastard*, without calling the mother a *whore*; so nei-

ther can any one give the names of *sad stuff*, *horrid nonsense*, &c. to a book, without calling the author a *blockhead*; which, though in a moral sense it is a preferable appellation to that of *villain*, is perhaps rather more injurious to his worldly interest.

Now, however ludicrous all this may appear to some, others, I doubt not, will feel and acknowledge the truth of it; nay, may perhaps think, I have not treated the subject with decent solemnity; but surely a man may speak truth with a smiling countenance. In reality, to depreciate a book maliciously, or even wantonly, is at least a very ill-natured office; and a morose snarling critic may, I believe, be suspected to be a bad man.

I will therefore endeavour, in the remaining part of this chapter, to explain the marks of this character, and to shew what criticism I here intend to obviate: for I can never be understood, unless by the very persons here meant, to insinuate, that there are no proper judges of writing, or to endeavour to exclude from the commonwealth of literature any of those noble critics, to whose labours the learned world are so greatly indebted. Such were Aristotle, Horace, and Longinus, among the ancients, Dacier and Bossu among the French, and some perhaps among us; who have certainly been duly authoris'd to execute at least a judicial authority in *Foro Literario*.

But, without ascertaining all the proper qualifications of a critic, which I have touched on elsewhere, I think I may very boldly object to the censures of any one, past upon works which he hath not himself read. Such censures as these, whether they speak from their own guess or suspicion, or from the report

and opinion of others, may properly be said to slander the reputation of the book they condemn.

Such may likewise be suspected of deserving this character, who, without assigning any particular faults, condemn the whole in general defamatory terms; such as vile, dull, da—d stuff, &c. and particularly by the use of the monosyllable Low; a word which becomes the mouth of no critic who is not RIGHT HONOURABLE.

Again, though there may be some faults justly assigned in the work; yet, if those are not in the most essential parts, or if they are compensated by greater beauties, it will favour rather of the malice of a slanderer, than of the judgment of a true critic, to pass a severe sentence upon the whole, merely on account of some vicious part. This is directly contrary to the sentiments of Horace:

*Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendor maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura —*

But where the beauties, more in number, shine,
I am not angry, when a casual line,
(That with some trivial faults unequal flows),
A careless hand, or human frailty shows.

MR. FRANCIS.

For as Martial says: *Aliter non fit, avite, liber.*
No book can be otherwise composed. All beauty of character, as well as of countenance, and indeed of every thing human, is to be tried in this manner. Cruel indeed would it be, if such a work as this history, which hath employed some thousands of hours

in the composing, should be liable to be condemned, because some particular chapter, or perhaps chapters, may be obnoxious to very just and sensible objections. And yet nothing is more common than the most rigorous sentence upon books supported by such objections, which, if they were rightly taken, (and that they are not always), do by no means go to the merit of the whole. In the theatre especially, a single expression, which doth not coincide with the taste of the audience, or with any individual critic of that audience, is sure to be hissed; and one scene, which should be disapproved, would hazard the whole piece. To write within such severe rules as these, is as impossible as to live up to some splenetic opinions; and, if we judge according to the sentiments of some critics, and of some Christians, no author will be saved in this world, and no man in the next.

CHAP. II.

The adventures which Sophia met with after her leaving Upton.

OUR history, just before it was obliged to turn about, and travel backwards, had mentioned the departure of Sophia and her maid from the inn; we shall now therefore pursue the steps of that lovely creature, and leave her unworthy lover a little longer to bemoan his ill luck, or rather his ill conduct.

Sophia having directed her guide to travel through bye-roads across the country, they now passed the Severn, and had scarce got a mile from the inn, when the young lady, looking behind her, saw several horses coming after on full speed. This greatly alarmed her fears,

fears, and she called to the guide to put on as fast as possible.

He immediately obeyed her, and away they rode a full gallop. But the faster they went, the faster were they followed; and, as the horses behind were somewhat swifter than those before, so the former were at length overtaken: A happy circumstance for poor Sophia; whose fears, joined to her fatigue, had almost overpowered her spirits; but she was now instantly relieved by a female voice, that greeted her in the softest manner, and with the utmost civility. This greeting, Sophia, as soon as she could recover her breath, with like civility, and with the highest satisfaction to herself, returned.

The travellers who joined Sophia, and who had given her such terror, consisted, like her own company, of two females and a guide. The two parties proceeded three full miles together before any one offered again to open their mouths: when our heroine, having pretty well got the better of her fear, (but yet being somewhat surpris'd that the other still continued to attend her, as she pursued no great road, and had already passed through several turnings), accosted the strange lady in a most obliging tone; and said: 'She
' was very happy to find they were both travelling the
' same way.' The other, who, like a ghost, only wanted to be spoke to, readily answered: 'That the
' happiness was entirely hers; that she was a perfect
' stranger in that country, and was so overjoyed at
' meeting a companion of her own sex, that she had
' perhaps been guilty of an impertinence which re-
' quired great apology, in keeping pace with her.' More civilities passed between these two ladies; for

Mrs. Honour had now given place to the fine habit of the stranger, and had fallen into the rear. But though Sophia had great curiosity to know why the other lady continued to travel on through the same byeroads with herself, nay, though this gave her some uneasiness; yet fear, or modesty, or some other consideration, restrained her from asking the question.

The strange lady now laboured under a difficulty, which appears almost below the dignity of history to mention. Her bonnet had been blown from her head not less than five times within the last mile; nor could she come at any ribbon or handkerchief to tie it under her chin. When Sophia was informed of this, she immediately supplied her with a handkerchief for this purpose; which, while she was pulling from her pocket, she perhaps too much neglected the management of her horse; for the beast, now unluckily making a false step, fell upon his fore-legs, and threw his fair rider from his back.

Though Sophia came head foremost to the ground, she happily received not the least damage; and the same circumstances, which had perhaps contributed to her fall, now preserved her from confusion; for the lane which they were then passing, was narrow and very much over-grown with trees, so that the moon could here afford very little light, and was moreover, at present, so obscured in a cloud, that it was almost perfectly dark. By these means the young lady's modesty, which was extremely delicate, escaped as free from injury as her limbs, and she was once more reinstated in her saddle, having received no other harm than a little fright by her fall.

Day-

Day-light at length appeared in its full lustre: and now the two ladies, who were riding over a common side by side, looking stedfastly at each other, at the same moment both their eyes became fixed: both their horses stopt, and both, speaking together, with equal joy pronounced, the one the name of *Sophia*, the other that of *Harriet*.

This unexpected encounter surprised the ladies much more than I believe it will, the sagacious reader, who must have imagined, that the strange lady could be no other than Mrs. Fitzpatrick, the cousin of Miss Western, whom we before mentioned to have sallied from the inn a few minutes after her.

So great was the surprize and joy which these two cousins conceived at this meeting, (for they had formerly been most intimate acquaintance and friends; and had long lived together with their aunt Western), that it is impossible to recount half the congratulations which passed between them, before either asked a very natural question of the other, namely, *whither she was going?*

This at last, however, came first from Mrs. Fitzpatrick; but, easy and natural as the question may seem, Sophia found it difficult to give it a very ready and certain answer. She begged her cousin therefore to suspend all curiosity till they arrived at some inn: ‘which I suppose,’ says she, ‘can hardly be far distant; and believe me, Harriet, I suspend as much curiosity on my side; for indeed I believe our astonishment is pretty equal.’

The conversation which passed between these ladies on the road was, I apprehend, little worth relating; and less certainly was that between the two waiting-

women; for they likewise began to pay their compliments to each other. As for the guides, they were debarred from the pleasure of discourse, the one being placed in the van, and the other obliged to bring up the rear.

In this posture they travelled many hours, till they came into a wide and well beaten road, which, as they turned to the right, soon brought them to a very fair promising inn; where they all alighted: but so fatigued was Sophia, that, as she had sat her horse during the last five or six miles with great difficulty, so was she now incapable of dismounting from him without assistance. This the landlord, who had hold of her horse, presently perceiving, offered to lift her in his arms from her saddle; and she too readily accepted the tender of his service. Indeed fortune seems to have resolved to put Sophia to the blush that day, and the second malicious attempt succeeded better than the first: for my landlord had no sooner received the young lady in his arms, than his feet, which the gout had lately very severely handled, gave way, and down he tumbled; but at the same time, with no less dexterity than gallantry, contrived to throw himself under his charming burden, so that he alone received any bruise from the fall; for the great injury which happened to Sophia, was a violent shock given to her modesty, by an immoderate grin, which, at her rising from the ground, she observed in the countenances of most of the by-standers. This made her suspect what had really happened, and what we shall not here relate for the indulgence of those readers, who are capable of laughing at the offence given to a young lady's delicacy. Accidents of this kind we have never regarded
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in a comical light; nor will we scruple to say; that he must have a very inadequate idea of the modesty of a beautiful young woman, who would wish to sacrifice it to so paltry a satisfaction as can arise from laughter.

This fright and shock, joined to the violent fatigue which both her mind and body had undergone, almost overcame the excellent constitution of Sophia, and she had scarce strength sufficient to totter into the inn, leaning on the arm of her maid. Here she was no sooner seated than she called for a glass of water; but Mrs. Honour, very judiciously, in my opinion, changed it into a glass of wine.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick, hearing from Mrs. Honour, that Sophia had not been in bed during the two last nights, and observing her to look very pale and wan with fatigue, earnestly entreated her to refresh herself with some sleep. She was yet a stranger to her history, or her apprehensions; but, had she known both, she would have given the same advice; for rest was visibly necessary for her; and their long journey through by-roads so entirely removed all danger of pursuit, that she was herself perfectly easy on that account.

Sophia was easily prevailed on to follow the counsel of her friend, which was heartily seconded by her maid. Mrs. Fitzpatrick likewise offered to bear her cousin company, which Sophia, with much complaisance, accepted.

The mistress was no sooner in bed, than the maid prepared to follow her example. She began to make many apologies to her sister Abigail for leaving her alone in so horrid a place as an inn; but the other stopped her short, being as well inclined to a nap as

herself, and desired the honour of being her bedfellow. Sophia's maid agreed to give her a share of her bed, but put in her claim to all the honour. So, after many court'sies and compliments, to bed together went the waiting-women, as their mistresses had done before them.

It was usual with my landlord (as indeed it is with the whole fraternity), to enquire particularly of all coachmen, footmen, postboys, and others, into the names of all his guests; what their estate was, and where it lay. It cannot therefore be wondered at, that the many particular circumstances which attended our travellers, and especially their retiring all to sleep at so extraordinary and unusual an hour as ten in the morning, should excite his curiosity. As soon therefore as the guides entered the kitchen, he began to examine who the ladies were, and whence they came; but the guides, though they faithfully related all they knew, gave him very little satisfaction. On the contrary, they rather inflamed his curiosity than extinguished it.

This landlord had the character, among all his neighbours, of being a very sagacious fellow. He was thought to see farther and deeper into things than any man in the parish, the parson himself not excepted. Perhaps his look had contributed not a little to procure him this reputation; for there was in this something wonderfully wise and significant, especially when he had a pipe in his mouth; which, indeed, he seldom was without. His behaviour, likewise, greatly assisted in promoting the opinion of his wisdom. In his deportment he was solemn, if not sullen; and when he spoke, which was seldom, he always

ways delivered himself in a slow voice; and though his sentences were short, they were still interrupted with many hum's and ha's, ay, ays, and other expletives, so that though he accompanied his words with certain explanatory gestures, such as shaking or nodding the head, or pointing with his fore finger, he generally left his hearers to understand more than he expressed; nay, he commonly gave them a hint, that he knew much more than he thought proper to disclose. This last circumstance alone, may, indeed, very well account for his character of wisdom; since men are strangely inclined to worship what they do not understand. A grand secret, upon which several impose on mankind have totally relied for the success of their frauds.

This polite person, now taking his wife aside, asked her, ' what she thought of the ladies lately arrived?' ' Think of them?' said the wife, ' why what should I think of them?' ' I know,' answered he, ' what I think. The guides tell strange stories. One pretends to be come from Gloucester, and the other from Upton; and neither of them, for what I can find, can tell whither they are going. But what people ever travel across the country from Upton hither, especially to London? And one of the maid-servants, before she alighted from her horse, asked, if this was not the London road? Now I have put all these circumstances together, and whom do you think I have found them out to be?' ' Nay,' answered she, ' you know I never pretend to guess at your discoveries.—', It is a good girl,' replied he, chucking her under the chin; ' I must own you have always submitted to my knowledge of these matters. Why then depend upon it; mind what

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‘ I say;— depend upon it, they are certainly some of
‘ the rebel ladies, who, they say, travel with the
‘ young Chevalier; and have taken a round-about
‘ way to escape the Duke’s army.’

‘ Husband,’ quoth the wife, ‘ you have certainly
‘ hit it; for one of them is drest as fine as any prin-
‘ cefs; and, to be sure, she looks for all the world
‘ like one.— But yet, when I consider one thing.’—
‘ When you consider,’ cries the landlord contemp-
‘ tuously—— ‘ Come, pray let’s hear what you con-
‘ sider.’—— ‘ Why it is,’ answered the wife, ‘ that
‘ she is too humble to be any very great lady; for,
‘ while our Betty was warming the bed, she called her
‘ nothing but child, and my dear, and sweetheart;
‘ and, when Betty offered to pull off her shoes and
‘ stockings, she would not suffer her, saying, she would
‘ not give her the trouble.’

‘ Pugh!’ answered the husband, ‘ that is nothing.
‘ Dost think, because you have seen some great ladies
‘ rude and uncivil to persons below them, that none
‘ of them know how to behave themselves when they
‘ come before their inferiors? I think I know people
‘ of fashion when I see them. I think I do. Did not
‘ she call for a glass of water when she came in?
‘ Another sort of woman would have called for a
‘ dram; you know they would. If she be not a wo-
‘ man of very great quality, sell me for a fool; and,
‘ I believe, those who buy me will have a bad bargain.
‘ Now, would a woman of her quality travel without
‘ a footman, unless upon some such extraordinary oc-
‘ casion?’ ‘ Nay, to be sure, husband,’ cries she,
‘ you know these matters better than I, or most folk.’
‘ I think I do know something,’ said he. ‘ To be
‘ sure,’

‘ sure,’ answered the wife, ‘ the poor little heart
‘ looked so piteous, when she sat down in the chair,
‘ I protest I could not help having a compassion for
‘ her, almost as much as if she had been a poor body.
‘ But what’s to be done, husband? If an she be a re-
‘ bel, I suppose you intend to betray her up to the
‘ court. Well, she’s a sweet-tempered, good-hu-
‘ moured lady, be she what she will, and I shall hardly
‘ refrain from crying, when I hear she is hanged or
‘ beheaded.’ ‘ Pooh,’ answered the husband!——
‘ But at to what’s to be done it is not so easy a matter
‘ to determine. I hope, before she goes away, we
‘ shall have the news of a battle: for, if the Chevalier
‘ should get the better, she may gain us interest at
‘ court, and make our fortunes without betraying
‘ her.’ ‘ Why that’s true,’ replied the wife; ‘ and
‘ I heartily hope she will have it in her power. Cer-
‘ tainly she’s a sweet good lady; it would go hor-
‘ ribly against me to have her come to any harm.’
‘ Pooh,’ cries the landlord, ‘ women are always so
‘ tender-hearted. Why you would not harbour re-
‘ bels, would you?’ ‘ No certainly,’ answered the
wife; ‘ and as for betraying her, come what will on’t,
‘ nobody can blame us. It is what any body would
‘ do in our case.’

While our politic landlord, who had not, we see, undeservedly the reputation of great wisdom among his neighbours, was engaged in debating this matter with himself, (for he paid little attention to the opinion of his wife), news arrived that the rebels had given the Duke the slip, and had got a day’s march towards London; and soon after arrived a famous Jacobite ‘squire, who, with great joy in his countenance,

nance, took the landlord by the hand, saying: 'All's
' our own, boy; ten thousand honest Frenchmen are
' landed in Suffolk. Old England for ever! ten
' thousand French, my brave lad! I am going to tap
' away directly.'

This news determined the opinion of the wise man and he resolved to make his court to the young lady, when she arose; for he had now (he said), discovered, that she was no other than Madam Jenny Cameron herself.

CHAP. III.

A very short chapter, in which however is a sun, a moon, a star, and an angel.

THE sun (for he keeps very good hours at this time of the year), had been some time retired to rest, when Sophia arose greatly refreshed by her sleep; which, short as it was, nothing but her extreme fatigue could have occasioned; for though she had told her maid, and perhaps herself too, that she was perfectly easy when she left Upton; yet it is certain her mind was a little affected with this malady which is attended with all the restless symptoms of a fever, and is perhaps the very distemper which physicians mean (if they mean any thing), by the fever on the spirits.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick likewise left her bed at the same time; and having summoned her maid, immediately dressed herself. She was really a very pretty woman, and, had she been in any other company but that of Sophia, might have been thought beautiful; but, when Mrs. Honour of her own accord attended, (for her mistress would not suffer her to be waked), and
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had equipped our heroine, the charms of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, who had performed the office of the morning-star, and had preceded greater glories, shared the fate of that star, and were totally eclipsed the moment those glories shone forth.

Perhaps Sophia never looked more beautiful than she did at this instant. We ought not therefore to condemn the maid of the inn for her hyperbole, who when she descended, after having lighted the fire, declared, and ratified it with an oath, that, if ever there was an angel upon earth, she was now above stairs.

Sophia had acquainted her cousin with her design to go to London; and Mrs. Fitzpatrick had agreed to accompany her; for the arrival of her husband at Upton had put an end to her design of going to Bath, or to her aunt Western. They had therefore no sooner finished their tea, than Sophia proposed to set out, the moon then shining extremely bright, and, as for the frost, she defied it; nor had she any of those apprehensions, which many young ladies would have felt at travelling by night; for she had, as we have before observed, some little degree of natural courage; and this her present sensation, which bordered somewhat on despair, greatly increased. Besides, as she had already travelled twice with safety, by the light of the moon, she was the better emboldened to trust to it a third time.

The disposition of Mrs. Fitzpatrick was more timorous; for though the greater terrors had conquered the less, and the presence of her husband had driven her away at so unseasonable an hour from Upton; yet, being now arrived at a place where she thought herself
safe

safe from his pursuit, these lesser terrors of I know not what operated so strongly, that she earnestly entreated her cousin to stay till the next morning, and not expose herself to the dangers of travelling by night.

Sophia, who was yielding to an excess, when she could neither laugh nor reason her cousin out of these apprehensions, at last gave way to them. Perhaps indeed, had she known of her father's arrival at Upton, it might have been more difficult to have persuaded her; for, as to Jones, she had, I am afraid, no great horror at the thoughts of being overtaken by him; nay, to confess the truth, I believe she rather wished than feared it; though I might honestly enough have concealed this wish from the reader, as it was one of those secret spontaneous emotions of the soul, to which the reason is often a stranger.

When our young ladies had determined to remain all that evening in their inn, they were attended by the landlady, who desired to know what their ladyship would be pleased to eat. Such charms were there in the voice, in the manner, and in the affable deportment of Sophia, that she ravished the landlady to the highest degree; and that good woman, concluding that she had attended Jenny Cameron, became in a moment a stanch Jacobite, and wished heartily well to the young Pretender's cause, from the great sweetness and affability, with which she had been treated by his supposed mistress.

The two cousins began now to impart to each other their reciprocal curiosity, to know what extraordinary accidents on both sides occasioned this so strange and unexpected meeting. At last Mrs. Fitzpatrick, having obtained of Sophia a promise of communicating

ting likewise in her turn, began to relate what the reader, if he is desirous to know her history, may read in the ensuing chapter.

CHAP. IV.

The history of Mrs. Fitzpatrick.

MRS. Fitzpatrick, after a silence of a few moments, fetching a deep sigh, thus began:

‘ It is natural to the unhappy to feel a secret concern in recollecting those periods of their lives which have been most delightful to them. The remembrance of past pleasures affects us with a kind of tender grief, like what we suffer for departed friends; and the ideas of both may be said to haunt our imaginations.

‘ For this reason, I never reflect without sorrow on those days, (the happiest far of my life), which we spent together, when both were under the care of my aunt Western. Alas! why are Miss Graveairs, and Miss Giddy no more? You remember, I am sure, when we knew each other by no other names, Indeed you gave the latter appellation with too much cause. I have since experienced how much I deserved it. You, my Sophia, was always my superior in every thing, and I heartily hope you will be so in your fortune. I shall never forget the wise and matronly advice you once gave me, when I lamented being disappointed of a ball, though you could not be then fourteen years old.—— O my Sophy, how blest must have been my situation, when I could think such a disappointment a misfortune; and when indeed it was the greatest I had ever known!’

‘ And yet, my dear Harriet,’ answered Sophia, ‘ it
‘ was then a serious matter with you. Comfort your-
‘ self therefore with thinking, that whatever you now
‘ lament, may hereafter appear as trifling and con-
‘ temptible as a ball would at this time.’

‘ Alas, my Sophia,’ replied the other lady, ‘ you
‘ yourself will think otherwise of my present situation;
‘ for greatly must that tender heart be altered, if my
‘ misfortunes do not draw many a sigh, nay, many a
‘ tear, from you. The knowledge of this should per-
‘ haps deter me from relating what I am convinced
‘ will so much affect you.’—— Here Mrs. Fitzpa-
trick stopt, till at the repeated entreaties of Sophia,
she thus proceeded:

‘ Though you must have heard much of my mar-
‘ riage; yet as matters may probably have been mis-
‘ represented, I will set out from the very commence-
‘ ment of my unfortunate acquaintance with my pre-
‘ sent husband; which was at Bath, soon after you
‘ left my aunt, and returned home to your father.

‘ Among the gay young fellows, who were at this
‘ season at Bath, Mr. Fitzpatrick was one. He was
‘ handsome, degagé, extremely gallant, and in his
‘ dress exceeded most others. In short, my dear, if
‘ you was unluckily to see him now, I could describe
‘ him no better than by telling you he was the very
‘ reverse of every thing which he is: for he hath rusti-
‘ cated himself so long, that he is become an absolute
‘ wild Irishman. But to proceed in my story; the
‘ qualifications which he then possessed, so well recom-
‘ mended him, that though the people of quality at
‘ that time lived separate from the rest of the com-
‘ pany, and excluded them from all their parties, Mr.

. . . Fitz-

‘ Fitzpatrick found means to gain admittance. It was
‘ perhaps no easy matter to avoid him; for he re-
‘ quired very little or no invitation; and as being
‘ handsome and genteel, he found it no very difficult
‘ matter to ingratiate himself with the ladies; so, he
‘ having frequently drawn his sword, the men did not
‘ care publicly to affront him. Had it not been for
‘ some such reason, I believe he would have been
‘ soon expelled by his own sex; for surely he had no
‘ strict title to be preferred to the English gentry;
‘ nor did they seem inclined to shew him any extraor-
‘ dinary favour. They all abused him behind his
‘ back, which might probably proceed from envy;
‘ for by the women he was well received, and very
‘ particularly distinguished by them.

‘ My aunt, though no person of quality herself, as
‘ she had always lived about the court, was inrolled
‘ in that party: for by whatever means you get into
‘ the polite circle, when you are once there, it is suf-
‘ ficient merit for you that you are there. This ob-
‘ servation, young as you was, you could scarce a-
‘ void making from my aunt, who was free, or re-
‘ served, with all people, just as they had more or
‘ less of this merit.

‘ And this merit, I believe, it was, which princi-
‘ pally recommended Mr. Fitzpatrick to her favour.
‘ In which he so well succeeded, that he was always
‘ one of her private parties. Nor was he backward
‘ in returning such distinction: for he soon grew so
‘ very particular in his behaviour to her, that the
‘ scandal club first began to take notice of it, and the
‘ better disposed persons made a match between them.
‘ For my own part, I confess, I made no doubt but

‘ that his designs were strictly honourable, as the
‘ phrase is: that is, to rob a lady of her fortune by
‘ way of marriage. My aunt was, I conceived, nei-
‘ ther young enough nor handsome enough, to attract
‘ much wicked inclination; but she had matrimonial
‘ charms in great abundance.

‘ I was the more confirmed in this opinion from
‘ the extraordinary respect which he shewed to my-
‘ self, from the first moment of our acquaintance.
‘ This I understood as an attempt to lessen, if possi-
‘ ble, that disinclination which my interest might be
‘ supposed to give me towards the match; and I know
‘ not but in some measure it had that effect: for as I
‘ was well contented with my own fortune, and of
‘ all people the least a slave to interested views; so I
‘ could not be violently the enemy of a man with
‘ whose behaviour to me I was greatly pleased; and
‘ the more so, as I was the only object of such re-
‘ spect; for he behaved at the same time to many
‘ women of quality without any respect at all.

‘ Agreeable as this was to me, he soon changed it
‘ into another kind of behaviour, which was perhaps
‘ more so. He now put on much softness and tender-
‘ ness, and languished and sighed abundantly. At
‘ times indeed, whether from art or nature I will not
‘ determine, he gave his usual loose to gaiety and
‘ mirth; but this was always in general company,
‘ and with other women; for even in a country-
‘ dance, when he was not my partner, he became
‘ grave; and put on the softest look imaginable, the
‘ moment he approached me. Indeed he was in all
‘ things so very particular towards me, that I must
‘ have been blind not to have discovered it. And,
‘ and,

‘ and, and—’ ‘ And you was more pleased still, my
‘ dear Harriet,’ cries Sophia; ‘ you need not be
‘ ashamed,’ added she sighing; ‘ for sure there are
‘ irresistible charms in tenderness, which too many
‘ men are able to affect.’ ‘ True,’ answered her cou-
‘ sin, ‘ men, who in all other instances want common
‘ sense, are very Machiavels in the art of loving. I
‘ wish I did not know an instance.— Well, scandal
‘ now began to be as busy with me as it had before
‘ been with my aunt; and some good ladies did not
‘ scruple to affirm, that Mr. Fitzpatrick had an in-
‘ trigue with us both.

, But what may seem astonishing: my aunt never
‘ saw, nor in the least seemed to suspect that which
‘ was visible enough, I believe, from both our beha-
‘ viours. One would indeed think, that love quite
‘ puts out the eyes of an old woman. In fact, they
‘ so greedily swallow the addresses which are made
‘ to them, that, like an outrageous glutton, they are
‘ not at leisure to observe what passes amongst others
‘ at the same table. This I have observed in more
‘ cases than my own; and this was so strongly verifi-
‘ ed by my aunt, that, though she often found us to-
‘ gether at her return from the pump, the least cant-
‘ ing word of his, pretending impatience at her ab-
‘ sence, effectually smothered all suspicion. One ar-
‘ tifice succeeded with her to admiration. This was
‘ his treating me like a little child, and never calling
‘ me by any other name in her presence, but that of
‘ *pretty miss*. This indeed did him some disservice
‘ with your humble servant; but I soon saw through
‘ it, especially as in her absence he behaved to me,
‘ as I have said, in a different manner. However, if

‘ I was not greatly disobliged by a conduct of which
‘ I had discovered the design, I smarted very severely
‘ for it: for my aunt really conceived me to be what
‘ her lover (as she thought him), called me, and
‘ treated me, in all respects, as a perfect infant. To
‘ say the truth, I wonder she had not insisted on my
‘ again wearing leading-strings.

‘ At last, my lover (for so he was), thought proper,
‘ in a most solemn manner, to disclose a secret which
‘ I had known long before. He now placed all the
‘ love which he had pretended to my aunt to my ac-
‘ count. He lamented, in very pathetic terms, the
‘ encouragement she had given him, and made a high
‘ merit of the tedious hours, in which he had under-
‘ gone her conversation.— What shall I tell you, my
‘ dear Sophia?— Then I will confess the truth, I was
‘ pleased with my man. I was pleased with my con-
‘ quest. To rival my aunt delighted me; to rival so
‘ many other woman charmed me. In short, I am
‘ afraid, I did not behave as I should do, even upon
‘ the very first declaration.— I wish I did not almost
‘ give him positive encouragement before we parted.

‘ The Bath now talked loudly, I might almost say,
‘ roared against me. Several young women affected to
‘ shun my acquaintance, not so much perhaps from
‘ any real suspicion, as from a desire of banishing me
‘ from a company, in which I too much engrossed their
‘ favourite man. And here I cannot omit expressing
‘ my gratitude to the kindness intended me by Mr.
‘ Nash; who took me one day aside, and gave me ad-
‘ vice, which if I had followed, I had been a happy
‘ woman. ‘ Child,’ says he, ‘ I am sorry to see the
‘ familiarity which subsists between you and a fellow
‘ who

“ who is altogether unworthy of you, and I am afraid
“ will prove your ruin. As for your old stinking
“ aunt, if it was to be no injury to you, and my
“ pretty Sophy Western, (I assure you I repeat his
“ words), I should be heartily glad thad the fellow
“ was in possession of all that belongs to her. I ne-
“ ver advise old women: for, if they take it into
“ their heads to go to the devil, it is no more possi-
“ ble, than worth while, to keep them from him.
“ Innocence, and youth, and beauty, are worthy a
“ better fate, and I would save them from his clutch-
“ es. Let me advise you therefore, dear child, never
“ suffer this fellow to be particular with you again.”—
“ Many more things he said to me, which I have
“ now forgotten, and indeed I attended very little to
“ them at that time, for inclination contradicted all
“ he said; and besides, I could not be persuaded, that
“ women of quality would condescend to familiarity
“ with such a person as he described.

“ But I am afraid, my dear, I shall tire you with a
“ detail of so many minute circumstances. To be con-
“ cise therefore, imagine me married; imagine me
“ with my husband, at the feet of my aunt; and then
“ imagine the maddest woman in Bedlam in a raving
“ fit, and your imagination will suggest to you no
“ more than what really happened.

“ The very next day my aunt left the place, partly
“ to avoid seeing Mr. Fitzpatrick or myself, and as
“ much perhaps to avoid seeing any one else; for,
“ though I am told she hath since denied every thing
“ stoutly, I believe she was then a little confounded at
“ her disaponintment. Since that time I have written
“ to her many letters; but never could obtain an an-

'swer, which I must own fits somewhat the heavier,
 'as she herself was, though undesignedly, the occa-
 'sion of all my sufferings: for, had it not been under
 'the colour of paying his addresses to her, Mr. Fitz-
 'patrick would never have found sufficient opportu-
 'nities to have engaged my heart, which, in other
 'circumstances, I still flatter myself would not have
 'been an easy conquest to such a person. Indeed, I
 'believe, I should not have erred so grossly in my
 'choice, if I had relied on my own judgment; but I
 'trusted totally to the opinion of others, and very
 'foolishly took the merit of a man for granted, whom
 'I saw so universally well received by the women.
 'What is the reason, my dear, that we who have un-
 'derstandings, equal to the wisest and greatest of the
 'other sex, so often make choice of the silliest fel-
 'lows for companions and favourites? It raises my
 'indignation to the highest pitch, to reflect on the
 'numbers of women of sense who have been undone
 'by fools.' Here she paused a moment; but, Sophia
 making no answer, she proceeded as in the next
 chapter.

CHAP. V.

In which the history of Mrs. Fitzpatrick is continued.

'WE remained at Bath no longer than a fort-
 'night after our wedding: for, as to any re-
 'conciliation with my aunt, there were no hopes;
 'and of my fortune, not one farthing could be
 'touched till I was of age, of which I now wanted
 'more than two years. My husband, therefore, was
 'resolved to set out for Ireland; against which I re-
 'mon-

‘ monstrated very earnestly, and insisted on a promise
‘ which he had made me before our marriage, that
‘ I should never take this journey against my consent;
‘ and indeed I never intended to consent to it; nor
‘ will any body, I believe, blame me for that reso-
‘ lution; but this, however, I never mentioned to
‘ my husband, and petitioned only for the ‘reprieve
‘ of a month; but he had fixed the day, and to that
‘ day he obstinately adhered.

‘ The evening before our departure, as we were
‘ disputing this point with great eagerness on both
‘ sides, he started suddenly from his chair, and left
‘ me abruptly, saying, he was going to the rooms.
‘ He was hardly out of the house, when I saw a pa-
‘ per lying on the floor, which, I suppose, he had
‘ carelessly pulled from his pocket, together with his
‘ handkerchief. This paper I took up, and, finding
‘ it to be a letter, I made no scruple to open and
‘ read it; and indeed I read it so often, that I can
‘ repeat it to you almost word for word. This then
‘ was the letter:

To Mr. Brian Fitzpatrick.

Y^R SIR,
‘ YOURS received, and am surprised you should
‘ use me in this manner, as have never seen any
‘ of your cash, unless for one linsley-woolsey coat,
‘ and your bill now is upwards of 150 l. Consider,
‘ Sir, how often you have fobbed me off with your
‘ being shortly to be married to this lady, and t’other
‘ lady; but I can neither live on hopes or promises,
‘ nor will my woollen-draper take any such in pay-
‘ ment. You tell me you are secure of having either

‘ the aunt or the niece, and that you might have
 ‘ married the aunt before this, whose jointure you
 ‘ say is immense, but that you prefer the niece on
 ‘ account of her ready money. Pray, Sir, take a
 ‘ fool’s advice for once, and marry the first you can
 ‘ get. You will pardon my offering my advice, as
 ‘ you know I sincerely wish you well. Shall draw on
 ‘ you *per* next post, in favour of Messieurs John Drug-
 ‘ get and company, at fourteen days, which doubt
 ‘ not your honouring, and am,

SIR,

Your humble servant,

SAM. COSGREVE.

‘ This was the letter word for word. Guess, my
 ‘ dear girl, guess how this letter affected me. You
 ‘ prefer the niece on account of her ready money! If
 ‘ every one of these words had been a dagger, I could
 ‘ with pleasure have stabbed them into his heart; but
 ‘ I will not recount my frantic behaviour on the occa-
 ‘ sion. I had pretty well spent my tears before his re-
 ‘ turn home; but sufficient remains of them appeared
 ‘ in my swollen eyes. He threw himself sullenly into
 ‘ his chair, and for a long time we were both silent.
 ‘ At length in a haughty tone he said: ‘ I hope,
 ‘ ‘ Madam, your servants have packed up all your
 ‘ ‘ things; for the coach will be ready by six in the
 ‘ ‘ morning.’ My patience was totally subdued by
 ‘ this provocation, and I answered: ‘ No, Sir, there
 ‘ is a letter still remains unpacked; and then throw-
 ‘ ing it on the table, I fell to upbraiding him with the
 ‘ most bitter language I could invent.

Whe-

Whether guilt, or shame, or prudence, restrained him, I cannot say; but, though he is the most passionate of men, he exerted no rage on this occasion. He endeavoured on the contrary to pacify me by the most gentle means. He swore the phrase in the letter, to which I principally objected, was not his, nor had he ever written any such. He owned indeed the having mentioned his marriage, and that preference which he had given to myself, but denied with many oaths the having assigned any such reason. And he excused the having mentioned any such matter at all, on account of the straits he was in for money, arising, he said, from his having too long neglected his estate in Ireland. And this, he said, which he could not bear to discover to me, was the only reason of his having so strenuously insisted on our journey. He then used several very endearing expressions, and concluded by a very fond caress, and many violent protestations of love.

There was one circumstance, which, though he did not appeal to it, had much weight with me in his favour, and that was the word: *jointure* in the taylor's letter, whereas my aunt never had been married, and this Mr. Fitzpatrick well knew.— As I imagined therefore, that the fellow must have inserted this of his own head, or from hearsay, I persuaded myself he might have ventured likewise on that odious line on no better authority. What reasoning was this, my dear? was I not an advocate rather than a judge.— But why do I mention such a circumstance as this, or appeal to it for the justification of my forgiveness?— In short, had he been guilty of twenty times as much, half the tenderness
' and

‘ and fondness which he used, would have prevailed
‘ on me to have forgiven him. I now made no farther
‘ objections to our setting out, which we did
‘ the next morning, and, in a little more than a week,
‘ arrived at the seat of Mr. Fitzpatrick.

‘ Your curiosity will excuse me from relating any
‘ occurrences which past during our journey: for it
‘ would indeed be highly disagreeable to travel it over
‘ ver again, and no less so to you to travel it over
‘ with me.

‘ This seat then is an ancient mansion-house: if I
‘ was in one of those merry humours, in which you
‘ have so often seen me, I could describe it to you ridiculously enough. It looked as if it had been formerly inhabited by a gentleman. Here was room enough, and not the less room on account of the furniture: for indeed there was very little in it. An old woman, who seemed coeval with the building, and greatly resembled her whom Chamont mentions in the Orphan, received us at the gate, and in a howl scarce human, and to me unintelligible, welcomed her master home. In short, the whole scene was so gloomy and melancholy, that it threw my spirits into the lowest dejection; which my husband discerning, instead of relieving, increased by two or three malicious observations. ‘ There are good
“ houses, Madam,” says he, ‘ as you find, in other
“ places besides England; but perhaps you had rather
“ be in a dirty lodgings at Bath.’

‘ Happy, my dear, is the woman, who in any state
‘ of life, hath a cheerful good-natured companion to
‘ support and comfort her; but why do I reflect on
‘ happy situations only to aggravate my own misery!

‘ my

‘ my companion, far from clearing up the gloom of
‘ solitude, soon convinced me, that I must have been
‘ wretched with him in any place, and in any condi-
‘ tion. In a word, he was a surly fellow, a character
‘ perhaps you have never seen: for indeed no woman
‘ ever sees it exemplified, but in a father, a brother,
‘ or a husband; and, though you have a father, he is
‘ not of that character. This surly fellow had for-
‘ merly appeared to me the very reverse, and so he did
‘ still to every other person. Good heaven! how is
‘ it possible for a man to maintain a constant lie in
‘ his appearance abroad and in company, and to con-
‘ tent himself with shewing disagreeable truth only
‘ at home? Here, my dear, they make themselves
‘ amends for the uneasy restraint which they put on
‘ their tempers in the world; for I have observed the
‘ more merry, and gay, and good-humoured my
‘ husband hath at any time been in company, the
‘ more fullen and morose he was sure to become at
‘ our next private meeting. How shall I describe his
‘ barbarity? To my fondness he was cold and insen-
‘ sible. My little comical ways, which you, my So-
‘ phy, and which others have called so agreeable, he
‘ treated with contempt. In my most serious moments
‘ he sung and whistled; and, whenever I was tho-
‘ roughly dejected and miserable, he was angry and
‘ abused me: for though he was never pleased with
‘ my good humour, nor ascribed it to my satisfaction
‘ in him; yet my low spirits always offended him,
‘ and those he imputed to my repentance of having
‘ (as he said), married an Irishman.

‘ You will easily conceive, my dear Graveairs; (I
‘ ask your pardon, I really forgot myself), that when

‘ a woman makes an imprudent match in the sense
‘ of the world; that is, when she is not an arrant
‘ prostitute to pecuniary interest, she must necessarily
‘ have some inclination and affection for her man.
‘ You will as easily believe that this affection may
‘ possibly be lessened; nay, I do assure you, contempt
‘ will wholly eradicate it. This contempt I now
‘ began to entertain for my husband, whom I now
‘ discovered to be— I must use the expression— an
‘ arrant blockhead. Perhaps you will wonder I did
‘ not make this discovery long before; but women
‘ will suggest a thousand excuses to themselves for
‘ the folly of those they like: besides, give me leave
‘ to tell you, it requires a most penetrating eye to
‘ discern a fool through the disguises of gaiety and
‘ good-breeding.

‘ It will be easily imagined, that when I once de-
‘ spised my husband, as I confess to you I soon did,
‘ I must consequently dislike his company; and in-
‘ deed I had the happiness of being very little trou-
‘ bled with it; for our house was now most elegantly
‘ furnished, our cellars well stocked, and dogs and
‘ horses provided in great abundance. As my gen-
‘ tleman therefore entertained his neighbours with
‘ great hospitality; so his neighbours resorted to him
‘ with great alacrity; and sports and drinking con-
‘ sumed so much of his time, that a small part of his
‘ conversation, that is to say, of his ill-humours, fell
‘ to my share.

‘ ‘ Happy would it have been for me, if I could as
‘ easily have avoided all other disagreeable company;
‘ but alas! I was confined to some which constantly
‘ tormented me; and the more, as I saw no prospect
‘ of

‘ of being relieved from them. These companions
‘ were my own racking thoughts, which plagued,
‘ and in a manner haunted me night and day. In
‘ this situation I past through a scene, the horrors of
‘ which can neither be painted nor imagined. Think,
‘ my dear, figure, if you can, to yourself what I must
‘ have undergone. I became a mother by the man
‘ I scorned, hated, and detested. I went through all
‘ the agonies and miseries of a lying-in, (ten times
‘ more painful in such a circumstance, than the worst
‘ labour can be, when one endures it for a man one
‘ loves), in a desert, or rather indeed a scene of riot
‘ and revel, without a friend, without a companion,
‘ or without any of those agreeable circumstances,
‘ which often alleviate, and, perhaps, sometimes more
‘ than compensate the sufferings of our sex at that
‘ season.’

CHAP. VI.

*In which the mistake of the landlord throws
Sophia into a dreadful consternation.*

MRS. Fitzpatrick was proceeding in her narrative, when she was interrupted by the entrance of dinner, greatly to the concern of Sophia: for the misfortunes of her friend had raised her anxiety, and left her no appetite, but what Mrs. Fitzpatrick was to satisfy by her relation.

The landlord now attended with a plate under his arm, and with the same respect in his countenance and address which he would have put on, had the ladies arrived in a coach and six.

The married lady seemed less affected with her own misfortunes than was her cousin: for the former eat
very

very heartily, whereas the latter could hardly swallow a morsel. Sophia likewise shewed more concern and sorrow in her countenance than appeared in the other lady; who, having observed these symptoms in her friend, begged her to be comforted, saying: 'Perhaps all may yet end better than either your or I expect.'

Our landlord thought he had now an opportunity to open his mouth, and was resolved not to omit it. 'I am sorry, Madam,' cries he, 'that your Ladyship can't eat; for to be sure you must be hungry after so long fasting. I hope your Ladyship is not uneasy at any thing; for, as Madam there says, all may end better than any body expects. A gentleman who was here just now brought excellent news; and perhaps some folks, who have given other folks the slip, may get to London before they are overtaken; and, if they do, I make no doubt, but they will find people who will be very ready to receive them.'

All persons, under the apprehension of danger, convert whatever they see and hear into the objects of that apprehension. Sophia therefore immediately concluded from the foregoing speech, that she was known and pursued by her father. She was now struck with the utmost consternation, and for a few minutes deprived of the power of speech; which she no sooner recovered, than she desired the landlord to send his servants out of the room, and then, addressing herself to him, said: 'I perceive, Sir, you know who we are; but I beseech you;— nay, I am convinced, if you have any compassion or goodness, you will not betray us.'

' I



‘ I betray your Ladyship!’ quoth the landlord;
‘ no; (and then he swore several very hearty oaths);
‘ I would sooner be cut into ten thousand pieces. I
‘ hate all treachery. I! I never betrayed any one in
‘ my life yet, and I am sure I shall not begin with
‘ so sweet a lady as your ladyship. All the world
‘ would very much blame me if I should, since it
‘ will be in your ladyship’s power so shortly to reward
‘ me. My wife can witness for me, I knew your
‘ ladyship the moment you came into the house: I
‘ said it was your honour, before I lifted you from your
‘ horse, and I shall carry the bruises I got in your
‘ ladyship’s service to the grave; but what signified
‘ that, as long as I saved your ladyship. To be sure
‘ some people this morning would have thought of
‘ getting a reward; but no such thought ever entered
‘ into my head. I would sooner starve than take any
‘ reward for betraying your ladyship.’

‘ I promise you, Sir,’ says Sophia, ‘ if it be ever
‘ in my power to reward you, you shall not lose by
‘ your generosity.’

‘ Alack a-day, Madam!’ answered the landlord, in
‘ your ladyship’s power! heaven put it as much into
‘ your will. I am only afraid your honour will forget
‘ such a poor man as an inkeeper; but if your lady-
‘ ship should not, I hope you will remember what
‘ reward I refused—refused! that is, I would have re-
‘ fused, and to be sure it may be called refusing; for I
‘ might have had it certainly; and to be sure you might
‘ have been in some houses— but for my part, would
‘ not methinks for the world have your ladyship wrong
‘ me so much, as to imagine I ever thought of betray-
‘ ing you, even before I heard the good news.’

‘What news pray?’ says Sophia, something eagerly.

‘Hath not your ladyship heard it then?’ cries the landlord, ‘nay, like enough: for I heard it only a few minutes ago; and if I had never heard it, may the devil fly away with me this instant, if I would have betrayed your honour; no, if I would, may I’— Here he subjoined several dreadful imprecations, which Sophia at last interrupted, and begged to know what he meant by the news.— He was going to answer, when Mrs. Honour came running into the room, all pale and breathless, and cried out: ‘Madam, we are all undone, all ruined,’ ‘they are come, they are come!’ these words almost froze up the blood of Sophia; but Mrs. Fitzpatrick asked Honour who were come?— ‘Who?’ answered she, ‘why the French; several hundred thousands of them are landed, and we shall be all murdered and ravished.’

As a miser, who hath in some well-built city a cottage value twenty shillings, when at a distance he is alarmed with the news of a fire, turns pale and trembles at his loss; but when he finds the beautiful palaces only are burnt, and his own cottage remains safe, he comes instantly to himself and smiles at his good fortunes; or as (for we dislike something in the former simile) the tender mother, when terrified with the apprehension that her darling boy is drowned, is struck senseless and almost dead with consternation; but when she is told that little master is safe, and the Victory only with twelve hundred brave men gone to the bottom, life and sense again return, maternal fondness enjoys the sudden relief from all its fears,

and the general benevolence which at another time would have deeply felt the dreadful catastrophe, lies fast asleep in her mind.

So Sophia, than whom none was more capable of tenderly feeling the general calamity of her country, found such immediate satisfaction from the relief of those terrors she had of being overtaken by her father, that the arrival of the French scarce made any impression on her. She gently chid her maid for the fright into which she had thrown her; and said: ‘she was glad it was no worse; for that she had feared somebody else was come.’

‘Ay, ay,’ quoth the landlord smiling, ‘her ladyship knows better things; she knows the French are our very best friends, and come over hither only for our good. They are the people who are to make old England flourish again. I warrant her honour thought the duke was coming; and that was enough to put her into a fright. I was going to tell your ladyship the news— His honour’s majesty, heaven bless him, hath given the duke the slip; and is marching as fast as he can to London, and ten thousand French are landed to join him on the road.’

Sophia was not greatly pleased with this news, nor with the gentleman who related it; but as she still imagined he knew her (for she could not possibly have any suspicion of the real truth) she durst not shew any dislike. And now the landlord, having removed the cloth from the table, withdrew; but at his departure frequently repeated his hopes of being remembered hereafter.

The mind of Sophia was not at all easy under the supposition of being known at this house; for she still applied to herself many things which the landlord had addressed to Jenny Cameron; she therefore ordered her maid to pump out of him by what means he had become acquainted with her person, and who had offered him the reward for betraying her; she likewise ordered the horses to be in readiness by four in the morning, at which hour Mrs. Fitzpatrick promised to bear her company; and then composing herself as well as she could, she desired that lady to continue her story.

CHAP. VII.

In which Mrs. Fitzpatrick concludes her history.

WHILE Mrs. Honour, in pursuance of the commands of her mistress, ordered a bowl of punch, and invited my landlord and landlady to partake of it, Mrs. Fitzpatrick thus went on with her relation.

‘ Most of the officers who were quartered at a town in our neighbourhood were of my husband’s acquaintance. Among these was a lieutenant, a very pretty sort of a man, and who was married to a woman so agreeable both in her temper and conversation, that from our first knowing each other, which was soon after my lying-in, we were almost inseparable companions; for I had the good fortune to make myself equally agreeable to her.

‘ The lieutenant, who was neither a sot nor a sportsman, was frequently of our parties; indeed he was very little with my husband, and no more than

‘ than good breeding constrained him to be, as he
‘ lived almost constantly at our house. My husband
‘ often expressed much dissatisfaction at the lieutenant’s
‘ preferring my company to his; he was very angry
‘ with me on that account, and gave me many a hear-
‘ ty curse for drawing away his companions; saying:
“ I ought to be d—ned for having spoiled one of the
“ prettiest fellows in the world, by making a milk-
“ sop of him.’

‘ You will be mistaken, my dear Sophia, if you
‘ imagine that the anger of my husband arose from
‘ my depriving him of a companion; for the lieute-
‘ nant was not a person with whose society a fool
‘ could be pleased; and if I should admit the possibility
‘ of this, so little right had my husband to place the
‘ loss of his companion to me, that I am convinced
‘ it was my conversation alone which induced him
‘ ever to come to the house. No, child, it was envy,
‘ the worst and most rancorous kind of envy, the
‘ envy of superiority of understanding. The wretch
‘ could not bear to see my conversation preferred to
‘ his, by a man of whom he could not entertain the
‘ least jealousy. O my dear Sophy, you are a woman
‘ of sense; if you marry a man, as is most probable
‘ you will, of less capacity than yourself, make fre-
‘ quent trials of his temper before marriage, and see
‘ whether he can bear to submit to such a superiori-
‘ ty.— Promise me, Sophy, you will take this advice;
‘ for you will hereafter find its importance.’ ‘ It is very
‘ likely I shall never marry at all,’ answered Sophia;
‘ I think, at least, I shall never marry a man in whose
‘ understanding I see any defects before marriage;
‘ and I promise you I would rather give up my own,

‘ than see any such afterwards.’— ‘ Give up your understanding!’ replied Mrs. Fitzpatrick, ‘ O fie, child, I will not believe so meanly of you. Every thing else I might myself be brought to give up; but never this. Nature would not have allotted this superiority to the wife in so many instances, if she had intended we should all of us have surrendered it to the husband. This indeed men of sense never expect of us; of which the lieutenant I have just mentioned was one notable example, for though he had a very good understanding, he always acknowledged (as was really true) that his wife had a better. And this, perhaps, was one reason of the hatred my tyrant bore her.

‘ Before he would be so governed by a wife, he said, especially such an ugly b— (for indeed she was not a regular beauty, but very agreeable and extremely genteel) he would see all the women upon earth at the devil, which was a very usual phrase with him. He said, he wondered what I could see in her to be so charmed with her company; since this woman, says he, hath come among us, there is an end of your beloved reading, which you pretended to like so much, that you could not afford time to return the visits of the ladies, in this country; and I must confess I had been guilty of a little rudeness this way; for the ladies there are at least no better than the mere country ladies here; and I think I need make no other excuse to you for declining any intimacy with them.

‘ This correspondence however continued a whole year, even all the while the lieutenant was quartered in that town; for which I was contented to
‘ pay

‘ pay the tax of being constantly abused in the man-
‘ ner above mentioned by my husband; I mean when
‘ he was at home; for he was frequently absent a
‘ month at a time at Dublin, and once made a journey
‘ of two months to London; in all which journies I
‘ thought it a very singular happiness that he never
‘ once desired my company; nay, by his frequent
‘ censures on men who could not travel, as he phrased
‘ it, without a wife tied up to their tail, he sufficiently
‘ intimated, that had I been never so desirous of ac-
‘ companying him, my wishes would have been in
‘ vain; but heaven knows, such wishes were very far
‘ from my thoughts.

‘ At length my friend was removed from me,
‘ and I was again left to my solitude, to the tor-
‘ menting conversation with my own reflections, and
‘ to apply to books for my only comfort. I now
‘ read almost all day long.— How many books do
‘ you think I read in three months?’ ‘I can’t guess
‘ indeed, cousin, answered Sophia.— ‘Perhaps half a
‘ score?’ ‘Half a score! half a thousand, child,’ an-
‘ swered the other. ‘I read a good deal in Daniel’s
‘ English History of France; a great deal in Plu-
‘ tarch’s Lives; the Atalantas; Pope’s Homer; Dry-
‘ den’s Plays; Chillingworth; the Countess d’Ancis,
‘ and Locke’s Human Understanding.

‘ During this interval I wrote three very supplicat-
‘ ing, and, I thought, moving letters to my aunt;
‘ but as I received no answer to any of them, my dis-
‘ dain would not suffer me to continue my applica-
‘ tion.’— Here she stopt, and looking earnestly at So-
‘ phia, said: ‘Methinks, my dear, I read something in
‘ your eyes which reproaches me of neglect in ano-

‘ther place, where I should have met with a kinder
‘return.’ ‘Indeed, dear Harriet,’ answered Sophia,
‘your story is an apology for any neglect; but indeed
‘I feel that I have been guilty of a remissness, with-
‘out so good an excuse.— Yet, pray proceed; for I
‘long, though I tremble, to hear the end.’

Thus then Mrs. Fitzpatrick resumed her narrative:
‘My husband now took a second journey to England.
‘where he continued upwards of three months; dur-
‘ing the greater part of this time, I led a life which
‘nothing but having led a worse, could make me
‘think tolerable; for perfect solitude can never be re-
‘conciled to a social mind, like mine, but when it re-
‘lieves you from the company of those you hate.
‘What added to my wretchedness, was the loss of
‘my little infant: not that I pretend to have had for
‘it that extravagant tenderness of which I believe I
‘might have been capable under other circumstances;
‘but I resolved in every instance, to discharge the duty
‘of the tenderest mother; and this care prevented
‘me from feeling the weight of that heaviest of all
‘things, when it can be at all said to lie heavy on our
‘hands.’

‘I had spent full ten weeks almost entirely by my-
‘self, having seen nobody all that time, except my
‘servants and a very few visitors, when a young lady,
‘a relation to my husband, came from a distant part
‘of Ireland to visit me. She had staid once before a
‘week at my house, and then I gave her a pressing
‘invitation to return; for she was a very agreeable
‘woman, and had improved good natural parts by a
‘proper education. Indeed she was to me a most wel-
‘come guest.

‘A

‘ A few days after her arrival, perceiving me in
‘ very low spirits, without enquiring the cause, which
‘ indeed she very well knew, the young lady fell to
‘ compassionating my case. She said: ‘ Though po-
“ liteness had prevented me from complaining to my
“ husband’s relations of his behaviour; yet they all
“ were very sensible of it, and felt great concern
“ upon that account; but none more than herself.’
‘ And after some more general discourse on this
‘ head, which I own I could not forbear countenan-
‘ cing; at last, after much previous precaution,
‘ and enjoined concealment, she communicated to
‘ me, as a profound secret—that my husband kept
‘ a mistress.

‘ You will certainly imagine, I heard this news
‘ with the utmost insensibility— Upon my word, if
‘ you do, your imagination will mislead you. Con-
‘ tempt had not so kept down my anger to my husband,
‘ but that hatred rose again on this occasion. What
‘ can be the reason of this? Are we so abominably
‘ selfish, that we can be concerned at others having
‘ possession even of what we despise? or are we not
‘ rather abominably vain, and is not this the greatest
‘ injury done to our vanity? What think you, So-
‘ phia?

‘ I don’t know, indeed,’ answered Sophia, ‘ I have
‘ never troubled myself with any of these deep con-
‘ templations: but I think the lady did very ill in
‘ communicating to you such a secret.

‘ And yet, my dear, this conduct is natural,’ re-
plied Mrs. Fitzpatrick; ‘ and when you have seen
‘ and read as much as myself, you will acknowledge
‘ it to be so.’

‘ I am sorry to hear it is natural,’ returned Sophia;
‘ for I want neither reading nor experience to con-
‘ vince me, that it is very dishonourable and very ill-
‘ natured; nay, it is surely as ill-bred to tell a hus-
‘ band or wife of the faults of each other, as to tell
‘ them of their own.’

‘ Well, continued Mrs. Fitzpatrick, ‘ my husband
‘ at last returned; and, if I am thoroughly acquaint-
‘ ed with my own thoughts, I hated him now more
‘ than ever; but I despised him rather less: for cer-
‘ tainly nothing so much weakens our contempt, as
‘ an injury done to our pride or our vanity.

‘ He now assumed a carriage to me, so very differ-
‘ ent from what he had lately worn, and so nearly
‘ resembling his behaviour the first week of our mar-
‘ riage, that, had I now any spark of love remaining,
‘ he might, possibly, have rekindled my fondness for
‘ him. But, though hatred may succeed to contempt,
‘ and may perhaps get the better of it, love, I be-
‘ lieve, cannot. The truth is, the passion of love is
‘ too restless to remain contented, without the grati-
‘ fication which it receives from its object: and one
‘ can no more be inclined to love without loving, than
‘ we can have eyes without seeing. When a husband,
‘ therefore, ceases to be the object of this passion, it is
‘ most probable some other man — I say, my dear,
‘ if your husband grows indifferent to you — if you
‘ once come to despise him — I say, — that is, — if
‘ you have the passion of love in you — Lud! I have
‘ bewildered myself so, — but one is apt, in these ab-
‘ stracted considerations, to lose the concatenation of
‘ ideas, as Mr. Locke says. — In short, the truth
‘ is — in short, I scarce know what it is; but, as I
‘ was

‘ was saying, my husband returned, and his behavi-
‘ our, at first, greatly surpris’d me; but he soon ac-
‘ quainted me with the motive, and taught me to ac-
‘ count for it. In a word, then, he had spent and
‘ lost all the ready money of my fortune; and, as he
‘ could mortgage his own estate no deeper, he was
‘ now desirous to supply himself with cash for his ex-
‘ travagance, by selling a little estate of mine, which
‘ he could not do without my assistance; and, to ob-
‘ tain this favour was the whole and sole motive of
‘ all the fondness which he now put on.

‘ With this I peremptorily refused to comply. I
‘ told him, and I told him truly, that, had I been
‘ possessed of the Indies at our first marriage, he
‘ might have commanded it all: for it had been a
‘ constant maxim with me, that, where a woman dispo-
‘ ses of her heart, she should always deposit her for-
‘ tune; but as he had been so kind, long ago, to re-
‘ store the former into my possession, I was resolved
‘ likewise to retain what little remained of the latter.

‘ I will not describe to you the passion into which
‘ these words, and the resolute air in which they were
‘ spoken, threw him: nor will I trouble you with the
‘ whole scene which succeeded between us. Out came,
‘ you may be well assured, the story of the mistress;
‘ and out it did come, with all the embellishments
‘ which anger and disdain could bestow upon it.

‘ Mr. Fitzpatrick seem’d a little thunderstruck
‘ with this, and more confused than I had seen him;
‘ though his ideas are always confused enough, Heaven
‘ knows. He did not, however, endeavour to excul-
‘ pate himself; but took a method which almost
‘ equally confounded me. What was this but recri-
‘ mi-

‘ mination! He affected to be jealous;— he may, for
‘ ought I know, be inclined enough to jealousy in
‘ his natural temper: nay, he must have had it from
‘ nature, or the devil must have put it into his head;
‘ for I defy all the world to cast a just aspersion on
‘ my character: nay, the most scandalous tongues
‘ have never dared censure my reputation. My fame,
‘ I thank Heaven, hath been always as spotless as
‘ my life; and let falsehood itself accuse that, if it
‘ dare. No, my dear Graveairs, however provoked,
‘ however ill-treated, however injured in my love, I
‘ have firmly resolved never to give the least room
‘ for censure on this account.— And yet, my dear,
‘ there are some people so malicious, some tongues
‘ so venomous, that no innocence can escape them.
‘ The most undesign’d word, the most accidental
‘ look, the least familiarity, the most innocent free-
‘ dom, will be misconstrued, and magnified into I
‘ know not what, by some people. But I despise, my
‘ dear Graveairs, I despise all such slander. No such
‘ malice, I assure you, ever gave me an uneasy mo-
‘ ment. No, no, I promise you I am above all that—
‘ But where was I? O let me see; I told you my hus-
‘ band was jealous— And of whom pray?— Why
‘ of whom but the lieutenant I mentioned to you
‘ before? He was obliged to resort above a year
‘ and more back, to find any object for this unac-
‘ countable passion, if indeed he really felt any such,
‘ and was not an arrant counterfeit, in order to
‘ abuse me.

‘ But I have tired you already with too many par-
‘ ticulars; I will now bring my story to a very spee-
‘ dy conclusion. In short, then, after many scenes
‘ very

• very unworthy to be repeated, in which my cousin
• engaged so heartily on my side, that Mr. Fitzpa-
• trick at last turned her out of doors; when he found
• I was neither to be soothed nor bullied into com-
• pliance, he took a very violent method indeed. Per-
• haps you will conclude he beat me; but this, tho'
• he hath approached very near to it, he never ac-
• tually did. He confined me to my room, without
• suffering me to have either pen, ink, paper, or
• book; and a servant every day made my bed, and
• brought me my food.

• When I had remained a week under this imprison-
• ment, he made me a visit, and, with the voice of a
• schoolmaster, or, what is often much the same, of
• a tyrant, asked me: 'If I would yet comply?' I
• answered very stoutly: 'That I would die first.'
• "Then so you shall, and be d—ned," cries he: "for
• you shall never go alive out of this room."

• Here I remained a fortnight longer; and, to say
• the truth, my constancy was almost subdued, and I
• began to think of submission; when one day, in the
• absence of my husband, who was gone abroad for
• some short time, by the greatest good fortune in
• the world, an accident happened.—— I—— at a
• time when I began to give way to the utmost despair
• —— every thing would be excusable at such a time
• —— at that very time I received—— But it would
• take up an hour to tell you all particulars.— In one
• word, then, (for I will not tire you with circum-
• stances), gold, the common key to all padlocks,
• opened my door, and set me at liberty.

• I now made haste to Dublin, where I immedi-
• ately procured a passage to England; and was pro-
• ceeding

‘ceeding to Bath, in order to throw myself into the
‘protection of my aunt, or of your father, or of any
‘relation who would afford it me. My husband
‘overtook me last night at the inn where I lay,
‘and which you left a few minutes before me:
‘but I had the good luck to escape him, and to
‘follow you.

‘And thus, my dear, ends my history; a tragical
‘one, I am sure, it is to myself; but, perhaps, I
‘ought rather to apologize to you for its dullness.’

Sophia heaved a deep sigh, and answered: ‘In-
‘deed, Harriet, I pity you from my soul!— But
‘what could you expect? Why, why, would you
‘marry an Irishman?’

‘Upon my word,’ replied her cousin, ‘your cen-
‘sure is unjust. There are, among the Irish, men
‘of as much worth and honour, as any among the
‘English: nay, to speak the truth, generosity of spi-
‘rit is rather more common among them. I have
‘known some examples there too of good husbands;
‘and, I believe these are not very plenty in England.
‘Ask me, rather, what I could expect when I mar-
‘ried a fool; and I will tell you a solemn truth; I
‘did not know him to be so.’— ‘Can no man,’ said
Sophia in a very low and altered voice, ‘do you
‘think, make a bad husband, who is not a fool?’
‘That,’ answered the other, ‘is too general a ne-
‘gative; but none, I believe, so likely as a fool to
‘prove so. Among my acquaintance, the silliest fel-
‘lows are the worst husbands; and I will venture to
‘assert, as a fact, that a man of sense rarely behaves
‘very ill to a wife, who deserves very well.’

CHAP. VIII.

A dreadful alarm in the inn, with the arrival of an unexpected friend of Mrs. Fitzpatrick.

SOPHIA now, at the desire of her cousin, related — not what follows, but what hath gone before in this history, for which reason the reader will, I suppose, excuse me, for not repeating it over again.

One remark, however, I cannot forbear making on her narrative, namely, that she made no more mention of Jones, from the beginning to the end, than if there had been no such person alive. This I will neither endeavour to account for, nor to excuse. Indeed, if this may be called a kind of dishonesty, it seems the more inexcusable, from the apparent openness and explicit sincerity of the other lady.— But so it was.

Just as Sophia arrived at the conclusion of her story, there arrived in the room, where the two ladies were sitting, a noise, not unlike, in loudness, to that of a pack of hounds just let out from their kennel; nor, in shrillness, to cats, when caterwauling; or, to screech-owls; or, indeed, more like (for what animal can resemble a human voice?) to those sounds, which, in the pleasant mansions of that gate, which seems to derive its name from a duplicity of tongues, issue from the mouths, and sometimes from the nostrils of those fair river-nymphs, cleped of old the Naiades; in the vulgar tongue translated oyster-wenches; for when, instead of the ancient libations of milk, and honey, and oil, the rich distillation from the juniper-berry, or perhaps from malt, hath, by the early devotion of their votaries, been poured forth in great abundance, should
any

any daring tongue with unhallowed license prophane; *i. e.* depreciate the delicate fat Milton-oyster, the plaice sound and firm, the flounder as much alive as when in the water, the shrimp as big as a prawn, the fine cod alive but a few hours ago, or any other of the various treasures, which those water-deities, who fish the sea and rivers, have committed to the care of the nymphs, the angry Naiades lift up their immortal voices, and the prophane wretch is struck deaf for his impiety.

Such was the noise, which now burst from one of the rooms below; and soon the thunder, which long had rattled at a distance, began to approach nearer and nearer, till, having ascended by degrees up stairs, it at last entered the apartment where the ladies were. In short, to drop all metaphor and figure, Mrs. Honour, having scolded violently below stairs, and continued the same all the way up, came in to her mistress in a most outrageous passion, crying out: ‘What
‘ doth your ladyship think? Would you imagine,
‘ that this impudent villain, the master of this house,
‘ hath had the impudence to tell me, nay, to stand it
‘ out to my face, that your ladyship is that nasty,
‘ stinking wh—re, (Jenny Cameron they call her),
‘ that runs about the country with the pretender?
‘ Nay, the lying, faucy villain, had the assurance to
‘ tell me, that your ladyship had owned yourself to
‘ be so: but I have clawed the rascal; I have left the
‘ marks of my nails in his impudent face. My lady!’ says I, ‘you faucy scoundrel: my lady is meat for no
‘ pretenders. She is a young lady of as good fashion,
‘ and family, and fortune, as any in Somersetshire.
‘ Did you never hear of the great ’squire Western,
‘ sirrah?’

‘sirrah? She is his only daughter; She is, — and
 ‘heireſs to all his great eſtate. My lady to be called
 ‘a naſty Scotch wh—re by ſuch a varlet— To be
 ‘ſure, I wiſh I had knocked his brains out with the
 ‘punch bowl!’

The principal uneaſineſs with which Sophia was affected on this occaſion, Honour had herſelf cauſed, by having in her paſſion diſcovered who ſhe was. However, as this miſtake of the landlord ſufficiently accounted for thoſe paſſages which Sophia had before miſtaken, ſhe acquired ſome eaſe on that account; nor could ſhe, upon the whole, forbear ſmiling. This enrag’d Honour, and ſhe cried: ‘Indeed, Madam, I
 ‘did not think your ladyſhip would have made a laughing matter of it. To be called whore by ſuch an
 ‘impudent low rascal. Your ladyſhip may be angry
 ‘with me, for ought I know, for taking your part, ſince proffered ſervice, they ſay, ſtinks; but to be
 ‘ſure I could never bear to hear a lady of mine called
 ‘whore.— Nor will I bear it. I am ſure your
 ‘ladyſhip is as virtuous a lady as ever ſet foot on
 ‘English ground, and I will claw any villain’s eyes
 ‘out who dares for to offer to preſume for to ſay
 ‘the leaſt word to the contrary. Nobody ever could
 ‘ſay the leaſt ill of the character of any lady that ever
 ‘I waited upon.’

Hinc illæ lachrymæ; in plain truth, Honour had much love for her miſtreſs as moſt ſervants have, that is to ſay— But, beſides this, her pride obliged her to ſupport the character of the lady ſhe waited on; for ſhe thought her own was in a very cloſe manner connected with it. In proportion as the character of her miſtreſs was raiſed, hers likewise, as ſhe con-

ceived, was raised with it; and, on the contrary, she thought the one could not be lowered without the other.

On this subject, reader, I must stop a moment to tell thee a story. ‘The famous Nell Gwynn, stepping one day from a house, where she had made a short visit, into her coach, saw a great mob assembled, and her footman all bloody and dirty: the fellow being asked by his mistress, the reason of his being in that condition, answered: ‘I have been fighting, Madam, with an impudent rascal who called your ladyship a wh—re.’ ‘You blockhead,’ replied Mrs. Gwynn, ‘at this rate you must fight every day of your life; why, you fool, all the world knows it.’ ‘Do they?’ cries the fellow in a muttering voice, after she had shut the coach-door, ‘they shan’t call me a whore’s footman for all that.’

Thus the passion of Mrs. Honour appears natural enough, even if it were to be no otherwise accounted for; but, in reality, there was another cause of her anger: for which we must beg leave to remind our reader of a circumstance mentioned in the above simile. There are indeed certain liquors, which, being applied to our passions, or to fire, produce effects the very reverse of those produced by water, as they serve to kindle and inflame, rather than to extinguish. Among these, the generous liquor called *punch* is one. It was not therefore without reason, that the learned Dr. Cheney used to call drinking punch: pouring liquid fire down your throat.

Now Mrs. Honour had unluckily poured so much of this liquid fire down her throat, that the smoke of it began to ascend into her pericranium, and blinded the

the eyes of reason, which is there supposed to keep her residence, while the fire itself from the stomach easily reached the heart, and there inflamed the noble passion of pride: So that, upon the whole, we shall cease to wonder at the violent rage of the waiting woman; though at first sight we must confess the cause seems inadequate to the effect.

Sophia, and her cousin both, did all in their power to extinguish these flames, which had roared so loudly all over the house. They at length prevailed; or, to carry the metaphor one step farther, the fire, having consumed all the fuel which the language affords, to wit, every reproachful term in it, at last went out of its own accord.

But, though tranquillity was restored above stairs, it was not so below; where my landlady, highly resenting the injury done to the beauty of her husband, by the flesh spades of Mrs. Honour, called aloud for revenge and justice. As to the poor man, who had principally suffered in the engagement, he was perfectly quiet. Perhaps the blood which he lost might have cooled his anger: for the enemy had not only applied her nails to his cheeks, but likewise her fist to his nostrils, which lamented the blow with tears of blood in great abundance. To this we may add reflections on his mistake; but indeed nothing so effectually silenced his resentment, as the manner in which he now discovered his error; for as to the behaviour of Mrs. Honour, it had the more confirmed him in his opinion: but he was now assured by a person of great figure, and who was attended by a great equipage, that one of the ladies was a woman of fashion and his intimate acquaintance.

By the orders of this person, the landlord now ascended, and acquainted our fair travellers, that a great gentleman below desired to do them the honour of waiting on them. Sophia turned pale, and trembled at this message, though the reader will conclude it was too civil, notwithstanding the landlord's blunder, to have come from her father; but fear hath the common fault of a justice of peace, and is apt to conclude hastily from every slight circumstance, without examining the evidence on both sides.

To ease the reader's curiosity, therefore, rather than his apprehensions, we proceed to inform him, that an Irish peer had arrived very late that evening at the inn in his way to London. This nobleman, having sallied from his supper at the hurricane before commemorated, had seen the attendant of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, and upon a short enquiry was informed, that her lady, with whom he was very particularly acquainted, was above. This information he had no sooner received, than he addressed himself to the landlord, pacified him, and sent him up stairs with compliments rather civiler than those which were delivered.

It may perhaps be wondered at, that the waiting-woman herself was not the messenger employed on this occasion; but we are sorry to say, she was not at present qualified for that, or indeed for any other office. The rum (for so the landlord chose to call the distillation from malt), had basely taken the advantage of the fatigue which the poor woman had undergone, and had made terrible depredations on her noble faculties, at a time when they were very unable to resist the attack.

We

We shall not describe this tragical scene too fully; but we thought ourselves obliged, by that historic integrity which we profess, shortly to hint a matter, which we would otherwise have been glad to have spared. Many historians indeed, for want of this integrity, or of diligence, to say no worse, often leave the reader to find out these little circumstances in the dark, and sometimes to his great confusion and perplexity.

Sophia was very soon eased of her causeless fright by the entry of the noble peer, who was not only an intimate acquaintance of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, but in reality a very particular friend of that lady. To say the truth, it was by his assistance, that she had been enabled to escape from her husband; for this nobleman had the same gallant disposition with those renowned knights, of whom we read in heroic story, and had delivered many an imprisoned nymph from durance. He was indeed as bitter an enemy to the savage authority too often exercised by husbands and fathers, over the young and lovely of the other sex, as ever knight-errant was to the barbarous power of enchanters; nay, to say the truth, I have often suspected, that those very enchanters, with which romance every where abounds, were in reality no other than the husbands of those days; and matrimony itself was perhaps the enchanted castle in which the nymphs were said to be confined.

This nobleman had an estate in the neighbourhood of Fitzpatrick, and had been for some time acquainted with the lady. No sooner therefore did he hear of her confinement, than he earnestly applied himself to procure her liberty: which he presently effected, not by storming the castle, according to the example

of ancient heroes ; but by corrupting the governor, in conformity with the modern art of war ; in which craft is held to be preferable to valour, and gold is found to be more irresistible than either lead or steel.

This circumstance, however, as the lady did not think it material enough to relate to her friend, we would not at that time impart it to the reader. We rather chose to leave him a while under a supposition, that she had found, or coined, or by some very extraordinary, perhaps supernatural means, had possessed herself of the money with which she had bribed her keeper, than to interrupt her narrative by giving a hint of what seemed to her of too little importance to be mentioned.

The peer, after a short conversation, could not forbear expressing some surprize at meeting the lady in that place ; nor could he refrain from telling her, he imagined she had been gone to Bath. Mrs. Fitzpatrick very freely answered : ‘ That she had been prevented in her purpose by the arrival of a person she need no mention. In short,’ says she, ‘ I was overtaken by my husband (for I need not affect to conceal what the world knows too well already). I had the good fortune to escape in a most surprising manner, and am now going to London with this young lady, who is a near relation of mine, and who hath escaped from as great a tyrant as my own.’

His lordship concluding that this tyrant was likewise a husband, made a speech full of compliments to both the ladies, and as full of invectives against his own sex ; nor indeed did he avoid some oblique glances at the matrimonial institution itself, and at the unjust powers given by it to man over the more
sen-

sensible, and more meritorious part of the species. He ended his oration with an offer of his protection, and of his coach and six, which was instantly accepted by Mrs. Fitzpatrick, and at last, upon her persuasions, by Sophia.

Matters being thus adjusted, his lordship took his leave, and the ladies retired to rest, where Mrs. Fitzpatrick entertained her cousin with many high encomiums on the character of the noble peer, and enlarged very particularly on his great fondness for his wife; saying, she believed he was almost the only person of high rank, who was entirely constant to the marriage-bed. ‘Indeed,’ added she, ‘my dear Sophy, that is a very rare virtue amongst men of condition. Never expect it when you marry; for, believe me, if you do, you will certainly be deceived.’

A gentle sigh stole from Sophia at these words, which perhaps contributed to form a dream of no very pleasant kind; but as she never revealed this dream to any one, so the reader cannot expect to see it related here.

CHAP. IX.

The morning introduced in some pretty writing. A stagecoach. The civility of chamber-maids. The heroic temper of Sophia. Her generosity. The return to it. The departure of the company, and their arrival at London; with some remarks for the use of travellers.

THOSE members of the society, who are born to furnish the blessings of life, now began to light their candles, in order to pursue their daily labours

hours for the use of those who are born to enjoy these blessings. The sturdy hind now attends the levee of his fellow-labourer the ox; the cunning artificer, the diligent mechanic, spring from their hard mattresses; and now the bonny housemaid begins to repair the disordered drum-room, while the riotous authors of that disorder, in broken interrupted slumbers tumble and toss, as if the hardness of down disquieted their repose.

In simple phrase, the clock had no sooner struck seven, than the ladies were ready for their journey; and at their desire, his lordship and his equipage were prepared to attend them.

And now a matter of some difficulty arose; and this was how his lordship himself should be conveyed; for though in stage-coaches, where passengers are properly considered as so much luggage, the ingenious coachman flows half a dozen with perfect ease into the place of four: for well he contrives that the fat hostess, or well-fed alderman, may take up no more room than the slim miss, or taper master; it being the nature of guts, when well squeezed, to give way, and to lie in a narrow compass; yet in these vehicles, which are called, for distinction's sake, *gentlemen's coaches*, though they are often larger than the others, this method of packing is never attempted.

His lordship would have put a short end to the difficulty, by very gallantly desiring to mount his horse; but Mrs. Fitzpatrick would by no means consent to it. It was therefore concluded, that the Abigail should by turns relieve each other on one of his lordship's horses, which was presently equipped with a side saddle for that purpose.

Every

Every thing being settled at the inn, the ladies discharged their former guides, and Sophia made a present to the landlord, partly to repair the bruise which he had received under herself, and partly on account of what he had suffered under the hands of her enraged waiting-woman. And now Sophia first discovered a loss which gave her some uneasiness; and this was of the hundred pound bank-bill which her father had given her at their last meeting; and which, within a very inconsiderable trifle, was all the treasure she was at present worth. She searched every where, and shook and tumbled all her things to no purpose; the bill was not to be found; and she was at last fully persuaded, that she had lost it from her pocket, when she had the misfortune of tumbling from her horse in the dark lane, as before recorded: A fact that seemed the more probable, as she now recollected some discomposure in her pockets which had happened at that time, and the great difficulty with which she had drawn forth her handkerchief, the very instant before her fall, in order to relieve the distress of Mrs. Fitzpatrick.

Misfortunes of this kind, whatever inconveniencies they may be attended with, are incapable of subduing a mind in which there is any strength, without the assistance of avarice. Sophia therefore, though nothing could be worse timed than this accident at such a season, immediately got the better of her concern, and, with her wonted serenity and cheerfulness of countenance, returned to her company. His lordship conducted the ladies into the vehicle, as he did likewise Mrs. Honour, who, after many civilities, and more dear Madams, at last yielded to the well bred importunities of her sister Abigail, and submitted to be

complimented with the first ride in the coach; in which indeed she would afterwards have been contented to have pursued her whole journey, had not her mistress, after several fruitless intimations, at length forced her to take her turn on horseback.

The coach now, having received its company, began to move forwards, attended by many servants, and by two led captains, who had before rode with his lordship, and who would have been dismissed from the vehicle upon a much less worthy occasion, than was this of accommodating two ladies. In this they acted only as gentlemen; but they were ready at any time to have performed the office of a footman, or indeed would have condescended lower, for the honour of his lordship's company, and for the convenience of his table.

My landlord was so pleased with the present he had received from Sophia, that he rather rejoiced in than regretted his bruise, or his scratches. The reader will perhaps be curious to know the *quantum* of this present; but we cannot satisfy his curiosity. Whatever it was, it satisfied the landlord for his bodily hurt: but he lamented he had not known before how little the lady valued her money: 'For to be sure,' says he, 'one might have charged every article double, and she would have made no cavil at the reckoning.'

His wife however was far from drawing this conclusion; whether she really felt any injury done to her husband more than he did himself, I will not say; certain it is, she was much less satisfied with the generosity of Sophia: 'Indeed,' cries she, 'my dear, the lady knows better how to dispose of her money than you imagine. She might very well think we should

not

not

not

‘ not put up such a business without some satisfaction,
‘ and the law would have cost her an infinite deal
‘ more than this poor little matter, which I wonder
‘ you would take.’ ‘ You are always so bloodily wise,’
quoth the husband: ‘ It would have cost her more,
‘ would it? dost fancy I don’t know that as well as
‘ thee? but would any of that more, or so much,
‘ have come into our pockets? Indeed, if son Tom
‘ the lawyer had been alive, I could have been glad
‘ to have put such a pretty business into his hands.
‘ He would have got a good picking out of it; but I
‘ have no relation now who is a lawyer, and why
‘ should I go to law for the benefit of strangers?’
‘ Nay, to be sure,’ answered she, ‘ you must know
‘ best.’ ‘ I believe I do,’ replied he. ‘ I fancy,
‘ when money is to be got, I can smell it out as well
‘ as another. Every body, let me tell you, would
‘ not have talked people out of this. Mind that, I
‘ say; every body would not have cajoled this out of
‘ her, mind that.’ The wife then joined in the ap-
plause of her husband’s sagacity; and thus ended the
short dialogue between them on this occasion.

We will therefore take our leave of these good people, and attend his lordship and his fair companions, who made such good expedition, that they performed a journey of ninety miles in two days, and on the second evening arrived in London, without having encountered any one adventure on the road worthy the dignity of this history to relate. Our pen, therefore, shall imitate the expedition which it describes, and our history shall keep pace with the travellers who are its subject. Good writers will indeed do well to imitate the ingenious traveller in this instance, who al-
ways

ways proportions his stay at any place, to the beauties, elegancies, and curiosities which it affords. At Esbury, at Stowe, at Wilton, at Esbury, and at Prior's Park, days are too short for the ravished imagination; while we admire the wonderful power of art in improving nature. In some of these, art chiefly engages our admiration; in others, nature and art contend for our applause; but in the last, the former seems to triumph. Here nature appears in her richest attire, and art, dressed with the modellest simplicity, attends her benignant mistress. Here nature indeed pours forth the choicest treasures which she hath lavished on this world; and here human nature presents you with an object which can be exceeded only in the other.

The same taste, the same imagination, which luxuriously riots in these elegant scenes, can be amused with objects of far inferior note. The woods, the rivers, the lawns of Devon and of Dorset, attract the eye of the ingenious traveller, and retard his pace, which delay he afterwards compensates by swiftly scouring over the gloomy heath of Bagshot, or that pleasant plain which extends itself westward from Stockbridge, where no other object than one single tree only in sixteen miles presents itself to the view, unless the clouds, in compassion to our tired spirits, kindly open their variegated mansions to our prospect.

Not so travels the money-meditating tradesman, the sagacious justice, the dignified doctor, the warm-clad grazier, with all the numerous offspring of wealth and dulness. On they jog, with equal pace, through the verdant meadows, or over the barren heath, their horses measuring four miles and a half *per* hour with the utmost exactness; the eyes of the beast and
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of his master being alike directed forwards, and employed in contemplating the same objects in the same manner. With equal rapture the good rider surveys the proudest boasts of the architect, and those fair buildings with which some unknown hand hath adorned the rich cloathing town; where heaps of bricks are piled up as a kind of monument, to shew that heaps of money have been piled there before.

And now, reader, as we are in haste to attend our heroine, we will leave to thy sagacity to apply all this to the Bæotian writers, and to those Authors who are their opposites. This thou wilt be abundantly able to perform without our aid. Bestir thyself therefore on this occasion; for though we will always lend thee proper assistance in difficult places, as we do not, like some others, expect thee to use the arts of divination to discover our meaning; yet we shall not indulge thy laziness where nothing but thy own attention is required; for thou art highly mistaken if thou dost imagine that we intended, when we began this great work, to leave thy sagacity nothing to do; or that without sometimes exercising this talent, thou wilt be able to travel through our pages with any pleasure or profit to thyself.

THE HISTORY OF THE LIVES AND DEEDS OF THE FOUNDLINGS

CHAP. X.

*Containing a hint or two concerning virtue,
and a few more concerning suspicion.*

OUR company being arrived at London, were set down at his lordship's house, where, while they refreshed themselves after the fatigue of their journey, servants were dispatched to provide a lodging for
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for the two ladies; for as her ladyship was not then in town, Mrs. Fitzpatrick would by no means consent to accept a bed in the mansion of the peer.

Some readers will perhaps condemn this extraordinary delicacy, as I may call it, of virtue, as too nice and scrupulous; but we must make allowances for her situation, which must be owned to have been very ticklish; and when we consider the malice of censorious tongues, we must allow, if it was a fault, the fault was an excess on the right side, and which every woman who is in the self-same situation will do well to imitate. The most formal appearance of virtue, when it is only an appearance, may perhaps in very abstracted considerations, seem to be rather less commendable than virtue itself without this formality; but it will however be always more commended; and this, I believe, will be granted by all, that it is necessary, unless in some very particular cases, for every woman to support either the one or the other.

A lodging being prepared, Sophia accompanied her cousin for that evening; but resolved early in the morning to enquire after the lady, into whose protection, as we have formerly mentioned, she had determined to throw herself, when she quitted her father's house. And this she was the more eager in doing, from some observations she had made during her journey in the coach.

Now as we would by no means fix the odious character of suspicion on Sophia, we are almost afraid to open to our reader the conceits which filled her mind concerning Mrs. Fitzpatrick; of whom she certainly entertained at present some doubts; which as they are
very

very apt to enter into the bosoms of the worst of people, we think proper not to mention more plainly, till we have first suggested a word or two to our reader touching suspicion in general.

Of this there have always appeared to me to be two degrees. The first of these I chuse to derive from the heart, as the extreme velocity of its discernment seems to denote some previous inward impulse, and the rather, as this superlative degree often forms its own objects; sees what is not, and always more than really exists. This is that quick-sighted penetration, whose hawk's eyes no symptom of evil can escape; which observes not only upon the actions, but upon the words and looks of men; and as it proceeds from the heart of the observer, so it dives into the heart of the observed, and there espies evil, as it were in the first embryo; nay sometimes before it can be said to be conceived. An admirable faculty, if it were infallible; but as this degree of perfection is not even claimed by more than one mortal being; so from the fallibility of such acute discernment have arisen many sad mischiefs and most grievous heart-aches to innocence and virtue. I cannot help therefore regarding this vast quick-sightedness into evil, as a vicious excess, and as a very pernicious evil in itself. And I am the more inclined to this opinion, as I am afraid it always proceeds from a bad heart, for the reasons I have above-mentioned, and for one more, namely, because I never knew it the property of a good one. Now from this degree of suspicion I entirely and absolutely acquit Sophia.

A second degree of this quality seems to arise from the head. This is indeed no other than the faculty of
seeing

seeing what is before your eyes, and of drawing conclusions from what you see. The former of these is unavoidable by those who have any eyes, and the latter is perhaps no less certain and necessary a consequence of our having any brains. This is altogether as bitter an enemy to guilt, as the former is to innocence; nor can I see it in an unamiable light, even though, through human fallibility, it should be sometimes mistaken. For instance, if a husband should accidentally surprize his wife in the lap or in the embraces of some of those pretty young gentlemen who profess the art of cuckold-making, I should not highly, I think, blame him for concluding something more than what he saw, from the familiarities which he really had seen, and which we are at least favourable enough to, when we call them innocent freedoms. The reader will easily suggest great plenty of instances to himself; I shall add but one more, which however unchristian it may be thought by some, I cannot help esteeming to be strictly justifiable; and this is a suspicion that a man is capable of doing what he hath done already, and that it is possible for one who hath been a villain once, to act the same part again. And to confess the truth of this degree of suspicion, I believe Sophia was guilty. From this degree of suspicion she had, in fact, conceived an opinion, that her cousin was really not better than she should be.

The case, it seems, was this: Mrs. Fitzpatrick wisely considered, that the virtue of a young lady is, in the world, in the same situation with a poor hare, which is certain, whenever it ventures abroad, to meet its enemies: for it can hardly meet any other. No sooner therefore was she determined to take the
first

first opportunity of quitting the protection of her husband, than she resolved to cast herself under the protection of some other man; and whom could she so properly chuse to be her guardian as a person of quality, of fortune, of honour; and who, besides a gallant disposition, which inclines men to knight-errantry, that is, to be the champions of ladies in distress, had often declared a violent attachment to herself, and had already given her all the instances of it in his power?

But as the law hath foolishly omitted this office of vice-husband, or guardian to an eloped lady; and as malice is apt to denominate him by a more disagreeable appellation; it was concluded that his lordship should perform all such kind offices to the lady in secret, and without publickly assuming the character of her protector. Nay, to prevent any other person from seeing him in this light, it was agreed that the lady should proceed directly to Bath, and that his lordship should first go to London, and thence should go down to that place, by the advice of his physicians.

Now all this Sophia very plainly understood, not from the lips or behaviour of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, but from the peer, who was infinitely less expert at retaining a secret, than was the good lady; and perhaps the exact secrecy which Mrs. Fitzpatrick had observed on this head in her narrative, served not a little to heighten those suspicions which were now risen in the mind of her cousin.

Sophia very easily found out the lady she sought; for indeed there was not a chairman in town to whom her house was not perfectly well known; and as she

received, in return of her first message, a most pressing invitation, she immediately accepted it. Mrs. Fitzpatrick indeed did not desire her cousin to stay with her with more earnestness than civility required. Whether she had discerned and resented the suspicion above-mentioned, or from what other motive it arose, I cannot say, but certain it is, she was full as desirous of parting with Sophia, as Sophia herself could be of going.

The young lady when she came to take leave of her cousin, could not avoid giving her a short hint of advice. She begged her, for heaven's sake, to take care of herself, and to consider in how dangerous a situation she stood; adding, she hoped some method would be found of reconciling her to her husband: 'You must remember, my dear,' says she, 'the maxim which my aunt Western hath so often repeated to us both; That whenever the matrimonial alliance is broke, and war declared between husband and wife, she can hardly make a disadvantageous peace for herself on any conditions. These are my aunt's very words, and she hath had a great deal of experience in the world.' Mrs. Fitzpatrick answered with a contemptuous smile: 'Never fear me, child, take care of yourself; for you are younger than I. I will come and visit you in a few days; but, dear Sophy, let me give you one piece of advice: leave the character of Graveairs in the country; for, believe me, it will set very awkwardly upon you in this town.'

Thus the two cousins parted, and Sophia repaired directly to lady Bellafton, where she found a most hearty, as well as a most polite welcome. The lady had taken a great fancy to her when she had seen her

her formerly with her aunt Western. She was indeed extremely glad to see her, and was no sooner acquainted with the reasons which induced her to leave the 'squire and fly to London, than she highly applauded her sense and resolution; and after expressing the highest satisfaction in the opinion which Sophia had declared she entertained of her ladyship, by chusing her house for an asylum, she promised her all the protection which it was in her power to give.

As we have now brought Sophia into safe hands, the reader will, I apprehend, be contented to deposit her there a while, and to look a little after other personages, and particularly poor Jones, whom we have left long enough to do penance for his past offences, which, as is the nature of vice, brought sufficient punishment upon him themselves.

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THE
HISTORY
OF A
FOUNDLING.

BOOK XII.

*Containing the same individual time with the
former.*

CHAP. I.

*Shewing what is to be deemed plagiarism in a
modern Author, and what is to be considered
as a lawful prize.*

THE learned reader must have observed, that in the course of this mighty work, I have often translated passages out of the best ancient Authors, without quoting the original, or without taking the least notice of the book from whence they were borrowed.

This conduct in writing is placed in a very proper light by the ingenious Abbé Bannier, in his preface to his Mythology, a work of great erudition, and of equal judgment: “It will be easy,” says he, “for
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“ the reader to observe, that I have frequently had
“ greater regard to him, than to my own reputation:
“ for an Author certainly pays him a considerable
“ compliment, when for his sake he suppresses learn-
“ ed quotations that come in his way, and which
“ would have cost him but the bare trouble of tran-
“ scribing.”

To fill up a work with these scraps may indeed be considered as a downright cheat on the learned world, who are by such means imposed upon to buy a second time in fragments and by retail what they have already in gross, if not in their memories, upon their shelves; and it is still more cruel upon the illiterate, who are drawn in to pay for what is of no manner of use to them. A writer who intermixes great quantity of Greek and Latin with his works, deals by the ladies and fine gentlemen in the same paultry manner with which they are treated by the auctioneers, who often endeavour so to confound and mix up their lots, that, in order to purchase the commodity you want, you are obliged at the same time to purchase that which will do you no service.

And yet as there is no conduct so fair and disinterested, but that it may be misunderstood by ignorance, and misrepresented by malice, I have been sometimes tempted to preserve my own reputation, at the expence of my reader, and to transcribe the original, or at least to quote chapter and verse, whenever I have made use either of the thought or expression of another. I am indeed in some doubt that I have often suffered by the contrary method; and that by suppressing the original Author's name, I have been rather suspected of plagiarism, than re-

puted to act from the amiable motive above assigned by that justly celebrated Frenchman.

Now to obviate all such imputations for the future, I do here confess and justify the fact. The ancients may be considered as a rich common, where every person who hath the smallest tenement in Parnassus, hath a free right to fatten his muse. Or, to place it in a clearer light, we moderns are to the ancients what the poor are to the rich. By the poor here I mean that large and venerable body which, in English, we call the mob. Now, whoever hath had the honour to be admitted to any degree of intimacy with this mob, must well know that it is one of their established maxims to plunder and pillage their rich neighbours without any reluctance; and that this is held to be neither sin nor shame among them. And so constantly do they abide and act by this maxim, that in every parish almost in the kingdom, there is a kind of confederacy ever carrying on against a certain person of opulence called the 'squire, whose property is considered as free-booty by all his poor neighbours; who, as they conclude that there is no manner of guilt in such depredations, look upon it as a point of honour and moral obligation to conceal and to preserve each other from punishment on all such occasions.

In like manner are the ancients, such as Homer, Virgil, Horace, Cicero, and the rest, to be esteemed among us writers, as so many wealthy 'squires, from whom we, the poor of Parnassus, claim an immemorial custom of taking whatever we can come at. This liberty I demand, and this I am as ready to allow again to my poor neighbours in their turn. All I
pro-

profess, and all I require of my brethren, is to maintain the same strict honesty among ourselves, which the mob shew to one another. To steal from one another, is indeed highly criminal and indecent; for this may be strictly stiled defrauding the poor (sometimes perhaps those who are poorer than ourselves) or, to see it under the most opprobrious colours, robbing the spittal.

Since, therefore, upon the strictest examination, my own conscience cannot lay any such pitiful theft to my charge, I am contented to plead guilty to the former accusation; nor shall I ever scruple to take to myself any passage which I shall find in an ancient author to my purpose, without setting down the name of the author from whence it was taken. Nay, I absolutely claim a property in all such sentiments the moment they are transcribed into my writings, and I expect all readers henceforwards to regard them as purely and entirely my own. This claim however I desire to be allowed me only on condition that I preserve strict honesty towards my poor brethren, from whom, if ever I borrow any of that little of which they are possessed, I shall never fail to put their mark upon it, that it may be at all times ready to be restored to the right owner.

The omission of this was highly blameable in one Mr. Moore, who having formerly borrowed some lines of Pope and company, took the liberty to transcribe six of them into his play of the Rival Modes. Mr. Pope however very luckily found them in the said play, and laying violent hands on his own property, transferred it back again into his own works; and for a further punishment, imprisoned the said Moore in

the loathsome dungeon of the Dunciad, where his unhappy memory now remains, and eternally will remain, as a proper punishment for such his unjust dealings in the poetical trade.

CHAP. II.

In which, though the 'squire doth not find his daughter, something is found, which puts an end to his pursuit.

THE history now returns to the inn at Upton, whence we shall first trace the footsteps of 'squire Western; for as he will soon arrive at an end of his journey, we shall have then full leisure to attend our hero.

The reader may be pleased to remember, that the said 'squire departed from the inn in great fury, and in that fury he pursued his daughter. The hostler having informed him that she had crossed the Severn, he likewise past that river with his equipage, and rode full speed, vowing the utmost vengeance against poor Sophia, if he should but overtake her.

He had not gone far before he arrived at a cross way. Here he called a short council of war, in which after hearing different opinions, he at last gave the direction of his pursuit to fortune, and struck directly into the Worcester road.

In this road he proceeded about two miles, when he began to bemoan himself most bitterly, frequently crying out: 'What pity is it! Sure never was so 'unlucky a dog as myself?' and then burst forth a volley of oaths and execrations.

The parson attempted to administer comfort to him on this occasion: 'Sorrow not, Sir,' says he, 'like
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‘ those without hope. Howbeit we have not yet been
‘ able to overtake young madam, we may account
‘ it some good fortune, that we have hitherto traced
‘ her course aright. Peradventure she will soon be
‘ fatigated with her journey, and will tarry in some
‘ inn, in order to renovate her corporeal functions;
‘ and in that case in all moral certainty, you will ve-
‘ ry briefly be *compos voti*.’

‘ Pogh’ D—n the flut,’ answered the ‘squire, ‘ I
‘ am lamenting the loss of so fine a morning for hunt-
‘ ing. It is confounded hard to lose one of the best
‘ scenting days in all appearance, which hath been this
‘ season, and especially after so long a frost.’

Whether fortune, who now and then shews some compassion in her wantonest tricks, might not take pity of the ‘squire; and as she had determined not to let him overtake his daughter, might not resolve to make him amends some other way? I will not assert; but he had hardly uttered the words just before commemorated, and two or three oaths at their heels, when a pack of hounds began to open their melodious throats at a small distance from them, which the ‘squire’s horse and his rider both perceiving, both immediately pricked up their ears, and the ‘squire crying: ‘ She’s gone, she’s gone! Damn me if she is not gone!’ instantly clapped spurs to the beast, who little needed it, having indeed the same inclination with his master; and now the whole company crossing into a corn-field, rode directly towards the hounds, with much hallowing and hooping, while the poor parson, blessing himself, brought up the rear.

Thus fable reports that the fair Grimalkin, whom Venus, at the desire of a passionate lover, converted
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from a cat into a fine woman, no sooner perceived a mouse, than mindful of her former sport, and still retaining her pristine nature, she leapt from the bed of her husband to pursue the little animal.

What are we to understand by this? Not that the bride was displeased with the embraces of her amorous bridegroom; for though some have remarked that cats are subject to ingratitude; yet women and cats too will be pleased and purr on certain occasions. The truth is, at the sagacious Sir Roger l'Estrange observes, in his deep reflections, that, 'if we shut nature out at the door, she will come in at the window; and that puss, though a madam, will be a mouser still.' In the same manner we are not to arraign the squire of any want of love for his daughter; for in reality he had a great deal: we are only to consider, that he was a squire and a sportsman, and then we may apply the fable to him, and the judicious reflections likewise.

The hounds ran very hard, as it is called, and the squire pursued over hedge and ditch with all his usual vociferation and alacrity, and with all his usual pleasure; nor did the thoughts of Sophia ever once intrude themselves to allay the satisfaction he enjoyed in the chase, which he said was one of the finest he ever saw, and which he swore was very well worth going fifty miles for. As the squire forgot his daughter, the servants, we may easily believe, forgot their mistress; and the parson, after having expressed much astonishment in Latin to himself, at length likewise abandoned all farther thoughts of the young lady, and, jogging on at a distance behind, began to meditate a portion of doctrine for the ensuing Sunday.

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The squire who owned the hounds was highly pleased with the arrival of his brother squire and sportsman; for all men approve merit in their own way, and no man was more expert in the field than Mr. Western, nor did any other better know how to encourage the dogs with his voice, and to animate the hunt with his holla.

Sportsmen, in the warmth of a chace, are too much engaged to attend to any manner of ceremony; nay, even to the offices of humanity: for, if any of them meet with an accident by tumbling into a ditch, or into a river, the rest pass on regardless, and generally leave him to his fate; during this time, therefore, the two squires, though often close to each other, interchanged not a single word. The master of the hunt, however, often saw and approved the great judgment of the stranger in drawing the dogs when they were at a fault, and hence conceived a very high opinion of his understanding, as the number of his attendants inspired no small reverence to his quality. As soon therefore as the sport was ended by the death of the little animal which had occasioned it, the two squires met, and, in all squire-like greeting, saluted each other.

The conversation was entertaining enough, and what we may perhaps relate in an appendix, or on some other occasion; but, as it nowise concerns this history, we cannot prevail on ourselves to give it a place here. It concluded with a second chace, and that with an invitation to dinner. This, being accepted, was followed by a hearty bout of drinking, which ended in as hearty a nap on the part of squire Western.

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Our

Our squire was by no means a match either for his host, or for parson Supple, at his cups that evening; for which the violent fatigue of mind as well as body, that he had undergone, may very well account, without the least derogation from his honour. He was indeed, according to the vulgar phrase, whistled-drunk; for, before he had swallowed the third bottle, he became so entirely overpowered, that, though he was not carried off to bed till long after, the parson considered him as absent, and, having acquainted the other squire with all relating to Sophia, he obtained his promise of seconding those arguments, which he intended to urge the next morning for Mr. Western's return.

No sooner therefore had the good squire shaken off his evening, and began to call for his morning draught, and to summon his horses in order to renew his pursuit, than Mr. Supple began his dissuaves, which the host so strongly seconded, that they at length prevailed, and Mr. Western agreed to return home, being principally moved by one argument, *viz.* that he knew not which way to go, and might probably be riding farther from his daughter instead of towards her. He then took leave of his brother sportsman, and, expressing great joy that the frost was broken, (which might perhaps be no small motive to his hastening home), set forward, or rather backwards, for Somersetshire; but not before he had first dispatched part of his retinue in quest of his daughter, after whom he likewise sent a volley of the most bitter execrations which he could invent.

1750

A COMPLETE HISTORY OF THE

1750

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

The departure of Jones from Upton, with what pass between him and Partridge on the road.

AT length we are once more come to our hero; and, to say truth, we have been obliged to part with him so long, that, considering the condition in which we left him, I apprehend many of our readers have concluded we intended to abandon him for ever; he being at present in that situation, in which prudent people usually desist from enquiring any farther after their friends, lest they should be shocked by hearing such friends had hanged themselves.

But, in reality, if we have not all the virtues, I will boldly say, neither have we all the vices of a prudent character; and, though it is not easy to conceive circumstances much more miserable than those of poor Jones at present, we shall return to him, and attend upon him with the same diligence, as if he was wantoning in the brightest beams of fortune.

Mr. Jones then, and his companion Partridge, left the inn a few minutes after the departure of squire Western, and pursued the same road on foot; for the hostler told them, that no horses were by any means to be at that time procured at Upton. On they marched with heavy hearts; for though their disquiet proceeded from very different reasons, yet displeased they were both; and, if Jones sighed bitterly, Partridge grunted altogether as sadly at every step.

When they came to the cross-roads, where the squire had stopt to take counsel, Jones stopt likewise, and, turning to Partridge, asked his opinion which track they

they should pursue. 'Ah, Sir,' answered Partridge, 'I wish your honour would follow my advice.' 'Why should I not?' replied Jones, 'for it is now indifferent to me whither I go, or what becomes of me?' 'My advice then,' said Partridge, 'is, that you immediately face about and return home: for who, that hath such a home to return to as your honour, would travel thus about the country like a vagabond? I ask pardon, *sed vox ea sola reperta est.*' 'Alas!' cries Jones, 'I have no home to return to;— but, if my friend, my father would receive me, could I bear the country from which Sophia is flown— Cruel Sophia! Cruel! No. Let me blame myself— No, let me blame thee. D— nation seize thee, fool, blockhead! thou hast undone me, and I will tear thy soul from thy body.'—— At which words he laid violent hands on the collar of poor Partridge, and shook him more heartily than an ague-fit, for his own fears had ever done before.

Partridge fell trembling on his knees, and begged for mercy, vowing he had meant no harm— when Jones, after staring wildly on him for a moment, quitted his hold, and discharged a rage on himself that, had it fallen on the other, would certainly have put an end to his being, which indeed the very apprehension of it had almost effected.

We would bestow some pains here in minutely describing all the mad pranks which Jones played on this occasion, could we be well assured that the reader would take the same pains in perusing them; but as we are apprehensive that, after all the labour which we should employ in painting this scene, the said reader would be very apt to skip it entirely over, we have saved

ved ourselves that trouble. To say the truth, we have, from this reason alone, often done great violence to the luxuriance of our genius, and have left many excellent descriptions out of our work, which would otherwise have been in it. And this suspicion, to be honest, arises, as is generally the case, from our own wicked heart: for we have, ourselves, been very often most horridly given to jumping, as we have run through the papers of voluminous historians.

Suffice it then simply to say, that Jones, after having played the part of a madman for many minutes, came by degrees to himself; which no sooner happened, than, turning to Partridge, he very earnestly begged his pardon for the attack he had made on him in the violence of his passion; but concluded, by desiring him never to mention his return again; for he was resolved never to see that country any more.

Partridge easily forgave, and faithfully promised to obey the injunction now laid upon him. And then Jones very briskly cried out: ‘ Since it is absolutely
‘ impossible for me to pursue any farther the steps of
‘ my angel— I will pursue those of glory. Come on,
‘ my brave lad, now for the army:— It is a glorious
‘ cause and I would willingly sacrifice my life in it,
‘ even though it was worth my preserving.’ And, so saying, he immediately struck into the different road from that which the squire had taken, and, by mere chance, pursued the very same through which Sophia had before passed.

Our travellers now marched a full mile, without speaking a syllable to each other, though Jones indeed muttered many things to himself. As to Partridge,

tridge, he was profoundly silent: for he was not perhaps perfectly recovered from his former fright; besides, he had apprehensions of provoking his friend to a second fit of wrath; especially as he now began to entertain a conceit, which may not perhaps create any great wonder in the reader. In short, he began now to suspect, that Jones was absolutely out of his senses.

At length Jones, being weary of soliloquy, addressed himself to his companion, and blamed him for his taciturnity: for which the poor man very honestly accounted, from his fear of giving offence. And now, this fear being pretty well removed by the most absolute promises of indemnity, Partridge again took the bridle from his tongue; which perhaps rejoiced no less at regaining its liberty, than a young colt, when the bridle is slipt from his neck, and he is turned loose into the pastures.

As Partridge was inhibited from that topic which would at first have suggested itself, he fell upon that which was next uppermost in his mind, namely, the Man of the Hill. ‘Certainly, Sir,’ says he, ‘that
‘ could never be a man, who dresses himself, and
‘ lives after such a strange manner, and so unlike
‘ other folks. Besides, his diet, as the old woman
‘ told me, is chiefly upon herbs, which is a fitter food
‘ for a horse than a Christian; nay, the landlord at Upton
‘ says, that the neighbours thereabouts have very fearful notions about him. It runs strangely in my head,
‘ that it must have been some spirit, who perhaps
‘ might be sent to forewarn us: and who knows, but
‘ all that matter which he told us, of his going to
‘ fight, and of his being taken prisoner, and of the
‘ great

‘ great danger he was in of being hanged, might be
 ‘ intended as a warning to us, considering what we
 ‘ are going about: besides, I dreamt of nothing all last
 ‘ night, but of fighting; and methought the blood ran
 ‘ out of my nose, as liquor out of a tap. Indeed, Sir,
 ‘ *insandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem.*’

‘ Thy story, Partridge,’ answered Jones, ‘ is almost
 ‘ as ill applied as thy Latin. Nothing can be more
 ‘ likely to happen than death to men who go into bat-
 ‘ tle. Perhaps we shall both fall in it,— and what
 ‘ then?’ ‘ What then!’ replied Partridge: ‘ Why then
 ‘ there is an end of us, is there not? when I am gone,
 ‘ all is over with me. What matters the cause to me,
 ‘ or who gets the victory, if I am killed? I shall ne-
 ‘ ver enjoy any advantage from it. What are all the
 ‘ ringing of bells, and bonfires, to one that is six foot
 ‘ under ground? there will be an end of poor Partrid-
 ‘ ge.’ ‘ And an end of poor Partridge,’ cries Jones,
 ‘ there must be one time or other. If you love Latin,
 ‘ I will repeat you some fine lines out of Horace,
 ‘ which would inspire courage into a coward.

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.

Mors & fugacem persequitur virum

Nec parcat imbellis juventæ

Poplitibus, timidoque tergo.

‘ I wish you would construe them,’ cries Partridge;
 ‘ for Horace is a hard autor, and I cannot under-
 ‘ stand as you repeat them.’

‘ I will repeat you a bad imitation, or rather para-
 ‘ phrase of my own,’ said Jones; ‘ for I am but an
 ‘ indifferent poet.

‘ Who would not die in his dear country’s cause?
‘ Since, if base fear his dastard step withdraws,
‘ From death he cannot fly:— One common grave
‘ Receives, at last, the coward and the brave.’

‘ That’s very certain, cries Partridge. ’ Ay, sure,
‘ *Mors omnibus communis*: but there is a great dif-
‘ ference between dying in one’s bed a great many
‘ years hence, like a good Christian, with all our
‘ friends crying about us, and being shot to day or
‘ to-morrow, like a mad-dog; or perhaps hacked
‘ in twenty pieces with a sword, and that too before
‘ we have repented of all our sins. O Lord, have
‘ mercy upon us! to be sure, the soldiers are a
‘ wicked kind of people. I never loved to have any
‘ thing to do with them. I could hardly bring my-
‘ self ever to look upon them as Christians. There
‘ is nothing but curling and swearing among them.
‘ I wish your honour would repent: I heartily wish
‘ you would repent, before it is too late, and not
‘ think of going among them.— Evil communication
‘ corrupts good manners. That is my principal rea-
‘ son. For, as for that matter, I am no more afraid
‘ than another man, not I, as to matter of that. I
‘ know all human flesh must die; but yet a man
‘ may live many years for all that. Why I am a
‘ middle-aged man now, and yet I may live a great
‘ number of years. I have read of several who have
‘ lived to be above a hundred, and some a great
‘ deal above a hundred. Not that I hope, I mean
‘ that I promise myself, to live to any such age as
‘ that neither.— But, if it be only to eighty or
‘ ninety, Heaven be praised, that is a great ways off
calv yet;

' yet; and I am not afraid of dying then, no more
 ' than another man; but surely, to tempt death be-
 ' fore a man's time is come, seems to me downright
 ' wickedness and presumption. Besides, if it was to
 ' do any good indeed; but let the cause be what it
 ' will, what mighty matter of good can two people
 ' do? and, for my part, I understand nothing of it.
 ' I never fired off a gun above ten times in my
 ' life; and then it was not charged with bullets.
 ' And for the sword, I never learned to fence,
 ' and know nothing of the matter. And then there
 ' are those cannons, which certainly it must be
 ' thought the highest presumption to go in the way
 ' of; and nobody but a madman—I ask pardon;
 ' upon my soul, I meant no harm; I beg I may
 ' not throw your honour into another passion.'

' Be under no apprehension, Partridge,' cries Jo-
 ' nes; I am now so well convinced of thy coward-
 ' dice, that thou couldst not provoke me on any
 ' account.' Your honour,' answered he, ' may call
 ' me a coward, at any thing else you please. If
 ' loving to sleep in a whole skin makes a coward,
 ' *non immunes ab illis malis sumus*. I never read
 ' in my grammar, that a man can't be a good man
 ' without fighting. *Vir bonus est quis? Qui con-*
 ' *sulta patrum, qui leges juraque servat.* Not a word
 ' of fighting and I am sure the scripture is so much
 ' against it, that a man shall never persuade me
 ' he is a good Christian; while he sheds christian
 ' blood.'

CHAP. IV.

The adventure of a beggar-man.

JUST as Partridge had uttered that good and pious doctrine, with which the last chapter concluded, they arrived at another cross-way, when a lame fellow in rags asked them for alms; upon which Partridge gave him a severe rebuke, saying: ‘Every parish ought to keep their own poor.’ Jones then fell laughing, and asked Partridge: ‘if he was not ashamed, with so much charity in his mouth, to have no charity in his heart. Your religion,’ says he, ‘serves you only for an excuse for your faults, but is no incentive to your virtue. Can any man, who is really a Christian, abstain from relieving one of his brethren in such a miserable condition?’ And at the same time, putting his hand in his pocket, he gave the poor object a shilling.

‘Master,’ cries the fellow, after thanking him, ‘I have a curious thing here in my pocket, which I found about two miles off, if your worship will please to buy it. I should not venture to pull it out to every one; but, as you are so good a gentleman, and so kind to the poor, you won’t suspect a man of being a thief only because he is poor.’ He then pulled out a little gilt pocket-book, and delivered it into the hand of Jones.

Jones presently opened it, and (guess, reader, what he felt), saw in the first page the words *Sophia Western*, written by her own fair hand. He no sooner read the name, than he prest it close to his lips: nor could he avoid falling into some very frantic raptures, notwithstanding.



H. Gravelot inv.

standing his company; but perhaps these very raptures made him forget he was not alone.

While Jones was kissing and mumbling the book, as if he had an excellent brown buttered crust in his mouth, or as if he had really been a bookworm, or an author, who had nothing to eat but his own works, a piece of paper fell from its leaves to the ground, which Partridge took up, and delivered to Jones, who presently perceived it to be a bank-bill. It was indeed the very bill which Western had given his daughter the night before her departure; and a Jew would have jumped to purchase it a five shillings less than 100*l*.

The eyes of Partridge sparkled at this news, which Jones now proclaimed aloud; and so did (though with somewhat a different aspect), those of the poor fellow who had found the book; and who (I hope from a principle of honesty), had never opened it; but we should not deal honestly by the reader, if we omitted to inform him of a circumstance, which may be here a little material, *viz.* that the fellow could not read.

Jones, who had felt nothing but pure joy and transport from the finding the book, was affected with a mixture of concern at this new discovery; for his imagination instantly suggested to him, that the owner of the bill might possibly want it, before he should be able to convey it to her. He then acquainted the finder, that he knew the lady to whom the book belonged, and would endeavour to find her out as soon as possible, and return it to her.

The pocket-book was a late present from Mrs. Western to her niece; it had cost five and twenty shillings,

having been bought of a celebrated toyman; but the real value of the silver, which it contained in its clasp, was about 18 d. and that price the said toyman, as it was altogether as good as when it first issued from his shop, would now have given for it. A prudent person would, however, have taken proper advantage of the ignorance of this fellow, and would not have offered more than a shilling, or perhaps sixpence for it; nay, some perhaps would have given nothing, and left the fellow to his action of trover, which some learned serjeants may doubt whether he could, under these circumstances, have maintained.

Jones, on the contrary, whose character was on the outside of generosity, and may perhaps not very unjustly have been suspected of extravagance, without any hesitation, gave a guinea in exchange for the book. The poor man, who had not for a long time before been possessed of so much treasure, gave Mr. Jones a thousand thanks, and discovered little less of transport in his muscles, than Jones had before shewn, when he had first read the name of Sophia Western.

The fellow very readily agreed to attend our travellers to the place where he had found the pocket-book. Together, therefore, they proceeded directly thither, but not so fast as Mr. Jones desired; for his guide unfortunately happened to be lame, and could not possibly travel faster than a mile an hour. As this place, therefore, was at about three miles distance, though the fellow had said otherwise, the reader need not be acquainted how long they were in walking it.

Jones opened the book a hundred times during their walk, kissed it as often, talked much to himself, and very little to his companions. At all which the guide
express

expressed some signs of astonishment to Partridge, who more than once shook his head, and cry'd: 'Poor gentleman! *orandum est ut sit mens sana in corpore sano.*'

At length they arrived at the very spot where Sophia unhappily dropt the pocket-book, and where the fellow had as happily found it. Here Jones offered to take leave of his guide, and to improve his pace; but the fellow, in whom that violent surprize and joy, which the first receipt of the guinea had occasioned, was now considerably abated, and who had now had sufficient time to recollect himself, put on a discontented look, and, scratching his head, said: 'He hoped his worship would give him something more. Your worship,' said he, 'will, I hope, take it into your consideration, that if I had not been honest I might have kept the whole.' And indeed this the reader must confess to have been true. 'If the paper there,' said he, 'be worth 100 l. I am sure the finding it deserves more than a guinea. Besides, suppose your worship should never see the lady, nor give it her—and though your worship looks and talks very much like a gentleman, yet I have only your worship's bare word: and certainly, if the right owner ben't to be found, it all belongs to the first finder. I hope your worship will consider of all these matters. I am but a poor man, and therefore don't desire to have all; but it is but reasonable I should have my share. Your worship looks like a good man, and, I hope, will consider my honesty; for I might have kept every farthing, and nobody ever the wiser.' 'I promise thee, upon my honour,' cries Jones, 'that I know the right owner, and will restore it to her.' 'Nay, your worship,' answered

the fellow, ' may do as you please as to that: if you
' will but give me my share, that is, one half of the
' money, your honour may keep the rest yourself if
' you please;' and concluded with swearing by a very
vehement oath, ' that he would never mention a syl-
' lable of it to any man living.'

' A ' Looke, friend,' cries Jones, ' the right owner
' shall certainly have again all that she lost; and, as
' for any further gratuity, I really cannot give it you
' at present; but let me know your name, and where
' you live, and it is more than possible, you may here-
' after have further reason to rejoice at this morning's
' adventure.'

' I don't know what you mean by venture,' cries
the fellow; ' it seems, I must venture whether you will
' return the lady her money or no: but I hope your
' worship will consider'— ' Come, come,' said Par-
tridge, ' tell his honour your name, and where you
' may be found; I warrant you will never repent hav-
' ing put the money into his hands.' The fellow, see-
ing no hopes of recovering the possession of the poc-
ket-book, at last complied in giving in his name and
place of abode, which Jones writ upon a piece of
paper with the pencil of Sophia; and then, placing
the paper in the same page where she had writ her
name, he cried out: ' There, friend, you are the
' happiest man alive; I have joined your name to
' that of an angel.' ' I don't know any thing about
' angels,' answered the fellow; ' but I wish you
' would give me a little more money, or else return
' me the pocket-book.' Partridge now waxed wroth:
he called the poor cripple by several vile and oppro-
brious names and was absolutely proceeding to beat
him,

him, but Jones would not suffer any such thing: and now, telling the fellow he would certainly find some opportunity of serving him, Mr. Jones departed as fast as his heels would carry him; and Partridge, into whom the thoughts of the hundred pound had infused new spirits, followed his leader; while the man, who was obliged to stay behind, fell to cursing them both, as well as his parents: ‘for had they,’ says he, ‘sent me to charity-school to learn to write and read and cast account, I should have known the value of these matters as well as other people.’

CHAP. V.

Containing more adventures which Mr. Jones and his companion met on the road.

OUR travellers now walked so fast, that they had very little time or breath for conversation; Jones meditating all the way on Sophia, and Partridge on the bank-bill, which, though it gave him some pleasure, caused him at the same time to repine at fortune, which, in all his walks, had never given him such an opportunity of shewing his honesty. They had proceeded above three miles, when Partridge, being unable any longer to keep up with Jones, called to him, and begged him a little to slacken his pace; with this he was the more ready to comply, as he had for some time lost the footsteps of the horses, which the thaw had enabled him to trace for several miles, and he was now upon a wide common where were several roads.

He here therefore stopt to consider which of these roads he should pursue, when on a sudden they heard the noise of a drum that seemed at no great distance.

This sound presently alarmed the fears of Partridge, and he cried out: ‘Lord have mercy upon us all; they are certainly a-coming!’ ‘Who is coming?’ cries Jones; for fear had long since given place to softer ideas in his mind; and, since his adventure with the lame man, he had been totally intent on pursuing Sophia, without entertaining one thought of an enemy. ‘Who!’ cries Partridge, ‘why the rebels: but why should I call them rebels? they may be very honest gentlemen, for any thing I know to the contrary. The devil take him that affronts them, I say. I am sure, if they have nothing to say to me, I will have nothing to say to them but in a civil way. For Heaven’s sake, Sir, don’t affront them if they should come, and perhaps they may do us no harm; but would it not be the wiser way to creep into some of yonder bushes till they are gone by? What can two unarmed men do perhaps against fifty thousand? Certainly nobody but a madman; I hope your honour is not offended; but certainly no man who hath *mens sana in corpore sano*.’— Here Jones interrupted this torrent of eloquence, which fear had inspired, saying: ‘That by the drum he perceived they were near some town.’ He then made directly towards the place whence the noise proceeded, bidding Partridge, ‘take courage, for that he would lead him into no danger;’ and adding, ‘it was impossible the rebels should be so near.’

Partridge was a little comforted with this last assurance; and, though he would more gladly have gone the contrary way, he followed his leader, his heart beating time, but not after the manner of heroes, to the music of the drum, which ceased not till they had traversed the common, and were come into a narrow lane.

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And now Partridge, who kept even pace with Jones, discovered something painted flying in the air, a very few yards before him; which fancying to be the colours of the enemy, he fell a bellowing: ‘O lord, Sir, here they are; there is the crown and coffin. Oh lord! I never saw any thing so terrible; and we are within gun-shot of them already.’

Jones no sooner looked up than he plainly perceived what it was which Partridge had thus mistaken: ‘Partridge,’ says he, ‘I fancy you will be able to engage this whole army yourself; for by the colours I guess what the drum was which we heard before, and which beats up for recruits to a puppet-show.’

‘A puppet-show,’ answered Partridge, with most eager transport. ‘And is it really no more than that? I love a puppet-show of all the pastimes upon earth. Do, good Sir, let us tarry and see it. Besides I am quite famished to death; for it is now almost dark, and I have not eat a morsel since three o’clock in the morning.’

They now arrived at an inn, or indeed an alehouse, where Jones was prevailed upon to stop, the rather as he had no longer any assurance of being in the road he desired. They walked both directly into the kitchen, where Jones began to inquire if no ladies had passed that way in the morning, and Partridge as eagerly examined into the state of their provisions; and indeed his enquiry met with the better success; for Jones could not hear news of Sophia; but Partridge, to his great satisfaction, found good reason to expect very shortly the agreeable sight of an excellent smoking dish of eggs and bacon,

In

In strong and healthy constitutions love hath a very different effect from what it causes in the puny part of the species. In the latter it generally destroys all that appetite which tends towards the conservation of the individual: but in the former, though it often induces forgetfulness, and a neglect of food, as well as of every thing else; yet place a good piece of well-powdered buttock before a hungry lover, and he seldom fails very handsomely to play his part. Thus it happened in the present case; for though Jones perhaps wanted a prompter, and might have travelled much farther, had he been alone, with an empty stomach; yet no sooner did he sit down to the bacon and eggs, than he fell to as heartily and voraciously as Partridge himself.

Before our travellers had finished their dinner, night came on, and as the moon was now past the full, it was extremely dark. Partridge therefore prevailed on Jones to stay and see the puppet-show, which was just going to begin, and to which they were very eagerly invited by the master of the said show, who declared that his figures were the finest which the world had ever produced, and that they had given great satisfaction to all the quality in every town in England.

The puppet-show was performed with great regularity and decency. It was called the fine and serious part of the Provoked Husband; and it was indeed a very grave and solemn entertainment, without any low wit or humour, or jests; or, to do it no more than justice, without any thing which could provoke a laugh. The audience were all highly pleased. A grave matron told the master she would bring her two daughters the next night, as he did not shew any stuff; and an attorney's clerk and an exciseman, both declared,

clared, that the characters of lord and lady Townley were well preserved, and highly in nature. Partridge likewise concurred with this opinion.

The master was so highly elated with these encomiums, that he could not refrain from adding some more of his own. He said: ‘The present age was not improved in any thing so much as in their puppet-shows; which by throwing out Punch and his wife Joan, and such idle trumpery, were at last brought to be a rational entertainment. I remember,’ said he, ‘when I first took to the business, there was a great deal of low stuff that did very well to make folks laugh; but was never calculated to improve the morals of young people; which certainly ought to be principally aimed at in every puppet-show: for why may not good and instructive lessons be conveyed this way, as well as any other? My figures are as big as the life, and they represent the life in every particular; and I question not but people rise from my little drama as much improved as they do from the great.’ ‘I would by no means degrade the ingenuity of your profession,’ answered Jones, ‘but I should have been glad to have seen my old acquaintance master Punch for all that; and so far from improving, I think, by leaving out him and his merry wife Joan, you have spoiled your puppet-show.’

The dancer of wires conceived an immediate and high contempt for Jones, from these words; and, with much disdain in his countenance, he replied: ‘Very probably, Sir, that may be your opinion; but I have the satisfaction to know the best judges differ from you, and it is impossible to please every taste. I confess, indeed, some of the quality at Bath, two or
‘ three

‘ three yeats ago, wanted mightily to bring Punch
‘ again upon the stage. I believe I lost some money
‘ for not agreeing to it; but, let others do as they will,
‘ a little matter shall never bribe me to degrade my
‘ own profession, nor will I ever willingly consent to
‘ the spoiling the decency and regularity of my stage,
‘ by introducing any such low stuff upon it.’

‘ Right, friend,’ cries the clerk, ‘ you are very
‘ right. Always avoid what is low. There are several
‘ of my acquaintance in London, who are resolved
‘ to drive every thing which is low from the stage.’
‘ Nothing can be more proper,’ cries the exciseman,
pulling his pipe from his mouth. ‘ I remember,’
added he, (for then I lived with my lord), ‘ I was in
‘ the footman’s gallery, the night when this play of
‘ the Provoked Husband was acted first. There was
‘ a great deal of low stuff in it about a country gen-
‘ tleman come up to town to stand for parliament-
‘ man; and there they brought a parcel of his ser-
‘ vants upon the stage, his coachman I remember
‘ particularly; but the gentlemen in our gallery
‘ could not bear any thing so low, and they damned
‘ it. I observe, friend, you have left all that matter
‘ out, and you are to be commended for it.’

‘ Nay, gentlemen,’ cries Jones, ‘ I can never
‘ maintain my opinion against so many; indeed, if the
‘ generality of his audience dislike him, the learned
‘ gentleman, who conducts the show, may have done
‘ very right in dismissing Punch from his service.’

The master of the show then began a second harangue, and said much of the great force of example; and how much the inferior part of mankind would be deterred from vice, by observing how odious it

was

was in their superiors; when he was unluckily interrupted by an incident, which, though perhaps we might have omitted it at another time, we cannot help relating at present, but not in this chapter.

CHAP. VI.

From which it may be inferred, that the best things are liable to be misunderstood and misinterpreted.

A violent uproar now arose in the entry, where my landlady was well cuffing her maid both with her fist and tongue. She had indeed missed the wench from her employment, and, after a little search, had found her on the puppet-show stage in company with the Merry Andrew, and in a situation not very proper to be described.

Though Grace (for that was her name), had forfeited all title to modesty, yet had she not impudence enough to deny a fact in which she was actually surprised; she therefore took another turn, and attempted to mitigate the offence: ‘Why do you beat me in this manner, mistress?’ cries the wench. ‘If you don’t like my doings, you may turn me away. If I am a w——e,’ (for the other had liberally bestowed that appellation on her), ‘my betters are so as well as I! What was the fine lady in the puppet-show just now? I suppose she did not lie all night out from her husband for nothing.’

The landlady now burst into the kitchen, and fell foul on both her husband and the poor puppet-mover: ‘Here husband,’ says she, ‘you see the consequence of harbouring these people in your house. If one doth

‘ doth draw a little drink the more for them, one is
‘ hardly made amends for the litter they make; and
‘ then to have one’s house made a bawdy-house of by
‘ such lousy vermin. In short, I desire you would be
‘ gone to-morrow morning; for I will tolerate no more
‘ such doings. It is only the way to teach our servants
‘ idleness and nonsense; for to be sure nothing better
‘ can be learned by such idle shows as these. I re-
‘ member when puppet-shows were made of good
‘ scripture stories, as Jephtha’s rash vow, and such
‘ good things, and when wicked people were carried
‘ away by the devil. There was some sense in those
‘ matters; but, as the parson told us last Sunday, no-
‘ body believes in the devil now a-days; and here you
‘ bring about a parcel of puppets drest up like lords
‘ and ladies, only to turn the heads of poor country-
‘ wenches; and, when their heads are once turned
‘ topsy-turvy, no wonder every thing else is so.’

‘ Virgil, I think tells us, that when the mob are as-
sembled in a riotous and tumultuous manner, and all
sorts of missile weapons fly about, if a man of gravity
and authority appears amongst them, the tumult is
presently appeased, and the mob, which, when col-
lected into one body, may be well compared to an ass,
erect their long ears at the grave man’s discourse.

‘ On the contrary, when a set of grave men and phi-
losophers are disputing; when wisdom herself may in
a manner be considered as present, and administering
arguments to the disputants; should a tumult arise
among the mob, or should one scold, who is herself
equal in noise to a mighty mob, appear among the
said philosophers; their disputes cease in a moment,
wisdom no longer performs her ministerial office, and
the

the attention of every one is immediately attracted by the scold alone.

Thus the uproar aforesaid, and the arrival of the landlady, silenced the master of the puppet-show, and put a speedy and final end to that grave and solemn harangue, of which we have given the reader a sufficient taste already. Nothing indeed could have happened so very inopportune as this accident; the most wanton malice of fortune could not have contrived such another stratagem to confound the poor fellow, while he was so triumphantly descanting on the good morals inculcated by his exhibitions. His mouth was now as effectually stopt, as that of a quack must be, if, in the midst of a declamation on the great virtues of his pills and powders, the corpse of one of his martyrs should be brought forth, and deposited before the stage, as a testimony of his skill.

Instead, therefore, of answering my landlady, the puppet-show-man ran out to punish his merry Andrew; and now the moon beginning to put forth her silver light, as the poets call it, (though she looked at that time more like a piece of copper), Jones called for his reckoning, and ordered Partridge, whom my landlady had just awaked from a profound nap, to prepare for his journey; but Partridge, having lately carried two points, as my reader hath seen before, was emboldened to attempt a third, which was to prevail with Jones to take up a lodging that evening in the house where he then was. He introduced this with an affected surprize at the intention which Mr. Jones declared of removing, and, after urging many excellent arguments against it, he at last insisted strongly, that it could be to no manner of purpose whatever; for that,

unless Jones knew which way the lady was gone; every step he took might very possibly lead him the farther from her: 'for you find, Sir,' said he, 'by all the people in the house, that she is not gone this way. How much better, therefore, would it be to stay till the morning, when we may expect to meet with somebody to enquire of?'

This last argument had indeed some effect on Jones; and, while he was weighing it, the landlord threw all the rhetoric of which he was master, into the same scale: 'Sure, Sir,' said he, 'your servant gives you most excellent advice; for who would travel by night at this time of the year?' He then began in the usual stile to trumpet forth the excellent accommodation which his house afforded; and my landlady likewise opened on the occasion— But not to detain the reader with what is common to every host and hostess, it is sufficient to tell him, Jones was at last prevailed on to stay and refresh himself with a few hours rest, which indeed he very much wanted; for he had hardly shut his eyes since he had left the inn, where the accident of the broken head had happened.

As soon as Jones had taken a resolution to proceed no farther that night, he presently retired to rest with his two bed-fellows, the pocket-book and the muff; but Partridge, who at several times had refreshed himself with several naps, was more inclined to eating than to sleeping, and more to drinking than to either.

And now the storm which Grace had raised being at an end, and my landlady being again reconciled to the puppet-man, who on his side forgave the indecent reflections which the good woman in her passion had cast on his performances, a face of perfect peace and tran-

tranquillity reigned in the kitchen; where sat assembled round the fire, the landlord and landlady of the house, the master of the puppet-show, the attorney's clerk, the exciseman, and the ingenious Mr. Partridge; in which company past the agreeable conversation which will be found in the next chapter.

CHAP. VII.

Containing a remark or two of our own, and many more of the good company assembled in the kitchen.

THOUGH the pride of Partridge did not submit to acknowledge himself a servant, yet he condescended in most particulars to imitate the manners of that rank. One instance of this was, his greatly magnifying the fortune of his companion, as he called Jones: such is a general custom with all servants among strangers, as none of them would willingly be thought the attendant on a beggar: for the higher the situation of the master is, the higher consequently is that of the man in his own opinion; the truth of which observation appears from the behaviour of all the footmen of the nobility.

But though title and fortune communicate a splendor all around them, and the footmen of men of quality and of estate think themselves entitled to a part of that respect which is paid to the quality and estates of their masters; it is clearly otherwise with regard to virtue and understanding. These advantages are strictly personal, and swallow themselves all the respect which is paid to them. To say the truth, this is so very little, that they cannot well afford to let any

others partake with them. As these therefore reflect no honour on the domestic, so neither is he at all dishonoured by the most deplorable want of both in his master. Indeed it is otherwise in the want of what is called *virtue* in a mistress, the consequence of which we have before seen; for in this dishonour there is a kind of contagion, which, like that of poverty, communicates itself to all who approach it.

Now for these reasons we are not to wonder, that servants (I mean among the men only), should have so great regard for the reputation of the wealth of their masters, and little or none at all for their character in other points; and that, though they would be ashamed to be the footman of a beggar, they are not so to attend upon a rogue or a blockhead, and do consequently make no scruple to spread the fame of the iniquities and follies of their said masters as far as possible, and this often with great humour and merriment. In reality, a footman is often a wit, as well as a beau, at the expence of the gentleman whose livery he wears.

After Partridge, therefore, had enlarged greatly on the vast fortune to which Mr. Jones was heir, he very freely communicated an apprehension which he had begun to conceive the day before, and for which, as we hinted at that very time, the behaviour of Jones seemed to have furnished a sufficient foundation. In short, he was now pretty well confirmed in an opinion, that his master was out of his wits, with which opinion he very bluntly acquainted the good company round the fire.

With this sentiment the puppet-show man immediately coincided: 'I own,' said he, 'the gentleman
' sur-

‘surprised me very much, when he talked so absurdly about puppet-shows. It is indeed hardly to be conceived that any man in his senses should be so much mistaken; what you say now accounts very well for all his monstrous notions. Poor gentleman! I am heartily concerned for him; indeed he hath a strange wildness about his eyes, which I took notice of before, though I did not mention it.’

The landlord agreed with this last assertion, and likewise claimed the sagacity of having observed it: ‘And certainly,’ added he, ‘it must be so: for no one but a madman would have thought of leaving so good a house, to ramble about the country at that time of night.’

The exciseman, pulling his pipe from his mouth, said: ‘He thought the gentleman looked and talked a little wildly;’ and then turning to Partridge: ‘If he be a madman, says he, he should not be suffered to travel thus about the country; for possibly he may do some mischief. It is pity he was not secured and sent home to his relations.’

Now some conceits of this kind were likewise lurking in the mind of Partridge; for, as he was now persuaded that Jones had run away from Mr. Allworthy, he promised himself the highest rewards, if he could by any means convey him back. But fear of Jones, of whose fierceness and strength he had seen, and indeed felt some instances, had however represented any such scheme as impossible to be executed, and had discouraged him from applying himself to form any regular plan for the purpose. But no sooner did he hear the sentiments of the exciseman, than he embraced that opportunity of declaring his own,

and expressed a hearty wish that such a matter could be brought about.

‘Could be brought about!’ says the exciseman; ‘why there is nothing easier.’

‘Ah! Sir,’ answered Partridge, ‘you don’t know what a devil of a fellow he is. He can take me up with one hand, and throw me out at a window; and he would too, if he did but imagine—’

‘Pogh!’ says the exciseman, ‘I believe I am as good a man as he. Besides, here are five of us.’

‘I don’t know what five,’ cries the landlady, ‘my husband shall have nothing to do in it. Nor shall any violent hands be laid upon any body in my house. The young gentleman is as pretty a young gentleman as ever I saw in my life, and I believe he is no more mad than any of us. What do you tell of his having a wild look with his eyes? they are the prettiest eyes I ever saw, and he hath the prettiest look with them; and a very modest civil young man he is. I am sure I have bepitied him heartily ever since the gentleman there in the corner told us he was crost in love. Certainly that is enough to make any man, especially such a sweet young gentleman as he is, to look a little otherwise than he did before. Lady, indeed! what the devil would the lady have better than such a handsome man with a great estate? I suppose she is one of your quality folks, one of your townly ladies that we saw last night in the puppet-show, who don’t know what they would be at.’

The attorney’s clerk likewise declared he would have no concern in the business, without the advice of council: ‘Suppose,’ says he, ‘an action of false
im-

‘imprisonment should be brought against us, what
‘defence could we make? Who knows what may be
‘sufficient evidence of madness to a jury? But I only
‘speak upon my own account; for it don’t look well
‘for a lawyer to be concerned in these matters, un-
‘less it be as a lawyer. Juries are always less favour-
‘able to us than to other people. I don’t therefore
‘dissuade you, Mr. Thomson, (to the exciseman), nor
‘the gentleman, nor any body else.’

The exciseman shook his head, at this speech, and the puppet-show-man said: ‘madness was sometimes
‘a difficult matter for a jury to decide. For I re-
‘member,’ says he, ‘I was once present at a trial
‘of madness, where twenty witnesses swore that the
‘person was as mad as a March hare; and twenty
‘others, that he was as much in his senses as any
‘man in England—And indeed it was the opinion of
‘most people, that it was only a trick of his relations
‘to rob the poor man of his right.’

‘Very likely?’ cries the landlady, ‘I myself knew
‘a poor gentleman who was kept in a mad house all
‘his life by his family, and they enjoyed his estate,
‘but it did them no good; for, though the law gave
‘it them, it was the right of another.’

‘Pogh!’ cries the clerk, with great contempt, ‘who
‘hath any right but what the law gives them? If the
‘law gave me the best estate in the country, I should
‘never trouble myself much who had the right.’

‘If it be so,’ says Partridge, ‘*Felix quem faciunt
‘aliena pericula cautum.*’

My landlord, who had been called out by the ar-
rival of a horseman at the gate, now returned into
the kitchen, and with an affrighted countenance

cried out: 'What do you think, gentlemen? The
'rebels have given the duke the flip, and are got al-
'most to London— It is certainly true, for a man on
'horseback just now told me so.'

'I am glad of it with all my heart,' cries Partridge; 'then there will be no fighting in these
'parts.'

'I am glad,' cries the clerk, 'for a better reason;
'for I would always have right take place.'

'Ay but,' answered the landlord, 'I have heard
'some people say this man hath no right.'

'I will prove the contrary in a moment,' cries the clerk; 'if my father dies seized of a right; do you
'mind me, seized of a right, I say; doth not that
'right descend to his son? and doth not one right
'descend as well as another?'

'But how can he have any right to make us pa-
'pishes?' says the landlord.

'Never fear that,' cries Partridge. 'As to the
'matter of right, the gentleman there hath proved
'it as clear as the sun; and, as to the matter of re-
'ligion, it is quite out of the case. The papists them-
'selves don't expect any such thing. A popish priest,
'whom I knew very well, and who is a very honest
'man, told me upon his word and honour they had
'no such design.'

'And another priest of my acquaintance,' said the landlady, 'hath told me the same thing— But my
'husband is always so afraid of papishes. I know a
'great many papishes that are very honest sort of
'people, and spend their money very freely; and it
'is always a maxim with me, that one man's money
'is as good as another's.'

'Very

‘ Very true, mistress,’ said the puppet-show-man,
‘ I don’t care what religion comes, provided the
‘ presbyterians are not uppermost; for they are ene-
‘ mies to puppet-shows.’

‘ And so you would sacrifice your religion to your
‘ interest,’ cries the exciseman; ‘ and are desirous to
‘ see popery brought in, are you?’

‘ Not I truly,’ answered the other; ‘ I hate popery
‘ as much as any man; but yet it is a comfort to one,
‘ that one should be able to live under it, which I
‘ could not do among presbyterians. To be sure every
‘ man values his livelihood first; that must be granted;
‘ and I warrant, if you would confess the truth, you
‘ are more afraid of losing your place than any thing
‘ else; but never fear, friend, there will be an excise
‘ under another government as well as under this.’

‘ Why certainly,’ replied the exciseman, ‘ I should
‘ be a very ill man, if I did not honour the king,
‘ whose bread I eat. That is no more than natural,
‘ as a man may say: for what signifies it to me that
‘ there would be an excise-office under another go-
‘ vernment, since my friends would be out, and I
‘ could expect no better than to follow them? No,
‘ no, friend, I shall never be bubbled out of my reli-
‘ gion, in hopes only of keeping my place under an-
‘ other government; for I should certainly be no
‘ better, and very probably might be worse.’

‘ Why, that is what I say,’ cries the landlord,
‘ whenever folks say, who knows what may happen?
‘ Odzooks, should not I be a blockhead to lend my
‘ money to I know not who, because mayhap he may
‘ return it again? I am sure it is safe in my own bu-
‘ reau, and there I will keep it.’

The attorney's clerk had taken a great fancy to the sagacity of Partridge. Whether this proceeded from the great discernment which the former had into men, as well as things, or whether it arose from the sympathy between their minds; for they were both truly Jacobites in principle; they now shook hands heartily, and drank bumpers of strong beer to healths which we think proper to bury in oblivion.

These healths were afterwards pledged by all present, and even by my landlord himself, though reluctantly; but he could not withstand the menaces of the clerk, who swore he would never set his foot within his house again, if he refused. The bumpers which were swallowed on this occasion soon put an end to the conversation. Here, therefore, we will put an end to the chapter.

CHAP. VIII.

In which fortune seems to have been in a better humour with Jones, than we have hitherto seen her.

AS there is no wholesomer, so perhaps there are few stronger sleeping-potions than fatigue. Of this Jones might be said to have taken a very large dose, and it operated very forcibly upon him. He had already slept nine hours, and might perhaps have slept longer, had he not been awakened by a most violent noise at his chamber-door, where the sound of many heavy blows was accompanied with many exclamations of murder. Jones presently leapt from his bed, where he found the master of the puppet-show be-

belabouring the back and ribs of his poor merry Andrew, without either mercy or moderation.

Jones instantly interposed on behalf of the suffering party, and pinned the insulting conqueror up to the wall; for the puppet-show-man was no more able to contend with Jones, than the poor party-coloured jester had been to contend with this puppet-man.

But, though the merry Andrew was a little fellow, and not very strong, he had nevertheless some choler about him. He therefore no sooner found himself delivered from the enemy, than he began to attack him with the only weapon at which he was his equal. From this he first discharged a volley of general abusive words, and thence proceeded to some particular accusations.— ‘D—n your bl—d, you rascal,’ says he, ‘I have not only supported you, (for to me you owe all the money you get), but I have saved you from the gallows. Did you not want to rob the lady of her fine riding-habit, no longer ago than yesterday, in the back lane here? Can you deny that you wished to have her alone in a wood to strip her, to strip one of the prettiest ladies that ever was seen in the world? and here you have fallen upon me, and have almost murdered me for doing no harm to a girl as willing as myself, only because she likes me better than you.’

Jones no sooner heard this, than he quitted the master, laying on him at the same time the most violent injunctions of forbearance from any further insult on the merry Andrew; and, then taking the poor wretch with him into his own apartment, he soon learnt tidings of his Sophia, whom the fellow, as he was attending his master with his drum the day before,

fore, had seen pass by. He easily prevailed with the lad to shew him the exact place; and then, having summoned Partridge, he departed with the utmost expedition.

It was almost eight of the clock before all matters could be got ready for his departure; for Partridge was not in any haste, nor could the reckoning be presently adjusted; and, when both these were settled and over, Jones would not quit the place, before he had perfectly reconciled all difference between the master and the man.

When this was happily accomplished, he set forwards, and was by the trusty merry Andrew conducted to the spot by which Sophia had past; and then, having handsomely rewarded his conductor, he again pushed on with the utmost eagerness, being highly delighted with the extraordinary manner in which he received his intelligence. Of this Partridge was no sooner acquainted, than he with great earnestness began to prophesy, and assured Jones, that he would certainly have good success in the end; for he said: 'two such accidents could never have happened to direct him after his mistress, if Providence had not designed to bring them together at last.' And this was the first time that Jones lent any attention to the superstitious doctrines of his companion.

They had not gone above two miles, when a violent storm of rain overtook them; and, as they happened to be at the same time in sight of an alehouse, Partridge with most earnest entreaty prevailed with Jones to enter and weather the storm. Hunger is an enemy, (if indeed it may be called one), which partakes more of the English than of the French disposition.

position; for, though you subdue this never so often, it will always rally again in time; and so it did with Partridge, who was no sooner arrived within the kitchen, than he began to ask the same questions which he had asked the night before. The consequence of this was an excellent cold chine being produced upon the table, upon which not only Partridge, but Jones himself, made a very hearty breakfast, though the latter began to grow again uneasy, as the people of the house could give him no fresh information concerning Sophia.

Their meal being over, Jones was again preparing to sally, notwithstanding the violence of the storm still continued; but Partridge begged heartily for another mug; and, at last casting his eyes on a lad at the fire, who had entered into the kitchen, and who at that instant was looking as earnestly at him, he turned suddenly to Jones, and cried: ‘Master, give
‘ me your lad; a single mug shan’t serve the turn
‘ this bout. Why here’s more news of madam So-
‘ phia come to town. The boy there standing by the
‘ fire is the very lad that rode before her. I can
‘ swear to my own plaister on his face.’ ‘Heavens,
‘ bless you, Sir,’ cries the boy; ‘it is your own plaister
‘ sure enough; I shall have always reason to remem-
‘ ber your goodness; for it hath almost cured me.’

At these words Jones started from his chair, and, bidding the boy follow him, immediately departed from the kitchen into a private apartment; for so delicate was he with regard to Sophia, that he never willingly mentioned her name in the presence of many people; and though he had as it were, from the overflowings of his heart, given Sophia as a toast
among

among the officers, where he thought it was impossible she should be known; yet even there the reader may remember how difficultly he was prevailed upon to mention her surname.

Hard therefore was it, and perhaps, in the opinion of many sagacious readers, very absurd and monstrous, that he should principally owe his present misfortune to the supposed want of that delicacy with which he so abounded; for, in reality, Sophia was much more offended at the freedoms which she thought (and not without good reason), he had taken with her name and character, than at any freedoms, in which, under his present circumstances, he had indulged himself with the person of another woman; and, to say truth, I believe Honour could never have prevailed on her to leave Upton without her seeing Jones, had it not been for those two strong instances of a levity in his behaviour, so void of respect, and indeed so highly inconsistent with any degree of love and tenderness in great and delicate minds.

But so matters fell out, and so I must relate them; and, if any reader is shocked at their appearing unnatural, I cannot help it. I must remind such persons, that I am not writing a system, but a history, and I am not obliged to reconcile every matter to the received notions concerning truth and nature. But, if this was never so easy to do, perhaps it might be more prudent in me to avoid it. For instance, as the fact at present before us now stands, without any comment of mine upon it, though it may at first sight offend some readers, yet, upon more mature consideration, it must please all; for wise and good men may consider what happened to Jones at Upton, as a just punishment.

nishment for his wickedness with regard to women, of which it was indeed the immediate consequence; and silly and bad persons may comfort themselves in their vices, by flattering their own hearts, that the characters of man are rather owing to accident than to virtue. Now perhaps the reflections, which we should be here inclined to draw, would alike contradict both these conclusions, and would shew, that these incidents contribute only to confirm the great, useful, and uncommon doctrine, which it is the purpose of this whole work to inculcate, and which we must not fill up our pages by frequently repeating, as an ordinary parson fills his sermon by repeating his text at the end of every paragraph.

We are contented that it must appear, however unhappily Sophia had erred in her opinion of Jones, she had sufficient reason for her opinion; since, I believe, every other young lady would, in her situation, have erred in the same manner. Nay, had she followed her lover at this very time, and had entered this very alehouse the moment he was departed from it, she would have found the landlord as well acquainted with her name and person, as the wench at Upton had appeared to be: For, while Jones was examining his boy in whispers in an inner room, Partridge, who had no such delicacy in his disposition, was in the kitchen very openly catechising the other guide who had attended Mrs. Fitzpatrick; by which means the landlord, whose ears were open on all such occasions, became perfectly well acquainted with the tumble of Sophia from her horse, &c. with the mistake concerning Jenny Cameron, with the many consequences of the punch, and, in short, with almost every

every thing which had happened at the inn, whence we dispatched our ladies in a coach and six, when we last took our leaves of them.

CHAP. IX.

Containing little more than a few odd observations.

JONES had been absent a full half-hour, when he returned into the kitchen in a hurry, desiring the landlord to let him know that instant what was to pay. And now the concern, which Partridge felt at being obliged to quit the warm chimney-corner and a cup of excellent liquor, was somewhat compensated by hearing, that he was to proceed no farther on foot; for Jones, by golden arguments, had prevailed with the boy to attend him back to the inn whither he had before conducted Sophia; but to this however the lad consented, upon condition that the other guide would wait for him at the alehouse; because, as the landlord at Upton was an intimate acquaintance of the landlord at Gloucester, it might some time or other come to the ears of the latter, that his horses had been let to more than one person; and so the boy might be brought to account for money, which he wisely intended to put in his own pocket.

We were obliged to mention this circumstance, trifling as it may seem, since it retarded Mr. Jones a considerable time in his setting out; for the honesty of this latter boy was somewhat high—that is, somewhat high priced, and would indeed have cost Jones very dear, had not Partridge, who, as we have said, was a very cunning fellow, artfully thrown in half a crown

crown to be spent at that very alehouse, while the boy was waiting for his companion. This half-crown the landlord no sooner got scent of, than he opened after it with such vehement and persuasive outcry, that the boy was soon overcome, and consented to take half a crown more for his stay. Here we cannot help observing, that, as there is so much of policy in the lowest life, great men often over-value themselves on those refinements in imposture, in which they are frequently excelled by some of the lowest of the human species.

The horses being now produced, Jones directly leapt into the side-saddle, on which his dear Sophia had rid. The lad indeed very civilly offered him the use of his; but he chose the side-saddle, probably because it was softer. Partridge however, though full as effeminate as Jones, could not bear the thought of degrading his manhood; he therefore accepted the boy's offer; and now Jones, being mounted on the side-saddle of his Sophia, the boy on that of Mrs. Honour, and Partridge bestriding the third horse, they set forwards on their journey, and within four hours arrived at the inn where the reader hath already spent so much time. Partridge was in very high spirits during the whole way, and often mentioned to Jones the many good omens of his future success, which had lately befriended him; and which the reader, without being the least superstitious, must allow to have been peculiarly fortunate. Partridge was moreover better pleased with the present pursuit of his companion, than he had been with his pursuit of glory; and from these very omens, which assured the pedagogue of success, he likewise first acquired a clear idea of the amour between Jones

and Sophia; to which he had before given very little attention, as he had originally taken a wrong scent concerning the reasons of Jones's departure; and as to what happened at Upton, he was too much frightened just before and after his leaving that place, to draw any other conclusions from thence, than that poor Jones was a downright madman: a conceit which was not at all disagreeable to the opinion he before had of his extraordinary wildness, of which he thought, his behaviour on their quitting Gloucester so well justified all the accounts he had formerly received. He was now however pretty well satisfied with his present expedition, and henceforth began to conceive much worthier sentiments of his friend's understanding.

The clock had just struck three when they arrived, and Jones immediately bespoke post-horses; but unluckily there was not a horse to be procured in the whole place; which the reader will not wonder at, when he considers the hurry in which the whole nation, and especially this part of it, was at this time engaged, when expresses were passing and repassing every hour of the day and night.

Jones endeavoured all he could to prevail with his former guide to escorte him to Coventry; but he was inexorable. While he was arguing with the boy in the inn-yard, a person came up to him, and saluting him by his name, enquired how all the good family did in Somersetshire; and now Jones, casting his eyes upon this person, presently discovered him to be Mr. Dowling the lawyer, with whom he had dined at Gloucester, and with much courtesy returned his salutation.

Dowling very earnestly pressed Mr. Jones to go no further that night; and backed his solicitations with
but

.. many

many unanswerable arguments, such as that it was almost dark, that the roads were very dirty, and that he would be able to travel much better by day-light, with many others equally good, some of which Jones had probably suggested to himself before; but as they were then ineffectual, so they were still; and he continued resolute in his design, even though he should be obliged to set out on foot.

When the good attorney found he could not prevail on Jones to stay, he as strenuously applied himself to persuade the guide to accompany him. He urged many motives to induce him to undertake this short journey, and at last concluded with saying: 'Do you think the gentleman won't very well reward you for your trouble?'

Two to one are odds at every other thing, as well as at foot-ball. But the advantage which this united force hath in persuasion or entreaty, must have been visible to a curious observer: for he must have often seen, that when a father, a master, a wife, or any other person in authority, have stoutly adhered to a denial against all the reasons which a single man could produce, they have afterwards yielded to the repetition of the same sentiments by a second or third person, who hath undertaken the cause, without attempting to advance any thing new in its behalf. And hence perhaps proceeds the phrase of seconding an argument or a motion, and the great consequence this is of in all assemblies of public debate. Hence likewise probably it is, that in our courts of law we often hear a learned gentleman (generally a serjeant) repeating for an hour together what another learned gentleman who spoke just before him, had been saying.

Instead of accounting for this, we shall proceed in our usual manner to exemplify it in the conduct of the lad above-mentioned, who submitted to the persuasions of Mr. Dowling, and promised once more to admit Jones into his side-saddle; but insisted on first giving the poor creatures a good bait, saying they had travelled a great way, and been rid very hard. Indeed this caution of the boy was needless; for Jones, notwithstanding his hurry and impatience, would have ordered this of himself; for he by no means agreed with the opinion of those who consider animals as mere machines, and when they bury their spurs in the belly of their horse, imagine the spur and the horse to have an equal capacity of feeling pain.

While the beasts were eating their corn, or rather were supposed to eat it; (for, as the boy was taking care of himself in the kitchen, the hostler took great care that his corn should not be consumed in the stable), Mr. Jones, at the earnest desire of Mr. Dowling, accompanied that gentleman into his room, where they sat down together over a bottle of wine.

CHAP. X.

In which Mr. Jones and Mr. Dowling drink a bottle together.

MR. Dowling, pouring out a glass of wine, named the health of the good squire Allworthy, adding: ‘If you please, Sir, we will likewise remember
‘ his nephew and heir, the young squire; come, Sir,
‘ here’s Mr. Blifil to you, a very pretty young gentleman; and who, I dare swear, will hereafter make

‘ a very considerable figure in his country. I have
‘ a borough for him myself in my eye.’

‘ Sir,’ answered Jones, ‘ I am convinced you don’t
‘ intend to affront me, so I shall not resent it; but, I
‘ promise you, you have joined two persons very im-
‘ properly together; -for one is the glory of the hu-
‘ man species, and the other is a rascal, who disho-
‘ nours the name of man.’

Dowling stared at this. He said: ‘ He thought both
‘ the gentlemen had a very unexceptionable charac-
‘ ter. As for squire Allworthy himself,’ says he, ‘ I
‘ never had the happiness to see him; but all the
‘ world talks of his goodness. And, indeed, as to
‘ the young gentleman, I never saw him but once,
‘ when I carried him the news of the loss of his mo-
‘ ther; and then I was so hurried, and drove and tore
‘ with the multiplicity of business, that I had hard-
‘ ly time to converse with him; but he looked so like
‘ a very honest gentleman, and behaved himself so
‘ prettily, that I protest I never was more delighted
‘ with any gentleman since I was born.’

‘ I don’t wonder,’ answered Jones, ‘ that he should
‘ impose upon you in so short an acquaintance; for
‘ he hath the cunning of the devil himself, and you
‘ may live with him many years, without discovering
‘ him. I was bred up with him from my infancy, and
‘ we were hardly ever asunder; but it is very lately
‘ only, that I have discovered half the villainy which
‘ is in him. I own I never greatly liked him. I
‘ thought he wanted that generosity of spirit, which
‘ is the sure foundation of all that is great and noble
‘ in human nature. I saw a selfishness in him long
‘ ago, which I despised; but it is lately, very lately,

‘ that I have found him capable of the basest and
‘ blackest designs; for, indeed, I have at last found
‘ out, that he hath taken an advantage of the open-
‘ ness of my own temper, and hath concerted the
‘ deepest project, by a long train of wicked artifice,
‘ to work my ruin, which at last he hath effected.’

‘ Ay! Ay!’ cries Dowling, ‘ I protest then, it is
‘ a pity such a person should inherit the great estate
‘ of your uncle Allworthy.’

‘ Alas, Sir,’ cries Jones, ‘ you do me an honour
‘ to which I have no title. It is true, indeed, his
‘ goodness once allowed me the liberty of calling him
‘ by a much nearer name; but, as this was only a vo-
‘ luntary act of goodness, I can complain of no in-
‘ justice, when he thinks proper to deprive me of this
‘ honour, since the loss cannot be more unmerited
‘ than the gift originally was. I assure you, Sir, I
‘ am not relation of Mr. Allworthy; and if the world,
‘ who are incapable of setting a true value on his
‘ virtue, should think, in his behaviour by me, he
‘ hath dealt hardly by a relation, they do an injustice
‘ to the best of men: for I— but I ask your par-
‘ don; I shall trouble you with no particulars rela-
‘ ting to myself; only, as you seemed to think me a
‘ relation of Mr. Allworthy, I thought proper to set
‘ you right in a matter that might draw some cen-
‘ sures upon him, which I promise you I would ra-
‘ ther lose my life, than give occasion to.’

‘ I protest, Sir,’ cried Dowling, ‘ you talk very
‘ much like a man of honour; but, instead of giving
‘ me any trouble, I protest it would give me great
‘ pleasure to know how you came to be thought a
‘ relation of Mr. Allworthy’s, if you are not. Your
‘ horses

‘ horses won’t be ready this half-hour, and, as you
‘ have sufficient opportunity, I wish you would tell
‘ me how all that happened; for I protest, it seems
‘ very surprising that you should pass for a relation
‘ of a gentleman, without being so.’

Jones, who in the compliance of his disposition (tho’ not in his prudence), a little resembled his lovely Sophia, was easily prevailed on to satisfy Mr. Dowling’s curiosity, by relating the history of his birth and education, which he did, like Othello,

———— Even from his boyish years,
‘ To th’ very moment he was bad to tell;
the which to hear, Dowling, like Desdemone, did seriously incline;

He swore ’twas strange, ’twas passing strange;
’Twas pitiful, ’twas wondrous pitiful.

Mr. Dowling was indeed very greatly affected with this relation; for he had not divested himself of humanity by being an attorney. Indeed nothing is more unjust than to carry our prejudices against a profession into private life, and to borrow our idea of a man from our opinion of his calling. Habit, it is true, lessens the horror of those actions which the profession makes necessary, and consequently habitual; but, in all other instances, nature works in men of all professions alike, nay perhaps even more strongly with those who give her, as it were, a holiday, when they are following their ordinary business. A butcher, I make no doubt, would feel compunction at the slaughter of a fine horse; and, though a surgeon can conceive no pain in cutting off a limb, I have known him

compassionate a man in a fit of the gout. The common hang-man, who hath stretched the necks of hundreds, is known to have trembled at his first operation on a head: and the very professors of human blood-shedding, who in their trade of war butcher thousands, not only of their fellow-professors, but often of women and children, without remorse; even these, I say, in times of peace, when drums and trumpets are laid aside, often lay aside all their ferocity, and become very gentle members of civil society. In the same manner an attorney may feel all the miseries and distresses of his fellow-creatures, provided he happens not to be concerned against them.

Jones, as the reader knows, was yet unacquainted with the very black colours in which he had been represented to Mr. Allworthy; and, as to other matters, he did not shew them in the most disadvantageous light; for, though he was unwilling to cast any blame on his former friend and patron, yet he was not very desirous of heaping too much upon himself. Dowling therefore observed, and not without reason, that very ill offices must have been done him by somebody: ‘For certainly,’ cries he, ‘the squire would never have disinherited you only for a few faults, which any young gentleman might have committed. Indeed, I cannot say properly disinherited; for to be sure, by law you cannot claim as heir. That’s certain, that nobody need go to counsel for. Yet, when a gentleman had in a manner adopted you thus as his own son, you might reasonably have expected some very considerable part, if not the whole; nay, if you had expected the whole, I should not have blamed you; for certainly all
‘men

‘ men are for getting as much as they can, and they
‘ are not to be blamed on that account.’

‘ Indeed you wrong me,’ said Jones, ‘ I should have
‘ been contented with very little: I never had any view
‘ upon Mr. Allworthy’s fortune: nay, I believe, I may
‘ truly say, I never once considered what he could or
‘ might give me. This I solemnly declare, if he had
‘ done a prejudice to his nephew in my favour, I would
‘ have undone it again. I had rather enjoy my own
‘ mind than the fortune of another man. What is the
‘ poor pride arising from a magnificent house, a numer-
‘ ous equipage, a splendid table, and from all the other
‘ advantages or appearances of fortune, compared to
‘ the warm, solid content, the swelling satisfaction, the
‘ thrilling transports, and the exulting triumphs, which
‘ a good mind enjoys in the contemplation of a gener-
‘ ous, virtuous, noble, benevolent action? I envy not
‘ Blifil in the prospect of his wealth; nor shall I envy
‘ him in the possession of it. I would not think myself a
‘ rascal half an hour, to exchange situations. I believe,
‘ indeed, Mr. Blifil suspected me of the views you men-
‘ tion; and I suppose these suspicions, as they arose
‘ from the baseness of his own heart, so they occasioned
‘ his baseness to me. But, I thank heaven, I know,
‘ I feel,—— I feel my innocence, my friend; and I
‘ would not part with that feeling for the world.——
‘ For as long as I know I have never done, nor even
‘ designed an injury to any being whatever:

Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis

Arbor æstiva recreatur aura,

Quod latus mundi nebulae, malusque

Jupiter urget.

*Pone, sub curru nimium propinqui
Solis in terra dominibus negata ;
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem*.*

He then filled a bumper of wine, and drank it off to the health of his dear Lalage; and, filling Dowling's glass likewise up to the brim, insisted on his pledging him. 'Why then here's Miss Lalage's health, with
' all my heart,' cries Dowling. 'I have heard her
' toasted often, I protest, though I never saw her; but
' they say she's extremely handsome.'

Though the Latin was not the only part of this speech which Dowling did not perfectly understand; yet there was somewhat in it, that made a very strong impression upon him. And though he endeavoured by winking, nodding, sneering, and grinning, to hide the impression from Jones, (for we are as often ashamed of thinking right as of thinking wrong), it is certain he secretly approved as much of his sentiments as he understood, and really felt a very strong impulse of compassion for him. But we may possibly take some other opportunity of commenting upon this, especially if we should happen to meet Mr. Dowling any more

in

* Place me where never summer breeze
Unbinds the glebe, or warms the trees;
Where ever lowering clouds appear,
And angry Jove deforms th' inclement year.

Place me beneath the burning ray,
Where rolls the rapid car of day;
Love and the nymph shall charm my toils,
The nymph who sweetly speaks, and sweetly smiles.

2004

2 X

Mr. FRANCIS.

in the course of our history. At present we are obliged to take our leave of that gentleman a little abruptly, in imitation of Mr. Jones, who was no sooner informed by Partridge that his horses were ready, than he deposited his reckoning, wished his companion a good night, mounted, and set forward towards Coventry, though the night was dark, and it just then began to rain very hard.

CHAP. XI.

The disasters which beset Jones on his departure for Coventry; with the sage remarks of Partridge.

NO road can be plainer than that from the place where they now were to Coventry; and, tho' neither Jones nor Partridge, nor the guide, had ever travelled it before, it would have been almost impossible to have missed their way, had it not been for the two reasons mentioned in the conclusion of the last chapter.

These two circumstances, however, happening both unfortunately to intervene, our travellers deviated into a much less frequented track; and, after riding full six miles, instead of arriving at the stately spires of Coventry, they found themselves still in a very dirty lane, where they saw no symptoms of approaching the suburbs of a large city.

Jones now declared that they must certainly have lost their way; but this the guide insisted upon was impossible; a word which, in common conversation, is often used to signify not only improbable, but often what is really very likely, and sometimes what hath cer-

certainly happened; an hyperbolical violence, like that which is so frequently offered to the words *infinite* and *eternal*; by the former of which it is usual to express a distance of half a yard, and by the latter, a duration of five minutes. And thus it is as usual to assert the impossibility of losing what is already actually lost. This was, in fact, the case at present; for, notwithstanding all the confident assertions of the lad to the contrary, it is certain they were no more in the right road to Coventry, than the fraudulent, griping, cruel, canting miser is in the right road to heaven.

It is not perhaps easy for a reader, who hath never been in those circumstances, to imagine the horror with which darkness, rain, and wind, fill persons who have lost their way in the night; and who, consequently, have not the pleasant prospect of warm fires, dry cloaths, and other refreshments, to support their minds in struggling with the inclemencies of the weather. A very imperfect idea of this horror will, however, serve sufficiently to account for the conceits, which now filled the head of Partridge, and which we shall presently be obliged to open.

Jones grew more and more positive that they were out of their road; and the boy himself at last acknowledged, he believed they were not in the right road to Coventry, though he affirmed, at the same time, it was impossible they should have mist the way. But Partridge was of a different opinion. He said: ‘When they first set out, he imagined some mischief or other would happen.—— Did you not observe, Sir,’ said he to Jones, ‘that old woman who stood at the door just as you was taking horse? I wish you had given her a small matter with all my heart; for
‘she

‘ She said then you might repent it; and at that very
‘ instant it began to rain, and the wind hath conti-
‘ nued rising ever since. Whatever some people may
‘ think, I am very certain it is in the power of
‘ witches to raise the wind whenever they please. I
‘ have seen it happen very often in my time; and, if
‘ ever I saw witch in all my life, that old woman
‘ was certainly one. I thought so to myself at that
‘ very time; and, if I had had any halfpence in my
‘ pocket, I would have given her some; for to be
‘ sure it is always good to be charitable to those sort
‘ of people, for fear what may happen; and many a
‘ person hath lost his cattle by saving a halfpenny.’

Jones, though he was horridly vexed at the delay which this mistake was likely to occasion in his journey, could not help smiling at the superstition of his friend, whom an accident now greatly confirmed in his opinion. This was a tumble from his horse; by which, however, he received no other injury than what the dirt conferred on his cloaths.

Partridge had no sooner recovered his legs, than he appealed to his fall, as conclusive evidence of all he had asserted; but Jones, finding he was unhurt, answered with a smile: ‘ This witch of yours, Par-
‘ tridge, is a most ungrateful jade, and doth not, I
‘ find, distinguish her friends from others in her re-
‘ sentment. If the old lady had been angry with me
‘ for neglecting her, I don’t see why she should tum-
‘ ble you from your horse, after all the respect you
‘ have expressed for her.

‘ It is ill jesting,’ cries Partridge, ‘ with people
‘ who have power to do these things, for they are
‘ often very malicious. I remember a farrier, who
‘ pro-

‘ provoked one of them, by asking her when the time
‘ she had bargained with the devil for would be out;
‘ and, within three months from that very day, one of
‘ his best cows was drowned. Nor was she satisfied
‘ with that; for a little time afterwards he lost a bar-
‘ rel of best drink; for the old witch pulled out the
‘ spigot, and let it run all over the cellar, the very
‘ first evening he had tapped it, to make merry with
‘ some of his neighbours. In short, nothing ever
‘ thrived with him afterwards; for she worried the
‘ poor man so, that he took to drinking; and, in a
‘ year or two his stock was seized, and he and his
‘ family are now come to the parish.’

The guide, and perhaps his horse too, were both so attentive to this discourse, that, either through want of care, or by the malice of the witch, they were now both sprawling in the dirt.

Partridge entirely imputed this fall, as he had done his own, to the same cause. He told Mr. Jones: ‘ it
‘ would certainly be his turn next;’ and earnestly entreated him, ‘ to return back, and find out the old
‘ woman, and pacify her. We shall very soon,’ added he, reach the inn; for though we have seemed
‘ to go forward, I am very certain we are in the identical place in which we were an hour ago; and I
‘ dare swear if it was day-light, we might now see
‘ the inn we set out from.’

Instead of returning any answer to this sage advice, Jones was entirely attentive to what had happened to the boy, who received no other hurt than what had before befallen Partridge, and which his cloaths very easily bore, as they had been for many years inured to the like. He soon regained his side-saddle, and by the

the hearty curses and blows which he bestowed on his horse, quickly satisfied Mr. Jones that no harm was done.

CHAP. XII.

Relates that Mr. Jones continued his journey contrary to the advice of Partridge, with what happened on that occasion.

THEY now discovered a light at some distance, to the great pleasure of Jones, and to the no small terror of Partridge, who firmly believed himself to be bewitched, and that this light was a Jack with a Lantern, or somewhat more mischievous.

But how were these fears increased, when, as they approached nearer to this light, (or lights as they now appeared) they heard a confused sound of human voices; of singing, laughing, and hallowing, together with a strange noise that seemed to proceed from some instruments; but could hardly be allowed the name of music! indeed, to favour a little the opinion of Partridge, it might very well be called music bewitched.

It is impossible to conceive a much greater degree of horror than what now seized on Partridge; the contagion of which had reached the post-boy, who had been very attentive to many things that the other had uttered. He now therefore joined in petitioning Jones to return; saying, he firmly believed what Partridge had just before said, that though the horses seemed to go on, they had not moved a step forwards during at least the last half hour.

Jones could not help smiling in the midst of his vexation, at the fears of these poor fellows: 'Either
244 ' we

‘ we advance,’ says he, ‘ towards the lights, or the
‘ lights have advanced towards us; for we are now at
‘ a very little distance from them; but how can either
‘ of you be afraid of a set of people who appear only
‘ to be merry-making?’

‘ Merry-making, Sir!’ cries Partridge; ‘ who
‘ could be merry-making at this time of night, and
‘ in such a place, and such weather? They can be
‘ nothing but ghosts or witches, or some evil spirits or
‘ other, that’s certain.’

‘ Let them be what they will,’ cries Jones, ‘ I am
‘ resolved to go up to them, and enquire the way to
‘ Coventry. All witches, Partridge, are not such ill-
‘ natured hags as that we had the misfortune to meet
‘ with last.’

‘ O Lord, Sir!’ cries Partridge, ‘ there is no know-
‘ ing what humour they will be in; to be sure it is
‘ always best to be civil to them; but what if we
‘ should meet with something worse than witches,
‘ with evil spirits themselves?—— Pray, Sir, be ad-
‘ vised; pray, Sir, do. If you had read so many
‘ terrible accounts as I have of these matters, you
‘ would not be so fool-hardy.— The Lord knows whi-
‘ ther we have got already, or whither we are going;
‘ for sure such darkness was never seen upon earth,
‘ and I question whether it can be darker in the other
‘ world.’

Jones put forwards as fast as he could, notwith-
standing all these hints and cautions, and poor Par-
tridge was obliged to follow; for though he hardly
dared to advance, he dared still less to stay behind by
himself.

At

At length they arrived at the place whence the lights and different noises had issued. This Jones perceived to be no other than a barn, where a great number of men and women were assembled, and diverting themselves with much apparent jollity.

Jones no sooner appeared before the great doors of the barn, which were open, than a masculine and very rough voice from within, demanded who was there?—To which Jones gently answered: a friend; and immediately asked the road to Coventry.

‘If you are a friend,’ cries another of the men in the barn, ‘you had better alight till the storm is over;’ (for indeed it was now more violent than ever) ‘you are very welcome to put up your horse; for there is sufficient room for him at one end of the barn.’

‘You are very obliging,’ returned Jones; ‘and I will accept your offer for a few minutes, whilst the rain continues; and here are two more who will be glad of the same favour.’ This was accorded with more good-will than it was accepted: for Partridge would rather have submitted to the utmost inclemency of the weather, than have trusted to the clemency of those whom he took for hobgoblins; and the poor post-boy was now infected with the same apprehensions; but they were both obliged to follow the example of Jones; the one because he durst not leave his horse, and the other because he feared nothing so much as being left by himself.

Had this history been writ in the days of superstition, I should have had too much compassion for the reader to have left him so long in suspense, whether Beelzebub or Satan was about actually to appear in person, with all his hellish retinue; but as these doc-

trines are at present very unfortunate, and have but few, if any believers, I have not been much aware of conveying any such terrors. To say truth, the whole furniture of the infernal regions hath long been appropriated by the managers of playhouses, who seem lately to have lain them by as rubbish, capable only of affecting the upper gallery; a place in which few of our readers ever sit.

However, though we do not suspect raising any great terror on this occasion, we have reason to fear some other apprehensions may here arise in our reader, into which we would not willingly betray him; I mean, that we are going to take a voyage into fairy-land, and to introduce a set of beings into our history, which scarce any one was ever childish enough to believe, though many have been foolish enough to spend their time in writing and reading their adventures.

To prevent therefore any such suspicions, so prejudicial to the credit of an historian, who professes to draw his materials from nature only, we shall now proceed to acquaint the reader who these people were, whose sudden appearance had struck such terrors into Partridge, had more than half frightened the post-boy, and had a little surprized even Mr. Jones himself.

The people then assembled in this barn were no other than a company of Egyptians, or as they are vulgarly called Gypsies, and they were now celebrating the wedding of one of their society.

It is impossible to conceive a happier set of people than appeared here to be met together. The utmost mirth indeed shewed itself in every countenance; nor was their ball totally void of all order and decorum.

. Per-

Perhaps it had more than a country assembly's sometimes conducted with: for these people are subject to a formal government and laws of their own, and all pay obedience to one great magistrate, whom they call their king.

Greater plenty likewise was no where to be seen, than what flourished in this barn. Here was indeed no nicety nor elegance, nor did the keen appetite of the guests require any. Here was good store of bacon, fowls, and mutton, to which every one present provided better sauce himself, than the best and dearest French cook can prepare.

Eneas is not described under more consternation in the temple of Juno:

Dum stupet obtutuque hæret defixus in uno,

than was our hero at what he saw in this barn. While he was looking every where round him with astonishment, a venerable person approached him with many friendly salutations, rather of too hearty a kind to be called courtly. This was no other than the king of the Gypsies himself. He was very little distinguished in dress from his subjects, nor had he any regalia of majesty to support his dignity; and yet there seemed (as Mr. Jones said) to be somewhat in his air which denoted authority, and inspired the beholders with an idea of awe and respect; though all this was perhaps imaginary in Jones; and the truth may be, that such ideas are incident to power, and almost inseparable from it.

There was somewhat in the open countenance and courteous behaviour of Jones, which being accompanied with much comeliness of person, greatly recom-

mended him at first sight to every beholder. These were perhaps a little heightened in the present instance, by that profound respect which he paid to the king of the Gypsies, the moment he was acquainted with his dignity, and which was the sweeter to his Gypseian majesty, as he was not used to receive such homage from any but his own subjects.

The king ordered a table to be spread with the choicest of their provisions for his accommodation; and having placed himself at his right hand, his majesty began to discourse our hero in the following manner:

‘ Me doubt not, Sir, but you have often seen some
 ‘ of my people, who are what you call: *des partis dé-*
 ‘ *tachés*: for dey go about every where; but me fancy
 ‘ you imagine not we be so considrable body as we be;
 ‘ and may be you will be surprise more, when you
 ‘ hear de Gypsey be as orderly and well govern peo-
 ‘ ple as any upon face of de earth.

‘ Me have honour, as me say, to be deir king,
 ‘ and no monarch can do boast of more dutiful sub-
 ‘ ject, ne no more affectionate. How far me deserve
 ‘ deir good will, me no say; but dis me can say, dat
 ‘ me never design any ting but to do dem good. Me
 ‘ fall no do boast of dat neider: for what can me do
 ‘ oderwise dan consider of de good of dose poor peo-
 ‘ ple who go about all day to give me always the best
 ‘ of what dey get. Dey love and honour me dare-
 ‘ fore, because me do love and take care of dem; dat
 ‘ is all, me know no oder reason.

‘ About a toufand or two toufand year ago, me
 ‘ cannot tell to a year or two, as can neider write
 ‘ nor read, dere was a great what you call,— a volu-
 ‘ tion

‘ tion among de Gypsy; for dere was de lord Gypsy
‘ in dose days; and dese lord did quarrel vid one ano-
‘ der about de place; but de king of de Gypsy did
‘ demolish dem all, and made all his subject equal vid
‘ each oder; and since dat time dey have agree very
‘ well: for dey no tink of being king, and may be it
‘ be better for dem as dey be; for me assure you it
‘ be ver troublesome ting to be king, and always to
‘ do justice; me have often wish to be de private
‘ Gypsy when me have been forced to punish my
‘ dear friend and relation; for dough we never put
‘ to death, our punishments be ver severe. Dey make
‘ de Gypsey ashamed of demselves, and dat be ver ter-
‘ rible punishment; me ave scarce ever known de
‘ Gypsy so punish do harm any more.’

The king then proceeded to express some wonder that there was no such punishment as shame in other governments. Upon which Jones assured him to the contrary: for that there were many crimes for which shame was inflicted by the English laws, and that it was indeed one consequence of all punishment. ‘Dat
‘ be ver strange,’ said the king: ‘for me know and
‘ hears good deal of your people, dough me no live
‘ among dem; and me ave often hear dat sham is de
‘ consequence and de cause too of many of your re-
‘ wards. Are your rewards and punishments den de
‘ same ting?’

While his Majesty was thus discoursing with Jones, a sudden uproar arose in the barn, and as it seems upon this occasion: the courtesy of these people had by degrees removed all the apprehensions of Partridge, and he was prevailed upon not only to stuff himself with their food, but to taste some of their

liquors, which by degrees entirely expelled all fear from his composition, and in its stead introduced much more agreeable sensations.

A young female gypsy, more remarkable for her wit than her beauty, had decoyed the honest fellow aside, pretending to tell his fortune. Now when they were alone together in a remote part of the barn, whether it proceeded from the strong liquor, which is never so apt to inflame inordinate desire as after moderate fatigue; or whether the fair gypsy herself threw aside the delicacy and decency of her sex, and tempted the youth Partridge with express solicitations; but they were discovered in a very improper manner by the husband of the gypsy, who from jealousy, it seems, had kept a watchfull eye over his wife, and had dogged her to the place, where he found her in the arms of her gallant.

To the great confusion of Jones, Partridge was now hurried before the king; who heard the accusation, and likewise the culprit's defence, which was indeed very trifling; for the poor fellow was confounded by the plain evidence which appeared against him, and had very little to say for himself. His Majesty, then turning towards Jones, said: 'Sir, you have hear what dey sey; what punishment do you tink your man deserve?'

Jones answered: 'He was sorry for what had happened, and that Partridge should make the husband all the amends in his power:' he said, 'he had very little money about him at that time;' and, putting his hand into his pocket, offered the fellow a guinea. To which he immediately answered: 'He hoped

‘hoped his honour would not think of giving him
‘less than five.’

This sum, after some altercation, was reduced to two; and Jones, having stipulated for the full forgiveness of both Partridge and the wife, was going to pay the money, when his Majesty, restraining his hand, turned to the witness, and asked him: ‘At
‘what time he had discovered the criminals?’ To which he answered: ‘That he had been desired by the
‘husband to watch the motions of his wife from her
‘first speaking to the stranger, and that he had never
‘lost sight of her afterwards till the crime had been
‘committed.’ The king then asked: ‘If the husband
‘was with him all that time in his lurking place?’ To which he answered in the affirmative. His Egyptian Majesty then addressed himself to the husband as follows: ‘Me be sorry to see any gypsy dat have
‘no more honour dan to sell de honour of his wife
‘for money. If you had de love for your wife, you
‘would have prevented dis matter, and not endeavour to make her de whore, dat you might discover
‘her. Me do order dat you have no money given
‘you; for you deserve punishment, not reward: Me
‘do order derefore, dat you be de infamous gypsy;
‘and do wear a pair of horns upon your forehead for
‘one month, and dat your wife be called *de whore*,
‘and pointed at all dat time: for you be de infamous
‘gypsy, but she be no less de infamous whore.’

The gypsies immediately proceeded to execute the sentence, and left Jones and Partridge alone with his Majesty.

Jones greatly applauded the justice of the sentence; upon which the king, turning to him, said: ‘Me be-

not one of dem 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‘I believe you be surprize: for me suppose you have ver
‘bad opinion of my people; me suppose you tink us
‘all de tieves.’

‘I must confess, Sir,’ said Jones, ‘I have not heard
‘so favourable an account of them as they seem to
‘deserve.’

‘Me vil tell you,’ said the king, ‘how the differ-
‘ence is between you and us. My people rob your
‘people, and your people rob one anoder.’

Jones afterwards proceeded very gravely to sing
forth the happiness of those subjects who live under
such a magistrate.

Indeed their happiness appears to have been so
complete, that we are aware lest some advocate for
arbitrary power should hereafter quote the ease of
those people, as an instance of the great advantages
which attend that government above all others.

And here we will make a concession, which would
not perhaps have been expected from us, that no
limited form of government is capable of rising to
the same degree of perfection, or of producing the
same benefits to society with this. Mankind have ne-
ver been so happy, as when the greatest part of the
then known world was under the dominion of a single
master; and this state of their felicity continued dur-
ing the reigns of five successive princes*. This was
the true æra of the golden age, and the only golden
age which ever had any existence, unless in the warm
imaginations of the poets, from the expulsion from
Eden down to this day.

In reality, I know but of one solid objection to
absolute monarchy: the only defect, in which ex-
cellent

* Nerva, Trajan, Adrian, and the two Antonini,

cellent constitution, seems to be the difficulty of finding any man adequate to the office of an absolute monarch; for this indispenfably requires three qualities very difficult, as it appears from history, to be found in princely natures; *first*, a fufficient quantity of moderation in the prince, to be contented with all the power which is poffible for him to have; *secondly*, Enough of wisdom to know his own happinefs; and *thirdly*, Goodnefs fufficient to fupport the happinefs of others; when not only compatible with, but inftrumental to his own.

Now, if an absolute monarch, with all thefe great and rare qualifications, fhould be allowed capable of conferring the greateft good on fociety; it muft be furely granted, on the contrary, that absolute power, vefted in the hands of one who is deficient in them all, is likely to be attended with no lefs a degree of evil.

In fhort, our own religion furnifhes us with adequate ideas of the bleffing, as well as curfe, which may attend absolute power. The pictures of heaven and of hell will place a very lively image of both before our eyes; for though the prince of the latter can have no power, but what he originally derives from the omnipotent fovereign in the former, yet it plainly appears from fcripture, that absolute power in his infernal dominions is granted to their diabolical ruler. This is indeed the only absolute power, which can by fcripture be derived from heaven. If therefore, the feveral tyrannies upon earth can prove any title to a divine authority, it muft be derived from this original grant to the Prince of darknefs, and thefe fubordinate deputations muft confequently

come immediately from him whose stamp they so expressly bear.

To conclude, as the examples of all ages shew us, that mankind in general desire power only to do harm, and, when they obtain it, use it for no other purpose, it is not consonant with even the least degree of prudence to hazard an alteration, where our hopes are poorly kept in countenance, by only two or three exceptions out of a thousand instances to alarm our fears. In this case, it will be much wiser to submit to a few inconveniencies arising from the dispassionate deafness of laws, than to remedy them by applying to the passionate open ears of a tyrant.

Nor can the example of the gypsies, though possibly they may have long been happy under this form of government, be here urged; since we must remember the very material respect in which they differ from all other people, and to which perhaps this their happiness is entirely owing, namely, that they have no false honours among them, and that they look on shame as the most grievous punishment in the world.

CHAP. XIII.

A dialogue between Jones and Partridge.

THE honest lovers of liberty will, we doubt not, pardon that long digression into which we were led, at the close of the last chapter, to prevent our history from being applied to the use of the most pernicious doctrine, which priest-craft had ever the wickedness or the impudence to preach.

We will now proceed with Mr. Jones, who, when the storm was over, took leave of his Egyptian Majesty,

jesty, after many thanks for his courteous behaviour and kind entertainment, and set out for Coventry; to which place (for it was still dark), a gypsy was ordered to conduct him.

Jones having, by reason of his deviation, travelled eleven miles instead of six, and most of those through very execrable roads, where no expedition could have been made in quest of a midwife, did not arrive at Coventry till near twelve. Nor could he possibly get again into the saddle till past two; for post-horses were now not easy to get; nor were the hostler or post-boy in half so great a hurry as himself, but chose rather to imitate the tranquil disposition of Partridge, who, being denied the nourishment of sleep, took all opportunities to supply its place with every other kind of nourishment, and was never better pleased than when he arrived at an inn, nor ever more dissatisfied than when he was again forced to leave it.

Jones now travelled post; we will follow him therefore, according to our custom, and to the rules of Longinus in the same manner. From Coventry he arrived at Daventry; from Daventry at Stratford; and from Stratford at Dunstable, whither he came the next day a little after noon, and within a few hours after Sophia had left it; and, though he was obliged to stay here longer than he wished, while a smith, with great deliberation, shod the post-horse he was to ride, he doubted not but to overtake his Sophia, before she should set out from St. Alban's; at which place he concluded, and very reasonably, that his lordship would stop and dine.

And

And, had he been right in this conjecture, he most probably would have overtaken his angel at the aforesaid place; but unluckily my lord had appointed a dinner to be prepared for him at his own house in London, and, in order to enable him to reach that place in proper time, he had ordered a relay of horses to meet him at St. Alban's. When Jones therefore arrived there, he was informed that the coach and six had set out two hours before.

If fresh post-horses had been now ready, as they were not, it seemed so apparently impossible to overtake the coach before it reached London, that Partridge thought he had now a proper opportunity to remind his friend of a matter which he seemed entirely to have forgotten: what this was the reader will guess, when we inform him, that Jones had eat nothing more than one poached egg, since he had left the alehouse where he had first met the guide returning from Sophia; for, with the gypsies, he had feasted only his understanding.

The landlord so entirely agreed with the opinion of Mr. Partridge, that he no sooner heard the latter desire his friend to stay and dine, than he very readily put in his word, and, retracting his promise before given of furnishing the horses immediately, he assured Mr. Jones he would lose no time in bespeaking a dinner, which, he said, could be got ready sooner than it was possible to get the horses up from grass, and to prepare them for their journey by a feed of corn.

Jones was at length prevailed on, chiefly by the latter argument of the landlord; and now a joint of mutton was put down to the fire. While this was pre-

preparing, Partridge, being admitted into the same apartment with his friend or master, began to harangue in the following manner :

‘ Certainly, Sir, if ever man deserved a young lady, you deserve young Madam Western; for what a vast quantity of love must a man have, to be able to live upon it without any other food, as you do? I am positive I have eat thirty times as much within these last twenty-four hours as your honour, and yet I am almost famished; for nothing makes a man so hungry as travelling, especially in this cold raw weather. And yet I can’t tell how it is, but your honour is seemingly in perfect good health, and you never looked better nor fresher in your life. It must be certainly love that you live upon.’

‘ And a very rich diet too, Partridge,’ answered Jones. ‘ But did not fortune send me an excellent dainty yesterday? Dost thou imagine I cannot live more than twenty-four hours on this dear pocket-book?’

‘ Undoubtedly,’ cries Partridge, ‘ there is enough in that pocket-book to purchase many a good meal. Fortune sent it to your honour very opportunely for present use, as your honour’s money must be almost out by this time.’

‘ What do you mean?’ answered Jones; ‘ I hope you don’t imagine that I should be dishonest enough, even if it belonged to any other person, besides Miss Western.—’

‘ Dishonest!’ replied Partridge; ‘ Heaven forbid I should wrong your honour so much; but where’s the dishonesty in borrowing a little for present spending, since you will be so well able to pay the lady here—’

' hereafter? No, indeed, I would have your honour
 ' pay it again, as soon as it is convenient, by all
 ' means; but where can be the harm in making use
 ' of it, now you want it? Indeed, if it belonged to
 ' a poor body, it would be another thing; but so
 ' great a lady to be sure can never want it, especially
 ' now as she is along with a lord, who, it can't be
 ' doubted, will let her have whatever she hath need
 ' of. Besides, if she should want a little, she cannot
 ' want the whole, therefore I would give her a little;
 ' but I would be hanged before I mentioned the hav-
 ' ing found it at first, and before I got some money
 ' of my own; for London, I have heard, is the very
 ' worst of places to be in without money. Indeed,
 ' if I had not known to whom it belonged, I might
 ' have thought it was the devil's money, and have
 ' been afraid to use it; but, as you know otherwise,
 ' and came honestly by it, it would be an affront to
 ' fortune to part with it all again, at the very time
 ' when you want it most; you can hardly expect she
 ' should ever do you such another good turn; for
 ' *fortuna nunquam perpetuo est bona*. You will do as
 ' you please, notwithstanding all I say; but, for my
 ' part, I would be hanged before I mentioned a word
 ' of the matter.'

' By what I can see, Partridge,' cries Jones, 'hang-
 ' ing is a matter *non longe alienum à Scævola studiis*.'
 ' You should say *alienus*,' says Partridge; 'I remem-
 ' ber the passage; it is an example under *Communis*,
 ' *alienus, immunis, variis casibus serviunt*.' If you
 ' do remember it,' cries Jones, 'I find you don't
 ' understand it; but I tell thee, friend, in plain En-
 ' glish, that he, who finds another's property, and
 ' wil-

‘ wilfully detains it from the known owner, deserves,
‘ *in foro conscientia*, to be banged no less than if he
‘ had stolen it. And as for this very identical bill,
‘ which is the property of my angel, and was once
‘ in her dear possession, I will not deliver it into any
‘ hands but her own, upon any consideration what-
‘ ever; no, though I was hungry as thou art, and
‘ had no other means to satisfy my craving appetite;
‘ this I hope to do before sleep: but, if it should
‘ happen otherwise, I charge thee, if thou wouldst
‘ not incur my displeasure for ever, not to shock me
‘ any more by the bare mention of such detestable
‘ baseness.’

‘ I should not have mentioned it now,’ cries Partridge, ‘ if it had appeared so to me: for I’m sure
‘ I scorn any wickedness as much as another; but
‘ perhaps you know better; and yet I might have
‘ imagined that I should not have lived so many
‘ years, and have taught school so long, without
‘ being able to distinguish between *fas* & *nefas*; but
‘ it seems, we are all to live and learn. I remember
‘ my old schoolmaster, who was a prodigious great
‘ scholar, used often to say: *Polly matete cry town is*
‘ *my daskalon*; the English of which he told us was:
‘ That a child may sometimes teach his grand-mo-
‘ ther to suck eggs. I have lived to a fine purpose
‘ truly, if I am to be taught my grammar at this
‘ time of day. Perhaps, young gentleman, you may
‘ change your opinion, if you live to my years; for
‘ I remember I thought myself as wise when I was a
‘ stripling of one or two and twenty as I am now. I
‘ am sure I always taught *alienus*, and my master
‘ read it so before me.’

There

There were not many instances in which Partridge could provoke Jones, nor were there many in which Partridge himself could have been hurried out of his respect. Unluckily however they had both hit on one of these. We have already seen Partridge could not bear to have his learning attacked, nor could Jones bear some passage or other in the foregoing speech. And now, looking upon his companion with a contemptuous and disdainful air, (a thing not usual with him), he cried: 'Partridge, I see thou art a
' conceited old fool, and I wish thou art not likewise
' an old rogue. Indeed, if I was as well convinced
' of the latter as I am of the former, thou shouldst
' travel no farther in my company.'

The sage pedagogue was contented with the vent which he had already given to his indignation; and, as the vulgar phrase is, immediately drew in his horns. He said: 'He was sorry he had uttered any thing which might give offence, for
' that he had never intended it; but *Nemo omnibus horis sapit.*'

As Jones had the vices of a warm disposition, he was entirely free from those of a bold one; and, if his friends must have confest his temper to have been a little too easily ruffled, his enemies must at the same time have confest, that is as soon subsided; nor did it at all resemble the sea, whose swelling is more violent and dangerous after a storm is over, than while the storm itself subsists. He instantly accepted the submission of Partridge, shook him by the hand, and, with the most benign aspect imaginable, said twenty kind things, and at the same time very severely condemned himself, though not half so severely as he will

will most probably be condemned by many of our good readers.

Partridge was now highly comforted, as his fears of having offended were at once abolished, and his pride completely satisfied by Jones having owned himself in the wrong; which submission he instantly applied to what had principally nettled him, and repeated in a muttering voice: ‘To be sure, Sir, your knowledge may be superior to mine in some things; but, as to the grammar, I think I may challenge any man living. I think at least I have that at my fingers end.’

If any thing could add to the satisfaction which the poor man now enjoyed, he received this addition by the arrival of an excellent shoulder of mutton, that at this instant came smoking to the table. On which, having both plentifully feasted, they again mounted their horses, and set forward for London.

CHAP. XIV.

What happened to Mr. Jones in his journey from St. Albans.

THEY were got about two miles beyond Barnet, and it was now the dusk of the evening, when a genteel-looking man, but upon a very shabby horse, rode up to Jones, and asked him whether he was going to London, to which Jones answered in the affirmative. The gentleman replied: ‘I should be obliged to you, Sir, if you will accept of my company; for it is very late, and I am a stranger to the road.’ Jones readily complied with the request;

and on they travelled together, holding that sort of discourse which is usual on such occasions.

Of this, indeed, robbery was the principal topic; upon which subject the stranger expressed great apprehensions; but Jones declared he had very little to lose, and consequently as little to fear. Here Partridge could not forbear putting in his word. ‘Your honour,’ said he, ‘may think it a little, but I am sure if I had a hundred pound bank-note in my pocket, as you have, I should be very sorry to lose it; but, for my part, I never was less afraid in my life; for we are four of us, and, if we all stand by one another, the best man in England can’t rob us. Suppose he should have a pistol, he can kill but one of us, and a man can die but once— That’s my comfort, a man can die but once.’

Besides the reliance on superior numbers, a kind of valour which hath raised a certain nation among the moderns to a high pitch of glory, there was another reason for the extraordinary courage which Partridge now discovered; for he had at present as much of that quality as was in the power of liquor to bestow.

Our company were now arrived within a mile of Highgate, when the stranger turned short upon Jones, and, pulling out a pistol, demanded that little bank-note which Partridge had mentioned.

Jones was at first somewhat shocked at this unexpected demand; however, he presently recollected himself, and told the highwayman all the money he had in his pocket was entirely at his service; and, so saying, he pulled out upwards of three guineas, and offered to deliver it; but the other answered with an oath:

oath : That would not do. Jones answered coolly, he was very sorry for it, and returned the money into his pocket.

The highwayman then threatened, if he did not deliver the bank-note that moment, he must shoot him; holding his pistol at the same time very near to his breast. Jones instantly caught hold of the fellow's hand, which trembled so that he could scarce hold the pistol in it, and turned the muzzle from him. A struggle then ensued, in which the former wrested the pistol from the hand of his antagonist, and both came from their horses on the ground together, the highwayman upon his back, and the victorious Jones upon him.

The poor fellow now began to implore mercy of the conqueror; for, to say the truth, he was in strength by no means a match for Jones. 'Indeed, Sir,' says he, 'I could have no intention to shoot you: for you will find the pistol was not loaded. This is the first robbery I ever attempted, and I have been driven by distress to this.'

At this instant, at about an hundred and fifty yards distance, lay another person on the ground, roaring for mercy in a much louder voice than the highwayman. This was no other than Partridge himself, who, endeavouring to make his escape from the engagement, had been thrown from his horse, and lay flat on his face, not daring to look up, and expecting every minute to be shot.

In this posture he lay till the guide, who was no otherwise concerned than for his horses, having secured the stumbling beast, came up to him, and told him, his master had got the better of the highwayman.

Partridge leapt up at this news, and ran back to the place, where Jones stood with his sword drawn in his hand to guard the poor fellow; which Partridge no sooner saw, than he cried out: 'Kill the villain, Sir, ' run him through the body, kill him this instant.'

Luckily however for the poor wretch he had fallen into more merciful hands; for Jones, having examined the pistol, and found it to be really unloaded, began to believe all the man had told him before Partridge came up: namely, that he was a novice in the trade, and that he had been driven to it by the distress he mentioned, the greatest indeed imaginable, that of five hungry children, and a wife lying in of a sixth, in the utmost want and misery: The truth of all which the highwayman most vehemently asserted, and offered to convince Mr. Jones of it, if he would take the trouble to go to his house, which was not above two miles off, saying: 'That he ' desired no favour, but upon condition of proving ' all he had alledged.'

Jones at first pretended that he would take the fellow at his word, and go with him, declaring, that his fate should depend entirely on the truth of his story. Upon this the poor fellow immediately expressed so much alacrity, that Jones was perfectly satisfied with his veracity, and began now to entertain sentiments of compassion for him. He returned the fellow his empty pistol, advised him to think of honest means of relieving his distress, and gave him a couple of guineas for the immediate support of his wife and his family, adding: 'he wished he had more ' for his sake, for the hundred pound that had been ' mentioned was not his own.'

Our

Our reader will probably be divided in their opinions concerning this action; some may applaud it perhaps as an act of extraordinary humanity, while those of a more saturnine temper will consider it as a want of regard to that justice which every man owes his country. Partridge certainly saw it in that light; for he testified much dissatisfaction on the occasion, quoted an old proverb, and said: He should not wonder if the rogue attacked them again before they reached London.

The highwayman was full of expressions of thankfulness and gratitude. He actually dropt tears, or pretended so to do. He vowed he would immediately return home, and would never afterwards commit such a transgression; whether he kept his word or no, perhaps may appear hereafter.

Our travellers, having remounted their horses, arrived in town, without encountering any new mishap. On the road much pleasant discourse passed, between Jones and Partridge, on the subject of their last adventure: In which Jones expressed a great compassion for those highwaymen who are, by unavoidable distress, driven as it were to such illegal courses, as generally bring them to a shameful death: ‘I mean,’ said he, ‘those only whose highest guilt extends no farther than to robbery, and who are never guilty of cruelty nor insult to any person, which is a circumstance that, I must say to the honour of our country, distinguishes the robbers of England from those of all other nations; for murder is amongst those almost inseparably incident to robbery.’

‘No doubt,’ answered Partridge, ‘it is better to take away one’s money than one’s life; and yet it is

‘ very hard upon honest men, that they can’t travel
‘ about their business, without being in danger of these
‘ villains. And to be sure it would be better that all
‘ rogues were hanged out of the way, than that one
‘ honest man should suffer. For my own part indeed,
‘ I should not care to have the blood of any of them
‘ on my hands; but it is very proper for the law to
‘ hang them all. What right had any man to take
‘ sixpence from me, unless I give it him? Is there
‘ any honesty in such a man?

‘ No surely,’ cries Jones, ‘ no more than there is
‘ in him who applies to his own use the money
‘ which he finds, when he knows the right owner.’

These hints stopt the mouth of Partridge, nor did he open it again, till, Jones having thrown some sarcastical jokes on his cowardice, he offered to excuse himself on the inequality of fire-arms, saying: ‘ A
‘ thousand naked men are nothing to one pistol; for
‘ though it is true it will kill but one at a single
‘ discharge, yet who can tell but that one may be
‘ himself.’

THE
HISTORY
OF A
FOUNDLING.

BOOK XIII.

Containing the space of twelve days.

CHAP. I.

An invocation.

COME, bright love of fame, inspire my glowing breast; not thee I call, who, over swelling tides of blood and tears, dost bear the hero on to glory, while sighs of millions waft his spreading sails; but thee, fair, gentle maid, whom Mnesis, happy nymph, first on the banks of Hebrus did produce: Thee, whom Mæonia educated, whom Mantua charmed, and who, on that fair hill which overlooks the proud metropolis of Britain, sat'st, with thy Milton, sweetly tuning thy heroic lyre; fill my ravished fancy with the hopes of charming ages yet to come. Foretell me, that some tender maid, whose grandmother is yet unborn, hereafter, when under the fictitious

name of Sophia, she reads the real worth which once existed in my Charlotte, shall from her sympathetic breast send forth the heaving sigh. Do thou teach me not only to foresee, but to enjoy, nay even to feed on future praise. Comfort me by a solemn assurance, that, when the little parlour in which I sit at this instant, shall be reduced to a worse furnished box, I shall be read, with honour, by those who never knew nor saw me, and whom I shall neither know nor see.

And thou, much plumper dame, whom no airy forms nor phantoms of imagination clothe: whom the well-seasoned beef, and pudding richly stained with plumbs, delight. Thee, I call; of whom in a Treckschuyte in some Dutch canal the fat ufrow gelt, impregnated by a jolly merchant of Amsterdam, was delivered: in Grubstreet school didst thou suck in the elements of thy erudition. Here hast thou, in thy maturer age, taught poetry to tickle not the fancy, but the pride of the patron. Comedy from thee learns a grave and solemn air; while tragedy storms loud, and rends the affrighted theatres with its thunder. To sooth thy wearied limbs in slumber, alderman History tells his tedious tale; and again to awaken thee, Monsieur Romance performs his surprizing tricks of dexterity. Nor less thy well-fed bookseller obeys thy influence. By thy advice the heavy, unread, folio lump, which long had dozed on the dusty shelf, piece-mealed into numbers, runs nimbly through the nation. Instructed by thee some books, like quacks, impose on the world by promising wonders; while others turn beaus, and trust all their merits to a gilded outside. Come, thou jolly substance, with thy shining face,
keep

keep back thy inspiration, but hold forth thy tempting rewards; thy shining, chinking heap; thy quickly-convertible bank-bill, big with unseen riches; thy often varying stock; the warm, the comfortable house; and, lastly, a fair portion of that bounteous mother, whose flowing breasts yield redundant sustenance for all her numerous offspring, did not some too greedily and wantonly drive their brethren from the treat. Come thou, and if I am too tasteless of thy valuable treasures, warm my heart with the transporting thought of conveying them to others. Tell me, that through thy bounty, the prattling babes, whose innocent play hath often been interrupted by my labours, may one time be amply rewarded for them.

And now this ill-yoked pair, this lean shadow and this fat substance, have prompted me to write, whose assistance shall I invoke to direct my pen?

First, genius; thou gift of heaven; without whose aid in vain we struggle against the stream of nature. Thou who dost sow the generous seeds which art nourishes, and brings to perfection. Do thou kindly take me by the hand, and lead me through all the mazes, the winding labyrinths of nature. Initiate me into all those mysteries which profane eyes never beheld. Teach me, which to thee is no difficult task, to know mankind better than they know themselves. Remove that mist which dims the intellects of mortals, and causes them to adore men for their art, or to detest them for their cunning in deceiving others, when they are in reality, the objects only of ridicule, for deceiving themselves. Strip off the thin disguise of wisdom from self conceit, of plenty from

avarice, and of glory from ambition. Come thou that hast inspired thy Aristophanes, thy Lucian, thy Cervantes, thy Rabelais, thy Moliere, thy Shakespear, thy Swift, thy Marivaux, fill my pages with humour: till mankind learn the good-nature to laugh only at the follies of others, and the humility to grieve at their own.

And thou, almost the constant attendant on true genius, humanity, bring all thy tender sensations. If thou hast already disposed of them all between thy Allen and thy Lyttleton, steal them a little while from their bosoms. Not without these the tender scene is painted. From these alone proceed the noble disinterested friendship, the melting love, the generous sentiment, the ardent gratitude, the soft compassion, the candid opinion; and all those strong energies of a good mind, which fill the moistened eyes with tears, the glowing cheeks with blood, and swell the heart with tides of grief, joy, and benevolence.

And thou, O learning, (for without thy assistance nothing pure, nothing correct, can genius produce) do thou guide my pen. Thee in thy favourite fields, where the limpid, gently-rolling Thames washes thy Etonian banks, in early youth I have worshipped. To thee, at thy birchen altar, with true Spartan devotion, I have sacrificed my blood. Come then, and, from thy vast luxuriant stores, in long antiquity piled up, pour forth the rich profusion. Open thy Mæonian and thy Mantuan coffers, with whatever else includes thy philosophic, thy poetic, and thy historical treasures, whether with Greek or Roman characters thou hast chosen to inscribe the ponderous chests: give me a
while

while that key to all thy treasures, which to thy Warburton thou hast entrusted.

Lastly, come, experience, long conversant with the wise, the good, the learned, and the polite; nor with them only, but with every kind of character, from the minister at his levee, to the bailiff in his spunging-house; from the duchess at her drum, to the landlady behind her bar. From thee only can the manners of mankind be known; to which the recluse pedant, however great his parts, or extensive his learning may be, hath ever been a stranger.

Come all these, and more, if possible; for arduous is the task I have undertaken, and, without all your assistance, will, I find, be too heavy for me to support. But, if you all smile on my labours, I hope still to bring them to a happy conclusion.

CHAP. II.

What befel Mr. Jones on his arrival in London.

THE learned Dr. Misaubin used to say, that the proper direction to him was: *To Dr. Misaubin in the World*; intimating, that there were few people in it to whom his great reputation was not known. And perhaps, upon a very nice examination into the matter, we shall find that this circumstance bears no inconsiderable part among the many blessings of grandeur.

The great happiness of being known to posterity, with the hopes of which we so delighted ourselves in the preceding chapter, is the portion of few. To have the several elements which compose our names,

as

as Sydenham expresses it, repeated a thousand years hence, is a gift beyond the power of title and wealth; and is scarce to be purchased, unless by the sword and the pen. But to avoid the scandalous imputation, while we yet live, of being *one whom nobody knows*, (a scandal by the by as old as the days of Homer*), will always be the envied portion of those, who have a legal title either to honour or estate.

From the figure, therefore, which the Irish peer, who brought Sophia to town, hath already made in this history, the reader will conclude, doubtless, it must have been an easy matter to have discovered his house in London, without knowing the particular street or square which he inhabited, since he must have been *one whom every body knows*. To say the truth, so it would have been to any of those tradesmen who are accustomed to attend the regions of the great; for the doors of the great are generally no less easy to find, than it is difficult to get entrance into them. But Jones, as well as Partridge, was an entire stranger in London; and as he happened to arrive first in a quarter of the town, the inhabitants of which have very little intercourse with the householders of Hanover or Grosvenor-square, (for he entered through Gray's-Inn Lane), so he rambled about some time, before he could even find his way to those happy mansions, where fortune segregates from the vulgar those magnanimous heroes, the descendants of ancient Britons, Saxons, or Danes, whose ancestors, being born in better days, by fundry kinds

* See the 2d Odyssy, ver. 175.

kinds of merit, have entailed riches and honour on their posterity.

Jones, being at length arrived at those terrestrial Elysian fields; would now soon have discovered his lordship's mansion; but the peer unluckily quitted his former house when he went for Ireland; and, as he was just entered into a new one, the fame of his equipage had not yet sufficiently blazed in the neighbourhood: so that, after a successful enquiry till the clock had struck eleven, Jones at last yielded to the advice of Partridge, and retreated to the Bull and Gate in Holborn; that being the inn where he had first alighted, and where he retired to enjoy that kind of repose, which usually attends persons in his circumstances.

Early in the morning he again set forth in pursuit of Sophia; and many a weary step he took to no better purpose than before. At last, whether it was that fortune relented, or whether it was no longer in her power to disappoint him, he came into the very street which was honoured by his lordship's residence; and, being directed to the house, he gave one gentle rap at the door.

The porter, who from the modesty of the knock had conceived no high idea of the person approaching, conceived but little better from the appearance of Mr. Jones, who was drest in a suit of fustian, and had by his side the weapon formerly purchased of the serjeant; of which, though the blade might be composed of well-tempered steel, the handle was composed only of brass, and that none of the brightest. When Jones, therefore, enquired after the young lady, who had come to town with his lordship, this fellow answered surlily: 'That

‘ That there were no ladies there.’ Jones then desired to see the master of the house; but was informed that his lordship would see nobody that morning. And, upon growing more pressing, the porter said: ‘ he had positive orders to let no person in; but if you think proper,’ said he, ‘ to leave your name, I will acquaint his lordship; and, if you call another time, you shall know when he will see you.’

Jones now declared: ‘ that he had very particular business with the young lady, and could not depart without seeing her.’ Upon which the porter, with no very agreeable voice or aspect, affirmed: ‘ that there was no young lady in that house, and consequently none could he see;’ adding: ‘ sure you are the strangest man I ever met with; for you will not take an answer.’

I have often thought, that, by the particular description of Cerberus the porter of hell in the 6th *Æneid*, Virgil might possibly intend to satirize the porters of the great men in his time; the picture at least resembles those, who have the honour to attend at the doors of our great men. The porter in his lodge answers exactly to Cerberus in his den, and, like him, must be appeased by a sop, before access can be gained to his master. Perhaps Jones might have seen him in that light, and have recollected the passage, where the Sibyl, in order to procure an entrance for *Æneas*, presents the keeper of the Stygian avenue with such a sop. Jones, in like manner, now began to offer a bribe to the human Cerberus, which a footman overhearing, instantly advanced, and declared: ‘ if Mr. Jones would give him the sum proposed, he would conduct him to
‘ the

‘ the lady.’ Jones instantly agreed, and was forthwith conducted to the lodging of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, by the very fellow who had attended the ladies thither the day before.

Nothing more aggravates ill success than the near approach to good. The gamester, who loses his party at piquet by a single point, laments his bad luck ten times as much as he who never came within a prospect of the game. So in a lottery, the proprietors of the next numbers to that which wins the great prize, are apt to account themselves much more unfortunate than their fellow-sufferers. In short these kind of hair-breadth missings of happiness look like the insults of fortune, who may be considered as thus playing tricks with us, and wantonly diverting herself at our expence.

Jones, who more than once already had experienced this frolicksome disposition of the heathen goddess, was now again doomed to be tantalized in the like manner: for he arrived at the door of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, about ten minutes after the departure of Sophia. He now addressed himself to the waiting-woman belonging to Mrs. Fitzpatrick, who told him the disagreeable news that the lady was gone, but could not tell him whither; and the same answer he afterwards received from Mrs. Fitzpatrick herself. For as that lady made no doubt but that Mr. Jones was a person detached from her uncle Western, in pursuit of his daughter, so she was too generous to betray her.

Though Jones had never seen Mrs. Fitzpatrick, yet he had heard that a cousin of Sophia was married to a gentleman of that name. This, however, in the present tumult of his mind, never once recurred to his

his memory; but when the footman, who had conducted him from his lordship's, acquainted him with the great intimacy between the ladies, and with their calling each other cousin, he then recollected the story of the marriage which he had formerly heard; and, as he was presently convinced that this was the same woman, he became more surprised at the answer which he had received, and very earnestly desired leave to wait on the lady herself; but she as positively refused him that honour.

Jones, who, though he had never seen a court, was better bred than most who frequent it, was incapable of any rude or abrupt behaviour to a lady. When he had received, therefore, a peremptory denial, he retired for the present, saying to the waiting-woman: 'That, if this was an improper hour to wait on her lady, he would return in the afternoon; and that he then hoped to have the honour of seeing her.' The civility with which he uttered this, added to the great comeliness of his person, made an impression on the waiting-woman, and she could not help answering: 'Perhaps, Sir, you may: and, indeed, she afterwards said every thing to her mistress, which she thought most likely to prevail on her to admit a visit from the handsome young gentleman; for so she called him.'

Jones very shrewdly suspected, that Sophia herself was now with her cousin, and was denied to him; which he imputed to her resentment of what had happened at Upton. Having, therefore, dispatched Partridge to procure him lodgings, he remained all day in the street, watching the door where he thought his angel lay concealed; but no person did he see
issue

issue forth, except a servant of the house; and in the evening he returned to pay his visit to Mrs. Fitzpatrick, which that good lady at last condescended to admit.

There is a certain air of natural gentility, which it is neither in the power of dress to give, nor to conceal. Mr. Jones, as hath been before hinted, was possessed of this in a very eminent degree. He met, therefore, with a reception from the lady, somewhat different from what his apparel seemed to demand; and, after he had paid her his proper respects, was desired to sit down.

The reader will not, I believe, be desirous of knowing all the particulars of this conversation, which ended very little to the satisfaction of poor Jones: for though Mrs. Fitzpatrick soon discovered the lover, (as all women have the eyes of hawks in those matters), yet she still thought it was such a lover, as a generous friend of the lady should not betray her to. In short, she suspected this was the very Mr. Blifil, from whom Sophia had flown; and all the answers, which she artfully drew from Jones concerning Mr. Allworthy's family, confirmed her in this opinion. She therefore strictly denied any knowledge concerning the place whither Sophia was gone; nor could Jones obtain more than a permission to wait on her again the next evening.

When Jones was departed, Mrs. Fitzpatrick communicated her suspicion concerning Mr. Blifil to her maid, who answered: 'Sure, Madam, he is too pretty a man, in my opinion, for any woman in the world to run away from. I had rather fancy it is Mr. Jones.'— 'Mr. Jones,' said the lady; 'what

‘ Jones?’ For Sophia had not given the least hint of any such person in all their conversation: but Mrs. Honour had been much more communicative, and had acquainted her sister Abigail with the whole history of Jones, which this now again related to her mistress.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick no sooner received this information, than she immediately agreed with the opinion of her maid; and, what is very unaccountable, saw charms in the gallant happy lover, which she had overlooked in the flighted squire. ‘ Betty,’ says she, ‘ you are certainly in the right: he is a very pretty fellow, and I don’t wonder that my cousin’s maid should tell you so many women are fond of him. I am sorry now I did not inform him where my cousin was; and yet, if he be so terrible a rake as you tell me, it is a pity she should ever see him any more; for what but her ruin can happen from marrying a rake and a beggar against her father’s consent. I protest, if he be such a man as the wench described him to you, it is but an office of charity to keep her from him, and, I am sure, it would be unpardonable in me to do otherwise, who have tasted so bitterly of the misfortunes attending such marriages.’

Here she was interrupted by the arrival of a visitor, which was no other than his lordship; and as nothing passed at this visit either new or extraordinary, or any ways material to this history, we shall here put an end to this chapter.

CHAP. III.

A project of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, and her visit to lady Bellaston.

WHEN Mrs. Fitzpatrick retired to rest, her thoughts were entirely taken up by her cousin Sophia and Mr. Jones. She was indeed a little offended with the former for the dissingenuity, which she now discovered. In which meditation she had not long exercised her imagination, before the following conceit suggested itself; that, could she possibly become the means of preserving Sophia from this man, and of restoring her to her father, she should, in all human probability, by so great a service to the family, reconcile to herself both her uncle and her aunt Western.

As this was one of her most favourite wishes, so the hope of success seemed so reasonable, that nothing remained but to consider of proper methods to accomplish her scheme. To attempt to reason the case with Sophia, did not appear to her one of those methods; for as Betty had reported from Mrs. Honour, that Sophia had a violent inclination to Jones, she conceived, that to dissuade her from the match was an endeavour of the same kind, as it would be very heartily and earnestly to entreat a moth not to fly into a candle.

If the reader will please to remember, that the acquaintance which Sophia had with lady Bellaston, was contracted at the house of Mrs. Western, and must have grown at the very time when Mrs. Fitzpatrick lived with this latter lady, he will want no information, that Mrs. Fitzpatrick must have been ac-

quainted with her likewise. They were, besides, both equally her distant relations.

After much consideration, therefore, she resolved to go early in the morning to that lady, and endeavour to see her unknown to Sophia, and to acquaint her with the whole affair; for she did not in the least doubt but that the prudent lady, who had often ridiculed romantic love and indiscreet marriages in her conversation, would very readily concur in her sentiments concerning this match, and would lend her utmost assistance to prevent it.

This resolution she accordingly executed, and the next morning, before the sun, she huddled on her cloaths, and, at a very unfashionable, unseasonable, unvisitable hour, went to lady Bellaſton, to whom she got access, without the least knowledge or suspicion of Sophia, who, though not asleep, lay at that time awake in her bed, with Honour snoring by her side.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick made many apologies for an early abrupt visit at an hour when, she said, ‘she should not have thought of disturbing her ladyship, but upon business of the utmost consequence.’ She then opened the whole affair, told all she had heard from Betty, and did not forget the visit which Jones had paid to herself the preceding evening.

Lady Bellaſton answered with a smile: ‘Then you have seen this terrible man, Madam: pray is he so very fine a figure as he is represented? for Etoff entertained me last night almost two hours with him. The wench I believe is in love with him by reputation.’ Here the reader will be apt to wonder; but the truth is that Mrs. Etoff, who had the honour to pin
and

and unpin the lady Bellaſton, had received compleat information concerning the ſaid Mr. Jones, and had faithfully conveyed the ſame to her lady laſt night, (or rather that morning), while ſhe was undreſſing; on which accounts ſhe had been detained in her office above the ſpace of an hour and an half.

The lady indeed, though generally well enough pleaſed with the narratives of Mrs. Etoſſ at thoſe ſeaſons, gave an extraordinary attention to her account of Jones; for Honour had deſcribed him as a very handſome fellow, and Mrs. Etoſſ in her hurry added ſo much to the beauty of his perſon to her report, that lady Bellaſton began to conceive him to be a kind of miracle in nature.

The curioſity, which her woman had inſpired, was now greatly increaſed by Mrs. Fitzpatrick, who ſpoke as much in favour of the perſon of Jones, as ſhe had before ſpoke in diſpraiſe of his birth, character, and fortune.

When lady Bellaſton had heard the whole, ſhe answered gravely: ‘Indeed, Madam, this is a matter of great conſequence. Nothing can certainly be more commendable than the part you act; and I ſhall be very glad to have my ſhare in the preſervation of a young lady of ſo much merit, and for whom I have ſo much eſteem.’

‘Doth not your ladyſhip think,’ ſays Mrs. Fitzpatrick eagerly, ‘that it would be the beſt way to write immediately to my uncle, and acquaint him where my couſin is?’

The lady pondered a little upon this, and thus answered:— ‘Why, no, Madam, I think not. Mrs. Weſtern hath deſcribed her brother to me to be
B b 3 ſuch

‘such a brute, that I cannot consent to put any
‘woman under his power who hath escaped from it.
‘I have heard he behaved like a monster to his own
‘wife; for he is one of those wretches who think
‘they have a right to tyrannize over us, and from
‘such I shall ever esteem it the cause of my sex to
‘rescue any woman who is so unfortunate to be
‘under their power.— The business, dear cousin,
‘will be only to keep Miss Western from seeing this
‘young fellow, till the good company, which she will
‘have an opportunity of meeting here, give her a
‘properer turn.’

‘If he should find her out, Madam,’ answered the
other, ‘your ladyship may be assured he will leave
‘nothing unattempted to come at her.’

‘But Madam,’ replied the lady, ‘it is impossible
‘he should come here— though indeed it is possible
‘he may get some intelligence where she is, and then
‘may lurk about the house—I wish therefore I knew
‘his person.’

‘Is there no way, Madam, by which I could have
‘a sight of him? for otherwise you know, cousin,
‘she may contrive to see him here without my know-
‘ledge.’ Mrs. Fitzpatrick answered: ‘That he had
‘threatened her with another visit that afternoon,
‘and that, if her ladyship pleased to do her the ho-
‘nour of calling upon her then, she would hardly
‘fail of seeing him between six and seven; and, if
‘he came earlier, she would, by some means or
‘other, detain him till her ladyship’s arrival.’—

Lady Bellafton replied: ‘she would come the moment
‘she could get from dinner, which she supposed
‘would

‘ would be by seven at farthest; for that it was ab-
‘ solutely necessary she should be acquainted with his
‘ person. Upon my word, Madam,’ says she, ‘ it
‘ was very good to take this care of Miss Western:
‘ but common humanity, as well as regard to our
‘ family, requires it of us both; for it would be a
‘ dreadful match indeed.’

Mrs. Fitzpatrick failed not to make a proper re-
turn to the compliment which lady Bellaston had be-
stowed on her cousin, and, after some little immate-
rial conversation, withdrew; and, getting as fast as
she could into her chair, unseen by Sophia or Honour,
returned home.

CHAP. IV.

Which consists of visiting.

MR. Jones had walked within sight of a certain
door during the whole day, which, though
one of the shortest, appeared to him to be one of
the longest in the whole year. At length, the clock
having struck five, he returned to Mrs. Fitzpa-
trick, who, though it was a full hour earlier than
the decent time of visiting, received him very civil-
ly, but still persisted in her ignorance concerning
Sophia.

Jones, in asking for his angel, had dropped the
word cousin; upon which Mrs. Fitzpatrick said:
‘ Then, Sir, you know we are related; and, as we
‘ are, you will permit me the right of enquiring into
‘ the particulars of your business with my cousin.’
Here Jones hesitated a good while, and at last answer-
ed: He had a considerable sum of money of hers in

his hands, which he desired to deliver to her. He then produced the pocket-book, and acquainted Mrs. Fitzpatrick with the contents, and with the method in which they came into his hands. He had scarce finished his story, when a most violent noise shook the whole house. To attempt to describe this noise to those who have heard it, would be in vain; and to aim at giving any idea of it to those who have never heard the like, would be still more vain: for it may be truly said:

————— *Non acuta*

Sic geminant Corybantes Æra.

The priests of Cybele do not so rattle their sounding brass.

In short, a footman knocked, or rather thundered at the door. Jones was a little surprized at the sound, having never heard it before; but Mrs. Fitzpatrick very calmly said, that as some company were coming, she could not make him any answer now; but if he pleased to stay till they were gone; she intimated she had something to say to him.

The door of the room now flew open, and, after pushing in her hoop sideways before her, entered lady Bellaston, who having first made a very low curtsy to Mrs. Fitzpatrick, and as low a one to Mr. Jones, was ushered to the upper end of the room.

We mention these minute matters for the sake of some country ladies of our acquaintance, who think it contrary to the rules of modesty to bend their knees to a man.

The company were hardly well settled, before the arrival of the peer lately mentioned, caused a fresh disturbance, and a repetition of ceremonials.

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These being over, the conversation began to be (as the phrase is) extremely brilliant. However, as nothing past in it which can be thought material to this history, or, indeed, very material in itself, I shall omit the relation; the rather as I have known some very fine polite conversation grow extremely dull, when transcribed into books, or repeated on the stage. Indeed this mental repast is a dainty, of which those who are excluded from polite assemblies, must be contented to remain as ignorant as they must of the several dainties of French cookery, which are served only at the tables of the great. To say the truth, as neither of these are adapted to every taste, they might both be often thrown away on the vulgar.

Poor Jones was rather a spectator of this elegant scene than an actor in it; for though in the short interval before the peer's arrival, lady Bellaston first, and afterwards Mrs. Fitzpatrick, had addressed some of their discourse to him; yet no sooner was the noble lord entered, than he engrossed the whole attention of the two ladies to himself; and as he took no more notice of Jones than if no such person had been present, unless by now and then staring at him, the ladies followed his example.

The company had now staid so long, that Mrs. Fitzpatrick plainly perceived they all designed to stay out each other. She therefore resolved to rid herself of Jones, he being the visitant to whom she thought the least ceremony was due. Taking therefore an opportunity of a cessation of chat, she addressed herself gravely to him, and said: ' Sir, I shall not possibly
' be able to give you an answer to-night, as to that

‘ business; but if you please to leave word where I
‘ may send to you to morrow.’——

Jones had natural, but not artificial good-breeding. Instead therefore of communicating the secret of his lodgings to a servant, he acquainted the lady herself with it particularly, and soon after very ceremoniously withdrew:

He was no sooner gone, than the great personages who had taken no notice of him present, began to take much notice of him in his absence; but if the reader hath already excused us from relating the more brilliant part of this conversation, he will surely be very ready to excuse the repetition of what may be called vulgar abuse: though, perhaps, it may be material to our history to mention an observation of lady Bellaston, who took her leave in a few minutes after him, and then said to Mrs. Fitzpatrick, at her departure: ‘ I am satisfied on the account of my cousin; she can be in no danger
‘ from this fellow.’

Our history shall follow the example of lady Bellaston, and take leave of the present company, which was now reduced to two persons; between whom, as nothing passed, which in the least concerns us or our reader, we shall not suffer ourselves to be diverted by it from matters which must seem of more consequence to all those who are at all interested in the affairs of our hero.

CHAP. V.

An adventure which happened to Mr. Jones at his lodgings, with some account of a young gentleman who lodged there, and of the mistress of the house, and her two daughters.

THE next morning, as early as it was decent, Jones attended at Mrs. Fitzpatrick's door, where he was answered that the lady was not at home; an answer which surprized him the more, as he had walked backwards and forwards in the street from break of day; and if she had gone out, he must have seen her. This answer, however, he was obliged to receive, and not only now, but to five several visits which he made her that day.

To be plain with the reader, the noble peer had, from some reason or other, perhaps from a regard for the lady's honour, insisted that she should not see Mr. Jones, whom he looked on as a scrub, any more; and the lady had complied in making that promise, to which we now see her so strictly adhere.

But as our gentle reader may possibly have a better opinion of the young gentleman than her ladyship, and may even have some concern, should it be apprehended, that during this unhappy separation from Sophia, he took up his residence either at an inn, or in the street; we shall now give an account of his lodging, which was indeed in a very reputable house, and in a very good part of the town.

Mr. Jones then had often heard Mr. Allworthy mention the gentlewoman at whose house he used to lodge

lodge when he was in town. This person, who, as Jones likewise know, lived in Bond-street, was the widow of a clergyman, and was left by him at his decease, in possession of two daughters, and of a compleat set of manuscript sermons.

Of these two daughters, Nancy, the elder, was now arrived at the age of seventeen, and Betty, the younger, at that of ten.

Hither Jones had dispatched Partridge, and in this house he was provided with a room for himself in the second floor, and with one for Partridge in the fourth.

The first floor was inhabited by one of those young gentlemen, who, in the last age, were called men of wit and pleasure about town, and properly enough; for as men are usually denominated from their business or profession, so pleasure may be said to have been the only business or profession of those gentlemen to whom fortune had made all useful occupations unnecessary. Play-houses, coffee-houses, and taverns were the scenes of their rendez-vous. Wit and humour were the entertainments of their looser hours, and love was the business of their more serious moments. Wine and the muses conspired to kindle the brightest flames in their breasts; nor did they only admire, but some were able to celebrate the beauty they admired, and all to judge of the merit of such compositions.

Such therefore were properly called the men of wit and pleasure; but I question whether the same appellation may, with the same propriety, be given to those young gentlemen of our times, who have the same ambition to be distinguished for parts. Wit certainly they have nothing to do with. To give them

them their due, they soar a step higher than their predecessors, and may be called men of wisdom and vertu (take heed you do not read virtue). Thus at an age when the gentlemen above-mentioned employed their time in toasting the charms of a woman, or in making sonnets in her praise; in giving their opinion of a play at the theatre, or of a poem at Will's or Button's; these gentlemen are considering of methods to bribe a corporation, or meditating speeches for the house of commons, or rather for the magazines; but the science of gaming is that which above all others employs their thoughts. These are the studies of their graver hours, while for their amusements they have the vast circle of connoisseurship, painting, music, statuary, and natural philosophy, or rather *unnatural*, which deals in the wonderful, and knows nothing of nature, except her monsters and imperfections.

When Jones had spent the whole day in vain enquiries after Mrs. Fitzpatrick, he returned at last disconsolate to his apartment. Here, while he was venting his grief in private, he heard a violent uproar below stairs; and soon after a female voice begged him for Heaven's sake to come and prevent murder. Jones, who was never backward on any occasion to help the distressed, immediately ran down stairs; when, stepping into the dining room, whence all the noise issued, he beheld the young gentleman of wisdom and vertu, just before mentioned, pinned close to the wall by his footman, and a young woman standing by, wringing her hands, and crying out: 'He will be murdered, he will be murdered;' and indeed the poor gentleman seemed in some danger of
being

being choaked, when Jones flew hastily to his assistance, and rescued him just as he was breathing his last, from the unmerciful clutches of the enemy.

Though the fellow had received several kicks and cuffs from the little gentleman, who had more spirit than strength, he had made it a kind of scruple of conscience to strike his master, and would have contented himself with only choaking him; but towards Jones he bore no such respect: he no sooner therefore found himself a little roughly handled by his new antagonist, than he gave him one of those punches in the guts, which, though the spectators at Broughton's amphitheatre have such exquisite delight in seeing them, convey but very little pleasure in the feeling.

The lusty youth had no sooner received this blow, than he meditated a most grateful return; and now ensued a combat between Jones and the footman, which was very fierce, but short; for this fellow was no more able to contend with Jones, than his master had before been to contend with him.

And now fortune, according to her usual custom, reversed the face of affairs. The former victor lay breathless on the ground, and the vanquished gentleman had recovered breath enough to thank Mr. Jones for his seasonable assistance: he received likewise the hearty thanks of the young woman present, who was indeed no other than Miss Nancy, the eldest daughter of the house.

The footman, having now recovered his legs, shook his head at Jones, and with a sagacious look cry'd:— 'O d—n me, I'll have nothing more to do with you; you have been upon the stage, or
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‘ I am d—nably mistaken:’ And indeed we may forgive this his suspicion; for such was the agility and strength of our hero, that he was perhaps a match for one of the first-rate boxers, and could, with great ease, have beaten all the muffled * graduates of Mr. Broughton’s school.

The master, foaming with wrath, ordered his man immediately to strip, to which the latter very readily agreed, on condition of receiving his wages. This condition was presently complied with, and the fellow was discharged.

And now the young gentleman, whose name was Nightingale, very strenuously insisted, that his deliverer should take part of a bottle of wine with him; to which Jones, after much entreaty, consented; though more out of complaisance than inclination; for the uneasiness of his mind fitted him very little for conversation at this time. Miss Nancy likewise, who was the only female then in the house, her mamma and

* Left posterity should be puzzled by this epithet, I think proper to explain it by an advertisement which was published Feb. 1. 1747.

N. B. Mr. Broughton proposes, with proper assistance, to open an academy at his house in the Hay-market, for the instruction of those who are willing to be initiated in the mystery of boxing; where the whole theory and practice of that truly British art, with all the various stops, blows, cross-buttocks, &c. incident to combatants, will be fully taught and explained; and, that persons of quality and distinction may not be deterred from entering into *A course of those lectures*, they will be given with the utmost tenderness and regard to the delicacy of the frame and constitution of the pupil, for which reason muffs are provided, that will effectually secure them from the inconveniency of black eyes, broken jaws, and bloody noses.

and sister being both gone to the play, condescended to favour them with her company.

When the bottle and glasses were on the table, the gentleman began to relate the occasion of the preceding disturbance.

‘ I hope, Sir,’ said he to Jones, ‘ you will not
‘ from this accident conclude, that I make a custom
‘ of striking my servants; for I assure you this is the
‘ first time I have been guilty of it in my remem-
‘ brance, and I have passed by many provoking faults
‘ in this very fellow, before he could provoke me
‘ to it; but when you hear what hath happened this
‘ evening, you will, I believe, think me excusable.
‘ I happened to come home several hours before my
‘ usual time, when I found four gentlemen of the
‘ cloth at whist by my fire;— and my Hoyle, Sir,—
‘ my best Hoyle, which cost me a guinea, lying open
‘ on the table, with a quantity of porter spilt on one
‘ of the most material leaves of the whole book.
‘ This, you will allow, was provoking; but I said
‘ nothing till the rest of the honest company were
‘ gone, and then gave the fellow a gentle rebuke,
‘ who, instead of expressing any concern, made me
‘ a pert answer: ‘ That servants must have their di-
“ versions as well as other people; that he was sorry
“ for the accident which had happened to the book,
“ but that several of his acquaintance had bought the
“ same for a shilling; and that I might stop as much
“ in his wages, if I pleased:’ I now gave him a se-
‘ verer reprimand than before, when the rascal had
‘ the insolence to—— In short, he imputed my
‘ early coming home to—— In short, he cast a re-
‘ flection— He mentioned the name of a young
‘ lady

‘ lady in a manner— in such a manner that incensed
‘ me beyond all patience; and, in my passion, I
‘ struck him.’

Jones answered: ‘ That he believed no person liv-
‘ ing would blame him; for my part,’ said he, ‘ I
‘ confess I should, on the last-mentioned provocation,
‘ have done the same thing.’

Our company had not sat long before they were joined by the mother and daughter, at their return from the play. And now they all spent a very chearful evening together; for all but Jones were heartily merry, and even he put on as much constrained mirth as possible. Indeed half his natural flow of animal spirits, joined to the sweetness of his temper, was sufficient to make a most amiable companion; and, notwithstanding the heaviness of his heart, so agreeable did he make himself on the present occasion, that, at their breaking up, the young gentleman earnestly desired his further acquaintance. Miss Nancy was well pleased with him; and the widow, quite charmed with her new lodger, invited him with the other next morning to breakfast.

Jones on his part was no less satisfied. As for Miss Nancy, though a very little creature, she was extremely pretty, and the widow had all the charms which can adorn a woman near fifty. As she was one of the most innocent creatures in the world, so she was one of the most chearful. She never thought, nor spoke, nor wished any ill, and had constantly that desire of pleasing, which may be called the happiest of all desires in this; that it scarce ever fails of attaining its ends, when not disgraced by affectation. In short, though her power was very small, she was in her heart

one of the warmest friends. She had been a most affectionate wife, and was a most fond and tender mother.

As our history doth not, like a news-paper, give great characters to people who never were heard of before, nor will ever be heard of again, the reader may hence conclude, that this excellent woman will hereafter appear to be of some importance in our history.

Nor was Jones a little pleased with the young gentleman himself, whose wine he had been drinking. He thought he discerned in him much good sense, tho' a little too much tainted with town-foppery; but what recommended him most to Jones were some sentiments of great generosity and humanity, which occasionally dropt from him, and particularly many expressions of the highest disinterestedness in the affair of love: On which subject the young gentleman delivered himself in a language, which might have very well become an Arcadian shepherd of old, and which appeared very extraordinary when proceeding from the lips of a modern fine gentleman; but he was only one by imitation, and meant by nature for a much better character.

CHAP. VI.

What arrived while the company were at breakfast, with some hints concerning the government of daughters.

OUR company brought together in the morning the same good inclination towards each other, with which they had separated the evening before; but

but poor Jones was extremely disconsolate; for he had just received information from Partridge, that Mrs. Fitzpatrick had left her lodging, and that he could not learn whither she was gone. This news highly afflicted him, and his countenance, as well as his behaviour, in defiance of all his endeavours to the contrary, betrayed manifest indications of a disordered mind.

The discourse turned at present, as before, on love; and Mr. Nightingale again expressed many of those warm, generous, and disinterested sentiments upon this subject, which wise and sober men call romantic, but which wise and sober women generally regard in a better light. Mrs. Miller (for so the mistress of the house was called), greatly approved these sentiments; but, when the young gentleman appealed to Miss Nancy, she answered only: ‘That she believed the gentleman, who had spoke the least, was capable of feeling the most.’

This compliment was so apparently directed to Jones, that we should have been sorry had he passed it by unregarded. He made her indeed a very polite answer, and concluded with an oblique hint, that her own silence subjected her to a suspicion of the same kind; for indeed she had scarce opened her lips either now, or the last evening.

‘I am glad, Nanny,’ says Mrs. Miller, ‘the gentleman hath made the observation; I protest, I am almost of his opinion. What can be the matter with you, child? I never saw such an alteration. What is become of all your gaiety? Would you think, Sir, I used to call her my little prattler. She hath not spoke twenty words this week.’

Here their conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a maid-servant, who brought a bundle in her hands, which, she said, 'was delivered by a porter for Mr. Jones.' She added: 'that the man immediately went away, saying it required no answer.'

Jones expressed some surprize on this occasion, and declared it must be some mistake; but, the maid persisting that she was certain of the name, all the women were desirous of having the bundle immediately opened; which operation was at length performed by little Betsey, with the consent of Mr. Jones; and the contents were found to be a domino, a mask, and a masquerade-ticket.

Jones was now more positive than ever, in asserting, that these things must have been delivered by mistake; and Mrs. Miller herself expressed some doubt, and said: 'she knew not what to think.' But, when Mr. Nightingale was asked, he delivered a very different opinion. 'All I can conclude from it, Sir,' said he, 'is, that you are a very happy man; for I make no doubt, but these were sent you by some lady whom you will have the happiness of meeting at the masquerade.'

Jones had not a sufficient degree of vanity to entertain any such flattering imagination; nor did Mrs. Miller herself give much assent to what Mr. Nightingale had said, till Miss Nancy, having lifted up the domino, a card dropped from the sleeve, in which was written as follows:

To Mr. Jones.

'The queen of the fairies sends you this;
'Use her favours not amiss.'

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Mrs.

Mrs. Miller and Miss Nancy now both agreed with Mr. Nightingale; nay, Jones himself was almost persuaded to be of the same opinion; and, as no other lady but Mrs. Fitzpatrick, he thought, knew his lodging, he began to flatter himself with some hopes, that it came from her, and that he might possibly see his Sophia. These hopes had surely very little foundation; but as the conduct of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, in not seeing him according to her promise, and in quitting her lodgings, had been very odd and unaccountable, he conceived some faint hopes, that she (of whom he had formerly heard a very whimsical character), might possibly intend to do him that service in a strange manner, which she declined doing by more ordinary methods. To say the truth, as nothing certain could be concluded from so odd and uncommon an incident, he had the greater latitude to draw what imaginary conclusions from it he pleased. As his temper, therefore, was naturally sanguine, he indulged it on this occasion, and his imagination worked up a thousand conceits, to favour and support his expectations of meeting his dear Sophia in the evening.

Reader, if thou hast any good wishes towards me, I will fully repay them, by wishing thee to be possessed of this sanguine disposition of mind; since, after having read much, and considered long on that subject of happiness, which hath employed so many great pens, I am almost inclined to fix it in the possession of this temper, which puts us in a manner out of the reach of fortune, and makes us happy without her assistance. Indeed, the sensations of pleasure it gives are much more constant, as well as much keener than

those which that blind lady bestows; nature having wisely contrived, that some satiety and languor should be annexed to all our real enjoyments, lest we should be so taken up by them, as to be stopped from further pursuits. I make no manner of doubt but that, in this light, we may see the imaginary future chancellor just called to the bar, the archbishop in crape, and the prime minister at the tail of an opposition, more truly happy than those who are invested with all the power and profit of these respective offices.

Mr. Jones having now determined to go to the masquerade that evening, Mr. Nightingale offered to conduct him thither. The young gentleman, at the same time, offered tickets to Miss Nancy and her mother; but the good woman would not accept them. She said: 'He did not conceive the harm which some people imagined in a masquerade; but that such extravagant diversions were proper only for persons of quality and fortune, and not for young women who were to get their living, and could at best hope to be married to a good tradesman.'—— 'A tradesman!' cries Nightingale, 'you shan't undervalue my Nancy. There is not a nobleman upon earth above her merit.' 'O fie, Mr. Nightingale,' answered Mrs. Miller, 'you must not fill the girl's head with such fancies; but, if it was her good luck, says her mother with a simper, 'to find a gentleman of your generous way of thinking, I hope, she would make a better return to his generosity, than to give her mind up to extravagant pleasures. Indeed, where young ladies bring great fortunes themselves, they have some right to insist on spending what is their own; and, on that account, I have heard the
' gen-

‘gentleman say, a man has sometimes a better bargain with a poor wife, than with a rich one.— But let my daughters marry whom they will, I shall endeavour to make them blessings to their husbands: I beg, therefore, I may hear of no more masquerades. Nancy is, I am certain, too good a girl to desire to go; for she must remember, when you carried her thither last year, it almost turned her head; and she did not return to herself, or to her needle, in a month afterwards.’

Though a gentle sigh which stole from the bosom of Nancy, seemed to argue some secret disapprobation of these sentiments, she did not dare openly to oppose them. For as this good woman had all the tenderness, so she had preserved all the authority of a parent; and as her indulgence to the desires of her children was restrained only by her fears for their safety and future welfare, so she never suffered those commands, which proceeded from such fears, to be either disobeyed or disputed. And this the young gentleman, who had lodged two years in the house, knew so well, that he presently acquiesced in the refusal.

Mr. Nightingale who grew every minute fonder of Jones, was very desirous of his company that day to dinner at the tavern, where he offered to introduce him to some of his acquaintance; but Jones begged to be excused, ‘as his clothes,’ he said, ‘were not yet come to town.’

To confess the truth, Mr. Jones was now in a situation, which sometimes happens to be the case of young gentlemen of much better figure than himself. In short, he had not one penny in his pocket;

a situation in much greater credit among the ancient philosophers, than among the modern wise men who live in Lombard street, or those who frequent White's chocolate-house. And, perhaps, the great honours which those philosophers have ascribed to an empty pocket, may be one of the reasons of that high contempt in which they are held in the afore said street and chocolate-house.

Now, if the ancient opinion, that men might live very comfortably on virtue only, be as the modern wise men just above mentioned, pretend to have discovered, a notorious error; no less false is, I apprehend, that position of some writers of romance, that a man can live altogether on love: for however delicious repasts this may afford to some of our senses or appetites, it is most certain it can afford none to others. Those, therefore, who have placed too great a confidence in such writers, have experienced their error when it was too late: and have found that love was no more capable of allaying hunger, than a rose is capable of delighting the ear, or a violin of gratifying the smell.

Notwithstanding, therefore, all the delicacies which love had set before him, namely, the hopes of seeing Sophia at the masquerade; on which, however ill-founded his imagination might be, he had voluptuously feasted during the whole day, the evening no sooner came, than Mr. Jones began to languish for some food of a grosser kind. Partridge discovered this by intuition, and took the occasion to give some oblique hints concerning the bank-bill, and when these were rejected with disdain, he collected courage enough once more to mention a return to Mr. Allworthy.

‘ Partridge,’ cries Jones, ‘ you cannot see my fortune in a more desperate light than I see it myself; and I begin heartily to repent, that I suffered you to leave a place, where you was settled, and to follow me. However, I insist now on your returning home; and for the expence and trouble which you have so kindly put yourself to on my account, all the clothes I left behind in your care, I desire you would take as your own. I am sorry I can make you no other acknowledgment.

He spoke these words with so pathetic an accent, that Partridge, among whose vices ill-nature or hardness of heart were not numbered, burst into tears; and after swearing he would not quit him in his distress, he began with the most earnest intreaties to urge his return home: ‘ For heaven’s sake, Sir,’ says he, ‘ do but consider: what can your honour do? How is it possible you can live in this town without money? Do what you will; Sir, or go wherever you please, I am resolved not to desert you.— But pray, Sir, consider,— do pray, Sir, for your own sake, take it into your consideration; and I’m sure,’ says he, ‘ that your own good sense will bid you return home.’

‘ How often shall I tell thee,’ answered Jones, ‘ that I have no home to return to? Had I any hopes that Mr. Allworthy’s doors would be open to receive me, I want no distress to urge me:— nay, there is no other cause upon earth, which could detain me a moment from flying to his presence; but, alas! that I am for ever banished from. His last words were— O Partridge, they still ring in my ears.— His last words were, when he gave me a sum of

‘ money; what it was I know not, but considerable
‘ I’m sure it was.— His last words were— ‘ I am
“ resolved from this day forward, on no account, to
“ converse with you any more.”

Here passion stopt the mouth of Jones, as surprize, for a moment, did that of Partridge: but he soon recovered the use of speech, and after a short preface, in which he declared he had no inquisitiveness in his temper, enquired, what Jones meant by a considerable sum, he knew not how much, and what was become of the money.

In both these points he now received full satisfaction; on which he was proceeding to comment, when he was interrupted by a message from Mr. Nightingale, who desired his master’s company in his apartment.

When the two gentlemen were both attired for the masquerade, and Mr. Nightingale had given orders for chairs to be sent for, a circumstance of distress occurred to Jones, which will appear very ridiculous to many of my readers. This was how to procure a shilling; but, if such readers will reflect a little on what they have themselves felt from the want of a thousand pound, or perhaps of ten or twenty, to execute a favourite scheme, they will have a perfect idea of what Mr. Jones felt on this occasion. For this sum, therefore, he applied to Partridge, which was the first he had permitted him to advance, and was the last he intended that poor fellow should advance in his service. To say the truth, Partridge had lately made no offer of this kind; whether it was that he desired to see the

the bank-bill broke in upon, or that distress should prevail on Jones to return home, or from what other motive it proceeded, I will not determine.

CHAP. VII.

Containing the whole humours of a masquerade.

OUR cavaliers now arrived at that temple, where Heydegger, the great *arbiter deliciarum*, the great high-priest of pleasure presides; and, like other heathen priests, imposes on his votaries by the pretended presence of the deity, when in reality no such deity is there.

Mr. Nightingale, having taken a turn or two with his companion, soon left him, and walked off with a female, saying: 'Now you are here, Sir, you must beat about for your own game.'

Jones began to entertain strong hopes that his Sophia was present; and these hopes gave him more spirits than the lights, the music, and the company; though these are pretty strong antidotes against the spleen. He now accosted every woman he saw, whose stature, shape, or air, bore any resemblance to his angel: To all of whom he endeavoured to say something smart, in order to engage an answer, by which he might discover that voice which he thought it impossible he should mistake. Some of these answered, by a question, in a squeaking voice: Do you know me? Much the greater numbers said: I don't know you, Sir; and nothing more. Some called him an impertinent fellow; some

some made him no answer at all; some said: Indeed I don't know your voice, and I shall have nothing to say to you; and many gave him as kind answers as he could wish, but not in the voice he desired to hear.

Whilst he was talking with one of these last, (who was in the habit of a shepherdess), a lady in a domino came up to him, and, flapping him on the shoulder, whispered him at the same time in the ear: 'If you talk any longer with that trollop, I will acquaint Miss Western.'

Jones no sooner heard that name, than, immediately quitting his former companion, he applied to the domino, begging and entreating her to shew him the lady she had mentioned, if she was then in the room.

The mask walked hastily to the upper end of the innermost apartment before she spoke; and then, instead of answering him, sat down, and declared she was tired. Jones sat down by her, and still persisted in his entreaties; at last the lady coldly answered: 'I imagined Mr. Jones had been a more discerning lover, than to suffer any disguise to conceal his mistresses from him.' 'Is she here then, Madam?' replied Jones, with some vehemence: Upon which the lady cried:— 'Hush, Sir, you will be observed.— I promise you upon my honour, Miss Western is not here.'

Jones, now taking the mask by the hand, fell to entreating her, in the most earnest manner, to acquaint him where he might find Sophia; and, when he could obtain no direct answer, he began to upbraid her gently for having disappointed him the day

day before; and concluded, saying: 'Indeed, my
' good fairy queen, I know your Majesty very
' well, notwithstanding the affected disguise of your
' voice. Indeed, Mrs. Fitzpatrick, it is a little
' cruel to divert yourself at the expence of my tor-
' ments.'

The mask answered: 'Though you have so inge-
' niously discovered me, I must still speak in the same
' voice, lest I should be known by others. And do
' you think, good Sir; that I have no greater regard
' for my cousin, than to assist in carrying on an affair
' between you two, which must end in her ruin, as
' well as your own? Besides, I promise you, my cou-
' sin is not mad enough to consent to her own de-
' struction, if you are so much her enemy as to tempt
' her to it.

'Alas, Madam,' said Jones, 'you little know my
' heart, when you call me an enemy of Sophia.'

'And yet to ruin any one,' cries the other, 'you
' will allow, is the act of an enemy; and, when by
' the same act you must knowingly and certainly bring
' ruin on yourself, is it not folly or madness, as well
' as guilt? Now, Sir, my cousin hath very little more
' than her father will please to give her; very little for
' one of her fashion;—you know him, and you know
' your own situation.'

Jones vowed he had no such design on Sophia:
'That he would rather suffer the most violent of
' deaths, than sacrifice her interest to his desires. He
' said, he knew how unworthy he was of her every
' way; that he had long ago resolved to quit all such
' aspiring thoughts, but that some strange accidents
' had

‘ had made him desirous to see her once more, when
‘ he promised he would take leave of her for ever.
‘ No, Madam,’ concluded he, ‘ my love is not of
‘ that base kind, which seeks its own satisfaction, at
‘ the expence of what is most dear to its object. I
‘ would sacrifice every thing to the possession of my
‘ Sophia, but Sophia herself.’

Though the reader may have already conceived no very sublime idea of the virtue of the lady in the mask; and though possibly she may hereafter appear not to deserve one of the first characters of her sex; yet, it is certain, these generous sentiments made a strong impression upon her, and greatly added to the affection she had before conceived for our young hero.

The lady now, after a silence of a few moments, said: ‘ She did not see his pretensions to Sophia so much in the light of presumption, as of imprudence. Young fellows, says she, ‘ can never have too aspiring thoughts. I love ambition in a young man, and I would have you cultivate it as much as possible. Perhaps you may succeed with those who are infinitely superior in fortune; nay, I am convinced there are women—— But don’t you think me a strange creature, Mr. Jones, to be thus giving advice to a man, with whom I am so little acquainted, and one with whose behaviour to me I have so little reason to be pleased?’

Here Jones began to apologize, and to hope he had not offended in any thing he had said of her cousin.—— To which the mask answered: ‘ And are you so little versed in the sex, to imagine you
‘ can

‘ can well affront a lady more, than by entertaining
‘ her with your passion for another woman? If the
‘ fairy queen had conceived no better opinion of
‘ your gallantry, she would scarce have appointed
‘ you to meet her at a masquerade.’

Jones had never less inclination to an amour than at present; but gallantry to the ladies was among his principles of honour; and he held it as much incumbent on him to accept a challenge to love, as if it had been a challenge to fight. Nay, his very love to Sophia made it necessary for him to keep well with the lady, as he made no doubt but she was capable of bringing him into the presence of the other.

He began therefore to make a very warm answer to her last speech, when a mask, in the character of an old woman, joined them. This mask was one of those ladies who go to a masquerade only to vent ill-nature, by telling people rude truths, and by endeavouring, as the phrase is, to spoil as much sport as they are able. This good lady, therefore, having observed Jones, and his friend, whom she well knew, in close consultation together in a corner of the room, concluded she could nowhere satisfy her spleen better than by interrupting them. She attacked them therefore, and soon drove them from their retirement; nor was she contented with this, but pursued them to every place which they shifted to avoid her; till Mr. Nightingale seeing the distress of his friend, at last relieved him, and engaged the old woman in another pursuit.

While

While Jones and his mask were walking together about the room, to rid themselves of the teaser, he observed his lady speak to several masks, with the same freedom of acquaintance, as if they had been barefaced. He could not help expressing his surprise at this, saying: 'Sure, Madam, you must have infinite discernment to know people in all disguises.' To which the lady answered: 'You cannot conceive any thing more insipid and childish than a masquerade to the people of fashion, who in general know one another as well here, as when they meet in an assembly or a drawing-room; nor will any woman of condition converse with a person with whom she is not acquainted. In short, the generality of persons whom you see here, may more properly be said to kill time in this place than in any other; and generally retire from hence more tired than from the longest sermon. To say the truth, I begin to be in that situation myself; and if I have any faculty at guessing, you are not much better pleased. I protest it would be almost charity in me to go home for your sake.' 'I know but one charity equal to it, cries Jones, 'and that is to suffer me to wait on you home.' 'Sure,' answered the lady, 'you have a strange opinion of me, to imagine, that upon such an acquaintance, I would let you into my doors at this time o'night. I fancy you impute the friendship I have shewn my cousin, to some other motive. Confess honestly; don't you consider this contrived interview as little better than a downright assignation? Are you used, Mr. Jones, to make these sudden conquests?' 'I am not used, Madam,' said Jones, 'to submit to such sudden conquests;

‘quests; but as you have taken my heart by surprize,
‘the rest of my body hath a right to follow; so you
‘must pardon me if I resolve to attend you wherever
‘you go.’ He accompanied these words with some
proper actions; upon which the lady, after a gentle
rebuke, and saying their familiarity would be observ-
ed, told him: ‘She was going to sup with an ac-
‘quaintance, whither she hoped he would not fol-
‘low her; for if you should,’ said she, ‘I shall be
‘thought an unaccountable creature, though my
‘friend indeed is not censorious, yet I hope you won’t
‘follow me: I protest I shall not know what to say,
‘if you do.’

The lady presently after quitted the masquerade, and Jones, notwithstanding the severe prohibition he had received, presumed to attend her. He was now reduced to the same dilemma we have mentioned before, namely, the want of a shilling, and could not relieve it by borrowing as before. He therefore walked boldly on after the chair in which his lady rode, pursued by a grand huzza, from all the chairmen present, who wisely take the best care they can to discountenance all walking a-foot by their betters. Luckily, however, the gentry who attend at the operahouse, were too busy to quit their stations, and as the lateness of the hour prevented him from meeting many of their brethren in the street, he proceeded without molestation, in a dress, which, at another season, would have certainly railed a mob at his heels.

The lady was set down in a street, not far from Hanover-square, where the door being presently

opened; she was carried in; and the gentleman, without any ceremony, walked in after her.

Jones and his companion were now together in a very well furnished and well-warm'd room, when the female still speaking in her masquerade voice, said, she was surprized at her friend, who must absolutely have forgot her appointment; at which, after venting much resentment, she suddenly exprest some apprehension from Jones, and asked him what the world would think of their having been alone together in a house at that time of night? But instead of a direct answer to so important a question, Jones began to be very importunate with the lady to unmask; and at length having prevailed, there appeared not Mrs. Fitzpatrick, but the lady Bellaston herself.

It would be tedious to give the particular conversation, which consisted of very common and ordinary occurrences, and which lasted from two till six o'clock in the morning. It is sufficient to mention all of it that is any wise material to this history. And this was a promise that the lady would endeavour to find out Sophia, and in a few days bring him to an interview with her, on condition that he would then take his leave of her. When this was thoroughly settled, and a second meeting in the evening appointed at the same place, they separated; the lady returned to her house, and Jones to his lodgings.

CHAP. VIII.

Containing a scene of distress, which will appear very extraordinary to most of our readers.

JONES having refreshed himself with a few hours sleep, summoned Partridge to his presence; and delivering him a bank-note of fifty pounds, ordered him to go and change it. Partridge received this with sparkling eyes, though when he came to reflect farther, it raised in him some suspicions not very advantageous to the honour of his master; to these the dreadful idea he had of the masquerade, the disguise in which his master had gone out and returned, and his having been abroad all night, contributed. In plain language, the only way he could possibly find to account for the possession of this note was by robbery; and, to confess the truth, the reader, unless he should suspect it was owing to the generosity of lady Bellaston, can hardly imagine any other.

To clear therefore the honour of Mr. Jones, and to do justice to the liberality of the lady, he had really received this present from her, who, though she did not give much into the hackney charities of the age, such as building hospitals, &c. was not, however, entirely void of that christian virtue, and conceived, (very rightly I think), that a young fellow of merit, without a shilling in the world, was no improper object of this virtue.

Mr. Jones and Mr. Nightingale had been invited to dine this day with Mrs. Miller. At the appointed hour therefore the two young gentlemen, with the

two girls, attended in the parlour, where they waited from three till almost five before the good woman appeared. She had been out of town to visit a relation, of whom, at her return, she gave the following account.

‘ I hope, gentlemen, you will pardon my making
‘ you wait; I am sure if you knew the occasion.— I
‘ have been to see a cousin of mine, about six miles
‘ off, who now lies in.— It should be a warning to
‘ all persons (says she, looking at her daughters), how
‘ they marry indiscreetly. There is no happiness in
‘ this world without a competency. O Nancy! how
‘ shall I describe the wretched condition in which I
‘ found your poor cousin; she hath scarce lain in a
‘ week, and there was she, this dreadful weather, in
‘ a cold room, without any curtains to her bed, and
‘ not a bushel of coals in her house to supply her with
‘ fire; her second son, that sweet little fellow, lies ill
‘ of a quinzy in the same bed with his mother; for
‘ there is no other bed in the house. Poor little
‘ Tomy! I believe, Nancy, you will never see your
‘ favourite any more; for he is really very ill. The
‘ rest of the children are in pretty good health; but
‘ Molly, I am afraid, will do herself an injury: she
‘ is but thirteen years old, Mr. Nightingale, and yet
‘ in my life, I never saw a better nurse: she tends
‘ both her mother and her brother; and, what is
‘ wonderful in a creature so young, she shews all the
‘ chearfulness in the world to her mother; and yet I
‘ saw her— I saw the poor child, Mr. Nightingale,
‘ turn about, and privately wipe the tears from her
‘ eyes.’ Here Mrs. Miller was prevented, by her own
tears, from going on, and there was not, I believe, a
per-

person present, who did not accompany in them; at length she a little recovered herself, and proceeded thus: ‘ In all this distress the mother supports her spirits in a surprising manner. The danger of her son sits heaviest upon her, and yet she endeavours as much as possible to conceal even this concern, on her husband’s account. Her grief, however, sometimes gets the better of all her endeavours; for she was always extravagantly fond of this boy, and a most sensible, sweet-tempered creature it is. I protest I was never more affected in my life than when I heard the little wretch, who is hardly yet seven years old, while his mother was wetting him with her tears, beg her to be comforted.— Indeed, mamma,’ cried the child, ‘ I shan’t die; God Almighty, I’m sure, won’t take Tommy away; let heaven be ever so fine a place, I had rather stay here and starve with you and my papa, than go to it.— ‘ Pardon me, gentlemen, I can’t help it,’ (says she, wiping her eyes,) ‘ such sensibility and affection in a child.— And yet, perhaps, he is least the object of pity; for a day or two will, perhaps, place him beyond the reach of all human evils. The father is indeed most worthy of compassion. Poor man! his countenance is the very picture of horror, and he looks rather like one dead than alive. Oh heavens! what a scene did I behold at my first coming into the room! The good creature was lying behind the bolster, supporting at once both his child and his wife. He had nothing on but a thin waistcoat; for his coat was spread over the bed to supply the want of blankets.— When he rose up at my entrance, I scarce

‘knew him. As comely a man, Mr. Jones, within
‘this fortnight, as you ever beheld; Mr. Nightin-
‘gale hath seen him. His eyes sunk, his face pale,
‘with a long beard; his body shivering with cold,
‘and worn with hunger too; for my cousin says, she
‘can hardly prevail upon him to eat.— He told
‘me himself in a whisper; he told me—I can’t
‘repeat it—he said, he could not bear to eat
‘the bread his children wanted. And yet, (can
‘you believe it, gentlemen?) in all this misery,
‘his wife has as good a caudle, as if she lay in in
‘the midst of the greatest affluence; I tasted it, and
‘I scarce ever tasted better.— The means of pro-
‘curing her this, he said, he believed was sent him
‘by an angel from heaven. I know not what he
‘meant; for I had not spirits enough to ask a single
‘question.’

‘This was a love-match, as they call it, on both
‘sides; that is, a match between two beggars. I must
‘indeed say I never saw a fonder couple; but what is
‘their fondness good for, but to torment each other?’
‘Indeed, mamma,’ cries Nancy, ‘I have always
‘looked on my cousin Anderson (for that was her
‘name), as one of the happiest of women.’ ‘I am
‘sure, says Mrs. Miller, ‘the case at present is much
‘otherwise; for any one might have discerned, that
‘the tender consideration of each other’s sufferings
‘makes the most intolerable part of their calamity,
‘both to the husband and the wife. Compared to
‘which, hunger and cold, as they affect their own
‘persons only, are scarce evils. Nay, the very chil-
‘dren, the youngest, which is not two years old,
‘excepted, feel in the same manner; for they are a
‘most

‘ most loving family, and, if they had but a bare competency, would be the happiest people in the world.’ I never saw the least sign of misery at her house,’ replied Nancy; ‘ I am sure my heart bleeds for what you now tell me.— ‘ O child,’ answered the mother, ‘ she hath always endeavoured to make the best of every thing. They have always been in great distress; but indeed this absolute ruin hath been brought upon them by others. The poor man was bail for the villain his brother; and about a week ago, the very day before her lying-in, their goods were all carried away, and sold by an execution. He sent a letter to me of it by one of the bailiffs, which the villain never delivered—— What must he think of my suffering a week to pass before he heard of me?’

It was not with dry eyes that Jones heard this narrative; when it was ended, he took Mrs. Miller a-part with him into another room, and, delivering her his purse, in which was the sum of 50 l. desired her to send as much of it as she thought proper to these poor people. The look which Mrs. Miller gave Jones, on this occasion, is not easy to be described. She burst into a kind of agony of transport, and cried out:—— ‘ Good heavens! is there such a man in the world?’ —— But, recollecting herself, she said: ‘ Indeed I know one such; but can there be another?’ ‘ I hope, Madam,’ cries Jones, ‘ there are many who have common humanity; for to relieve such distresses in our fellow-creatures, can hardly be called more.’ Mrs. Miller then took ten guineas, which were the utmost he could prevail with her to accept, and said: ‘ She would find some means of conveying them ear-

‘ly the next morning;’ adding, that she had herself
‘done some little matter for the poor people, and had
‘not left them in quite so much misery as she found
‘them.’

They then returned to the parlour, where Nightingale expressed much concern at the dreadful situation of these wretches, whom indeed he knew; for he had seen them more than once at Mrs. Miller’s. He inveighed against the folly of making one’s self liable for the debts of others, vented many bitter execrations against the brother, and concluded with wishing something could be done for the unfortunate family: ‘Suppose, Madam,’ said he, ‘you should recommend them to Mr. Allworthy? Or what think you of a collection? I will give them a guinea with all my heart.’

Mrs. Miller made no answer; and Nancy, to whom her mother had whispered the generosity of Jones, turned pale upon the occasion; though, if either of them was angry with Nightingale, it was surely without reason; for the liberality of Jones, if he had known it, was not an example which he had any obligation to follow; and there are thousands who would not have contributed a single halfpenny, as indeed he did not in effect, for he made no tender of any thing; and therefore, as the others thought proper to make no demand, he kept his money in his pocket.

I have in truth observed, and shall never have a better opportunity than at present to communicate my observation, that the world are in general divided into two opinions concerning charity, which are the very reverse of each other. One party seems to hold, that
all

all acts of this kind are to be esteemed as voluntary gifts, and however little you give, (if indeed no more than your good wishes), you acquire a great degree of merit in so doing.— Others, on the contrary, appear to be as firmly persuaded, that beneficence is a positive duty, and that, whenever the rich fall greatly short of their ability in relieving the distresses of the poor, their pitiful largesses are so far from being meritorious, that they have only performed their duty by halves and are in some sense more contemptible than those who have entirely neglected it.

To reconcile these different opinions is not in my power. I shall only add, that the givers are generally of the former sentiment, and the receivers are almost universally inclined to the latter.

CHAP. IX.

Which treats of matters of a very different kind from those in the preceding chapter.

IN the evening Jones met his lady again, and a long conversation again ensued between them; but, as it consisted only of the same ordinary occurrences as before we shall avoid mentioning particulars, which we despair of rendering agreeable to the reader, unless he is one whose devotion to the fair sex, like that of the papists to their saints, wants to be raised by the help of pictures. But I am so far from desiring to exhibit such pictures to the public, that I would wish to draw a curtain over those that have been lately set

forth in certain French novels; very bungling copies of which have been presented us here, under the name of translations.

Jones grew still more and more impatient to see Sophia; and, finding after repeated interviews with lady Bellaston, no likelihood of obtaining this by her means, (for on the contrary, the lady began to treat even the mention of the name of Sophia with resentment), he resolved to try some other method. He made no doubt but that lady Bellaston knew where his angel was, so he thought it most likely, that some of her servants should be acquainted with the same secret. Partridge therefore was employed to get acquainted with those servants, in order to fish this secret out of them.

Few situations can be imagined more uneasy, than that to which his poor master was at present reduced; for, besides the difficulties he met with in discovering Sophia, besides the fears he had of having disoblighed her, and the assurances he had received from lady Bellaston of the resolution which Sophia had taken against him, and of her having purposely concealed herself from him, which he had sufficient reason to believe might be true, he had still a difficulty to combat, which it was not in the power of his mistress to remove, however kind her inclination might have been. This was the exposing of her to be disinherited of all her father's estate, the almost inevitable consequence of their coming together without a consent, which he had no hopes of ever obtaining.

Add to all these the many obligations which lady Bellaſton, whoſe violent fondneſs we can no longer conceal, had heaped upon him; ſo that by her means he was now become one of the beſt dreſs'd men about town, and was not only relieved from thoſe ridiculous diſtreſſes we have before mentioned, but was actually raiſed to a ſtate of affluence, beyond what he had ever known.

Now though there are many gentlemen, who very well reconcile it to their conſciences to poſſeſs themſelves of the whole fortune of a woman, without making her any kind of return, yet, to a mind, the proprietor of which doth not deſerve to be hang'd, nothing is I believe more irkſome, than to ſupport love with gratitude only, eſpecially where inclination pulls the heart a contrary way. Such was the unhappy caſe of Jones; for, though the virtuous love he bore to Sophia, and which left very little affection for any other woman, had been entirely out of the queſtion, he could never have been able to have made an adequate return to the generous paſſion of this lady, who had indeed been once an object of deſire, but was now entered at leaſt into the autumn of life, though ſhe wore all the gaiety of youth both in her dreſs and manner; nay, ſhe contrived ſtill to maintain the roſes in her cheeks; but theſe, like flowers forced out of ſeaſon by art, had none of that lively blooming freſhneſs with which nature, at the proper time, bedecks her own productions. She had beſides a certain imperfection, which renders ſome flowers, though very beautiful to the eye, very improper to be placed in a wilderneſs of ſweets, and
what

what above all others is most disagreeable to the breath of love.

Though Jones saw all these discouragements on the one side, he felt his obligations full as strongly on the other; nor did he less plainly discern the ardent passion whence those obligations proceeded, the extreme violence of which, if he had failed to equal, he well knew the lady would think him ungrateful; and, what is worse, he would have thought himself so. He knew the tacit consideration upon which all her favours were conferred, and, as his necessity obliged him to accept them, so his honour he concluded forced him to pay the price. This therefore he resolved to do, whatever misery it cost him, and to devote himself to her, from that great principle of justice, by which the laws of some countries oblige a debtor, who is no otherwise capable of discharging his debt, to become the slave of his creditor.

While he was meditating on these matters, he received the following note from the lady.

A very foolish, but a very perverse accident, hath
 ‘ happened since our last meeting, which makes it
 ‘ improper I should see you any more at the usual
 ‘ place. I will, if possible, contrive some other place
 ‘ by to-morrow. In the mean time, adieu.’

This disappointment perhaps the reader may conclude was not very great; but, if it was, he was quickly relieved; for, in less than an hour afterwards, another note was brought him from the same hand, which contained as follows:

‘ I am waiting at the usual place. I

‘ I have altered my mind since I wrote, a change
‘ which, if you are no stranger to the tenderest of all
‘ passions, you will not wonder at. I am now re-
‘ solved to see you this evening at my own house,
‘ whatever may be the consequence. Come to me
‘ exactly at seven; I dine abroad, but will be at ho-
‘ me by that time. A day I find, to those that sin-
‘ cerely love, seems longer than I imagined.

‘ If you should accidentally be a few moments
‘ before me, bid them shew you into the drawing-
‘ room.’

To confess the truth, Jones was less pleased with this last epistle, than he had been with the former, as he was prevented by it from complying with the earnest entreaties of Mr. Nightingale, with whom he had now contracted much intimacy and friendship. These entreaties were to go with that young gentleman and his company to a new play, which was to be acted that evening, and which a very large party had agreed to damn, from some dislike they had taken to the author, who was a friend to one of Mr. Nightingale’s acquaintance. And this sort of fun our hero, we are ashamed to confess, would willingly have preferred to the above kind appointment; but his honour got the better of his inclination.

Before we attend him to this intended interview with the lady, we think proper to account for both the preceding notes, as the reader may possibly be not a little surprised at the imprudence of lady Bellaston in bringing her lover to the very house where her rival was lodged.

First then, the mistress of the house where these lovers had hitherto met, and who had been for some years a pensioner to that lady, was now become a methodist, and had that very morning waited upon her ladyship, and, after rebuking her very severely for her past life, had positively declared, that she would on no account, be instrumental in carrying on any of her affairs for the future.

The hurry of spirits, into which this accident threw the lady, made her despair of possibly finding any other convenience to meet Jones that evening; but, as she began a little to recover from her uneasiness at the disappointment, she set her thoughts to work, when luckily it came into her head to propose to Sophia to go to the play, which was immediately consented to, and a proper lady provided for her companion. Mrs. Honour was likewise dispatched with Mrs. Etoff on the same errand of pleasure; and thus her own house was left free for the safe reception of Mr. Jones, with whom she promised herself two or three hours of uninterrupted conversation, after her return from the place where she dined, which was at a friend's house in a pretty distant part of the town, near her old place of assignation, where she had engaged herself before she was well apprized of the revolution, that had happened in the mind and morals of her late confidante.

CHAP. X.

A chapter, which though short may draw tears from some eyes.

MR. Jones was just dressed to wait on lady Belalston, when Mrs. Miller rapped at his door; and, being admitted, very earnestly desired his company below stairs to drink tea in the parlour.

Upon his entrance into the room, she presently introduced a person to him, saying: ‘This, Sir, is my
‘cousin, who hath been so greatly beholden to your
‘goodness, for which he begs to return you his sincerest thanks.’

The man had scarce entered upon that speech, which Mrs. Miller had so kindly prefaced, when both Jones and he, looking stedfastly at each other, shewed at once the utmost tokens of surprize. The voice of the latter began instantly to falter; and, instead of finishing his speech, he sunk down into a chair, crying: ‘It is so; I am convinced it is so!’

‘Bless me, what’s the meaning of this,’ cries Mrs. Miller; ‘you are not ill, I hope, cousin? Some water; a dram this instant.’

‘Be not frightened, Madam,’ cries Jones; ‘I have almost as much need of a dram as your cousin. We are equally surprised at this unexpected meeting. Your cousin is an acquaintance of mine, Mrs. Miller.’

‘An acquaintance!’ cries the man.—, Oh Heaven!
‘Ay,

‘ Ay, an acquaintance,’ repeated Jones, ‘ and an
‘ honoured acquaintance too. When I do not love
‘ and honour the man who dares venture every thing
‘ to preserve his wife and children from instant de-
‘ struction, may I have a friend capable of disowning
‘ me in adversity.’

‘ O you are an excellent young man,’ cries
Mrs. Miller;— ‘ yes, indeed, poor creature! he
‘ hath ventured evering thing; if he had not had
‘ one of the best of constitutions, it must have killed
‘ him.’

‘ Cousin,’ cries the man, ‘ who had now pretty
‘ well recovered himself; this is the angel from
‘ heaven whom I meant. This is he to whom,
‘ before I saw you, I owed the preservation of
‘ my Peggy. He it was to whose generosity every
‘ comfort, every support, which I have procured
‘ for her, was owing. He is indeed the worthiest,
‘ bravest, noblest of all human beings. O cou-
‘ sin, I have obligations to this gentleman of such
‘ a nature!’

‘ Mention nothing of obligations,’ cries Jones
eagerly; ‘ not a word: I insist upon it, not a word;’
(meaning, I suppose, that he would not have him
betray the affair of the robbery to any person)—
‘ If, by the trifle you have received from me, I have
‘ preserved a whole family, sure pleasure was never
‘ bought so cheap.’

‘ O! Sir,’ cries the man, ‘ I wish you could this
‘ instant see my house. If any person had ever a
‘ right to the pleasure you mention, I am convinced
‘ it is yourself. My cousin tells me, she acquainted
‘ you



‘ you with the distress in which she found us. That,
‘ Sir, is all greatly removed, and chiefly by your
‘ goodness.— My children have now a bed to lie
‘ on,—— and they have—— they have——
‘ eternal blessings reward you for it—— they
‘ have bread to eat. My little boy is recovered;
‘ my wife is out of danger, and I am happy. All,
‘ all owing to you, Sir, and to my cousin here, one
‘ of the best of women. Indeed, Sir, I must see
‘ you at my house.— Indeed my wife must see
‘ you, and thank you.— My children too must ex-
‘ press their gratitude.— Indeed, Sir, they are not
‘ without a sense of their obligation; but what is my
‘ feeling when I reflect to whom I owe, that they
‘ are now capable of expressing their gratitude.—
‘ O, Sir! the little hearts which you have war-
‘ med had now been cold as ice without your assi-
‘ stance.’——

Here Jones attempted to prevent the poor man from proceeding; but indeed the overflowing of his own heart would of itself have stopped his words. And now Mrs. Miller likewise began to pour forth thanksgivings, as well in her own name as in that of her cousin, and concluded with saying: ‘ She doubt-
‘ ed not but such goodness would meet a glorious re-
‘ ward.’

Jones answered: ‘ He had been sufficiently reward-
‘ ed already. Your cousin’s account, Madam,’ said
‘ he, hath given me a sensation more pleasing than
‘ I have ever known. He must be a wretch who
‘ is unmoved at hearing such a story; how trans-
‘ porting then must be the thought of having happi-
‘ ly acted a part in this scene! if there are men who

‘ cannot feel the delight of giving happiness to others,
‘ I sincerely pity them, as they are incapable of taf-
‘ ting what is, in my opinion, a greater honour, a
‘ higher interest, and a sweeter pleasure than the
‘ ambitious, the avaritious, or the voluptuous man
‘ can ever obtain.’

The hour of appointment being now come, Jones was forced to take a hasty leave, but not before he had heartily shaken his friend by the hand, and desired to see him again as soon as possible, promising, that he would himself take the first opportunity of visiting him at his own house. He then stepped into his chair, and proceeded to lady Bellaston’s, greatly exulting in the happiness which he had procured to this poor family; nor could he forbear reflecting without horror on the dreadful consequences, which must have attended them, had he listened rather to the voice of strict justice than to that of mercy, when he was attacked on the high-road.

Mrs. Miller sung forth the praises of Jones during the whole evening, in which Mr. Anderson, while he stayed, so passionately accompanied her, that he was often on the very point of mentioning the circumstances of the robbery. However, he luckily recollected himself, and avoided an indiscretion, which would have been so much the greater, as he knew Mrs. Miller to be extremely strict and nice in her principles. He was likewise well apprized of the loquacity of this lady; and yet such was his gratitude, that it had almost got the better both of discretion and shame, and made him publish that which would
have

have defamed his own character, rather than omit any circumstances which might do the fullest honour to his benefactor.

CHAP. XI.

In which the reader will be surprised.

MR. Jones was rather earlier than the time appointed, and earlier than the lady, whose arrival was hindered not only by the distance of the place where she dined, but by some other cross accidents, very vexatious to one in her situation of mind. He was accordingly shewn into the drawing-room, where he had not been many minutes before the door opened, and in came——— no other than Sophia herself, who had left the play before the end of the first act; for this, as we have already said, being a new play, at which two large parties met, the one to damn, and the other to applaud, a violent uproar, and an engagement between the two parties, had so terrified our heroine, that she was glad to put herself under the protection of a young gentleman, who safely conveyed her to her chair.

As lady Bellauston had acquainted her that she should not be at home till late, Sophia, expecting to find no one in the room, came hastily in, and went directly to a glass which almost fronted her, without once looking towards the upper end of the room, where the statue of Jones now stood motionless.——— In this glass it was, after contemplating her own lovely face, that she first discovered the said statue;

when, instantly turning about, she perceived the reality of the vision; upon which she gave a violent scream, and scarce preserved herself from fainting, till Jones was able to move to her and support her in his arms.

To paint the looks or thoughts of either of these lovers is beyond my power. As their sensations, from their mutual silence, may be judged to have been too big for their own utterance, it cannot be supposed, that I should be able to express them: and the misfortune is, that few of my readers have been enough in love, to feel by their own hearts what past at this time in theirs.

After a short pause, Jones with faltering accents said:—— ‘ I see, Madam, you are surpris’d’—— ‘ Surpris’d!’ answered she; Oh heavens! Indeed, I am surpris’d. I almost doubt whether you are the person you seem,’ ‘ Indeed,’ cries he, ‘ my Sophia, (pardon me Madam, for this once calling you so), I am that very wretched Jones, whom fortune, after so many disappointments, hath at last kindly conducted to you. Oh! my Sophia, did you know the thousand torments I have suffered in this long fruitless pursuit.— ‘ Pursuit of whom,’ said Sophia, a little recollecting herself, and assuming a reserved air.—— ‘ Can you be so cruel to ask that question?’ cries Jones; ‘ Need I say of you?’ Of me!’ answered Sophia: ‘ Hath Mr. Jones then any such important business with me?’ ‘ To some, Madam,’ cries Jones, ‘ this might seem an important business,’ (giving her the pocket-book). ‘ I hope, Madam, you will find it of the same value, as when it was lost.’ Sophia took the pocket-book, and

and was going to speak, when he interrupted her thus:—— ‘ Let us not, I beseech you, lose one of
‘ these precious moments which fortune hath so
‘ kindly sent us.— O my Sophia, I have business
‘ of a much superior kind.—— Thus, on my knees,
‘ let me ask your pardon.’—— My pardon! cries
‘ she.—— Sure, Sir, after what is past, you cannot expect after what I have heard—’ ‘ I scarce
‘ know what I say,’ answered Jones. ‘ By heavens! I scarce wish you should pardon me. O
‘ my Sophia, henceforth never cast away a thought
‘ on such a wretch as I am. If any remembrance of me should ever intrude to give a moment’s uneasiness to that tender bosom, think of
‘ my unworthiness; and let the remembrance of
‘ what past at Upton blot me for ever from your
‘ mind.’——

Sophia stood trembling all this while. Her face was whiter than snow, and her heart was throbbing through her stays. But, at the mention of Upton, a blush arose in her cheeks, and her eyes, which before she had scarce lifted up, were turned upon Jones with a glance of disdain. He understood this silent reproach, and replied to it thus: ‘ O my Sophia, my only love, ‘ you cannot hate or despise me
‘ more for what happened there, than I do myself:
‘ but yet do me the justice to think, that my heart
‘ was never unfaithful to you. That had no share
‘ in the folly I was guilty of; it was even then unalterably yours. Though I despaired of possessing
‘ you, nay, almost of ever seeing you more, I doated
‘ still on your charming idea, and could seriously love no other woman. But, if my heart had

‘ not been engaged, she, into whose company I ac-
‘ cidentally fell at that cursed place, was not an ob-
‘ ject of serious love. Believe me, my angel, I ne-
‘ ver have seen her from that day to this, and ne-
‘ ver intend, or desire, to see her again.’ Sophia in
her heart was very glad to hear this; but forcing
into her face an air of more coldness than she had yet
assumed; ‘ Why,’ said she, ‘ Mr. Jones, do you take
‘ the trouble to make a defence, where you are not
‘ accused? If I thought it worth while to accuse you,
‘ I have a charge of an unpardonable nature indeed.’
‘ What is it, for Heaven’s sake?’ answered Jones,
trembling and pale, expecting to hear of his amour
with lady Bellaston. ‘ Oh,’ said she, ‘ how is it pos-
‘ sible! can every thing noble, and every thing ba-
‘ se, be lodged together in the same bosom?’ Lady
Bellaston, and the ignominious circumstance of hav-
ing been kept, rose again in his mind, and stopt his
mouth from any reply. ‘ Could I have expected,’
proceeded Sophia, ‘ such treatment from you; nay
‘ from any gentleman, from any man of honour? To
‘ have my name traduced in public; in inns, among
‘ the meanest vulgar! to have any little favours, that
‘ my unguarded heart may have too lightly betra-
‘ yed me to grant, boasted of there! nay even to
‘ hear, that you had been forced to fly from my
‘ love!’

Nothing could equal Jones’s surprise at these words
of Sophia; but yet, not being guilty, he was much
less embarrassed how to defend himself, than if she
had touched that tender string, at which his con-
science had been alarmed. By some examination he
presently found, that her supposing him guilty of so
shock-

shocking an outrage against his love, and her reputation, was entirely owing to Partridge's talk at the inns, before landlords and servants; for Sophia confessed to him, it was from them that she received her intelligence. He had no very great difficulty to make her believe, that he was entirely innocent of an offence so foreign to his character; but she had a great deal to hinder him from going instantly home, and putting Partridge to death, which he more than once swore he would do. This point being cleared up, they soon found themselves so well pleased with each other, that Jones quite forgot he had begun the conversation with conjuring her to give up all thoughts of him; and she was in a temper to have given ear to a petition of a very different nature; for, before they were aware, they had both gone so far, that he let fall some words that sounded like a proposal of marriage. To which she replied: 'That, did not her duty to her father forbid her to follow her own inclination, ruin with him would be more welcome to her, than the most affluent fortune with another man.' At the mention of the word ruin he started, let drop her hand, which he held for some time, and, striking his breast with his own, cried out: 'Oh, Sophia, can I then ruin thee? No; by heavens, no! I never will act so base a part. Dearest Sophia, whatever it costs me, I will renounce you; I will give you up; I will tear all such hopes from my heart, as are inconsistent with your real good. My love I will ever retain, but it shall be in silence; it shall be at a distance from you; it shall be in some foreign land, from whence no voice, no sigh of my despair, shall ever

‘ reach and disturb your ears. And when I am
‘ dead’—— He would have gone on, but was stopt
by a flood of tears, which Sophia let fall in his bo-
som, upon which she leaned, without being able to
speak one word. He kissed them off, which, for so-
me moments, she allowed him to do without any
resistance; but then, recollecting herself, gently with-
drew out of his arms, and, to turn the discourse from
a subject too tender, and which she found she could
not support, bethought herself to ask him a question
she never had time to put to him before: ‘ How
he came into that room?’ He begun to stam-
mer, and would, in all probability, have raised her
suspicions by the answer he was going to give,
when at once the door opened, and in came lady
Bellaston.

Having advanced a few steps, and seeing Jones and
Sophia together, she suddenly stopt; when after a
pause of a few moments, recollecting herself with ad-
mirable presence of mind, she said,— though with
sufficient indications of surprise both in voice and
countenance— ‘ I thought, Miss Western, you had
‘ been at the play?’

Though Sophia had no opportunity of learning of
Jones by what means he had discovered her, yet as
she had not the least suspicion of the real truth, or
that Jones and lady Bellaston were acquainted, so she
was very little confounded, and the less, as the lady
had, in all their conversation on the subject, entirely
taken her side against her father. With very little
hesitation, therefore, she went through the whole
story of what had happened at the playhouse, and
the cause of her hasty return.

The



H. Gravelot inv.

The length of this narrative gave lady Bellaston an opportunity of rallying her spirits, and of considering in what manner to act; and, as the behaviour of Sophia gave her hopes that Jones had not betrayed her, she put on an air of good-humour, and said: ‘I should not have broke in so abruptly upon you, Miss Western, if I had known you had company.’

Lady Bellaston fixed her eyes on Sophia whilst she spoke these words: To which that poor young lady, having her face overspread with blushes and confusion, answered in a stammering voice: ‘I am sure, Madam, I shall always think the honour of your ladyship’s company—’ ‘I hope at least,’ cries lady Bellaston, ‘I interrupt no business.’— ‘No, Madam,’ answered Sophia, ‘our business was at an end. Your ladyship may be pleased to remember, I have often mentioned the loss of my pocket-book, which this gentleman, having very luckily found, was so kind to return it to me with the bill in it.’

Jones, ever since the arrival of lady Bellaston, had been ready to sink with fear. He sat kicking his heels, playing with his fingers, and looking more like a fool, if it be possible, than a young booby squire, when he is first introduced into a polite assembly. He began, however, now to recover himself; and taking a hint from the behaviour of Lady Bellaston, who, he saw, did not intend to claim any acquaintance with him, he resolved as entirely to affect the stranger on his part. He said: ‘Ever since he had the pocket-book in his possession, he had used great

‘ diligence in enquiring out the lady whose name
‘ was writ in it; but never till that day could be so
‘ fortunate to discover her.’

Sophia had, indeed, mentioned the loss of her pocket-book to lady Bellaston; but as Jones, for some reason or other, had never once hinted to her that it was in his possession, she believed not one syllable of what Sophia now said, and wonderfully admired the extreme quickness of the young lady, in inventing such an excuse. The reason of Sophia’s leaving the playhouse met with no better credit; and though she could not account for the meeting between these two lovers, she was firmly persuaded it was not accidental.

With an affected smile, therefore she said:— ‘ Indeed, Miss Western, you have had very good luck
‘ in recovering your money. Not only as it fell into
‘ the hands of a gentleman of honour, but as he happened to discover to whom it belonged. I think you
‘ would not consent to have it advertised.— It was
‘ great good fortune, Sir, that you found out to whom
‘ the note belonged.’

‘ O Madam,’ cries Jones, ‘ it was inclosed in a
‘ pocket-book, in which the young lady’s name was
‘ written.’

‘ That was very fortunate indeed,’ cries the lady:— ‘ And it was no less so, that you heard
‘ Miss Western was at my house; for she is very
‘ little known.’

Jones had at length perfectly recovered his spirits; and as he had conceived he had now an opportunity
of

of satisfying Sophia, as to the question she had asked him just before lady Bellaston came in, he proceeded thus: ‘Why, Madam,’ answered he, ‘it was by
‘ the luckiest chance imaginable I made this discovery. I was mentioning what I had found, and
‘ the name of the owner, the other night to a
‘ lady at the masquerade, who told me, she believed
‘ she knew where I might see Miss Western; and
‘ if I would come to her house the next morning
‘ she would inform me. I went according to her
‘ appointment, but she was not at home; nor
‘ could I ever meet with her till this morning,
‘ when she directed me to your ladyship’s house.
‘ I came accordingly, and did myself the honour
‘ to ask for your ladyship; and upon my saying
‘ that I had very particular business, a servant shewed me into this room; where I had not been
‘ long before the young lady returned from the
‘ play.’

Upon his mentioning the masquerade, he looked very slyly at lady Bellaston, without any fear of being remarked by Sophia: for she was visibly too much confounded to make any observations. This hint a little alarmed the lady, and she was silent; when Jones, who saw the agitations of Sophia’s mind, resolved to take the only method of relieving her, which was by retiring; but before he did this, he said: ‘I believe, Madam, it is customary to give
‘ some reward on these occasions;— I must insist on
‘ a very high one for my honesty;— It is, Madam,
‘ no less than the honour of being permitted to pay
‘ another visit here.’

‘Sir,’

‘Sir,’ replied the lady, ‘I make no doubt that you are a gentleman, and my doors are never shut to people of fashion.’

Jones then, after proper ceremonials, departed, highly to his own satisfaction, and no less to that of Sophia; who was terribly alarmed lest lady Belaston should discover what she knew already but too well.

Upon the stairs Jones met his old acquaintance, Mrs. Honour, who, notwithstanding all she had said against him, was now so well-bred to behave with great civility. This meeting indeed proved a lucky circumstance, as he communicated to her the house where he lodged, with which Sophia was acquainted.

CHAP. XII.

In which the thirteenth book is concluded.

THE elegant lord Shaftsbury somewhere objects to telling too much truth: by which it may be fairly inferred, that, in some cases, to lie, is not only excusable but commendable.

And surely there are no persons who may so properly challenge a right to this commendable deviation from truth, as young women in the affair of love; for which they may plead precept, education, and above all, the sanction, nay, I may say, the necessity of custom, by which they are restrained, not from submitting to the honest impulses of nature (for that would be a foolish prohibition,) but from owning them.

We

We are not, therefore, ashamed to say, that our heroine now pursued the dictates of the abovementioned right honourable philosopher. As she was perfectly satisfied then, that lady Bellaſton was ignorant of the person of Jones, ſo ſhe determined to keep her in that ignorance, though at the expence of a little fibbing.

Jones had not been long gone, before lady Bellaſton cry'd: 'Upon my word, a good pretty young fellow; I wonder who he is; for I don't remember ever to have ſeen his face before.

'Nor I neither, Madam,' cries Sophia; 'I muſt ſay he behaved very handſomely in relation to my note.'

'Yes; and he is a very handſome fellow,' ſaid the lady: 'don't you think ſo.'

'I did not take much notice of him,' answered Sophia, 'but I thought he ſeemed rather aukward and ungenteel than otherwiſe.'

'You are extremely right,' cries lady Bellaſton: 'you may ſee, by his manner, that he hath not kept good company. Nay, notwithſtanding his returning your note, and refuſing the reward, I almoſt queſtion whether he is a gentleman.—— I have always obſerved there is a ſomething in perſons wellborn, which others can never acquire.—— I think I will give orders not to be at home to him.'

'Nay ſure, Madam,' answered Sophia, 'one can't ſuſpect after what he hath done;—— beſides, if your ladyſhip obſerved him, there was an elegance
' in

‘ in his discourse, a delicacy, a prettiness of expression, that, that——’

‘ I confess,’ said lady Bellaston, ‘ the fellow hath words—— And indeed, Sophia, you must forgive me; indeed you must.’

‘ I forgive your ladyship!’ said Sophia.

‘ Yes. indeed you must,’ answered she laughing; ‘ for I had a horrible suspicion when I first came into the room—— I vow you must forgive it; but I suspected it was Mr. Jones himself.’

‘ Did your ladyship indeed?’ cries Sophia, blushing, and affecting a laugh.

‘ Yes, I vow I did,’ answered she; ‘ I can’t imagine what put it into my head; for, give the fellow his due, he was genteelly drest, which I think, dear Sophy, is not commonly the case with your friend.’

‘ This raillery,’ cries Sophia, ‘ is a little cruel, lady Bellaston, after my promise to your ladyship.’

‘ Not at all, child!’ said the lady.—— ‘ It would have been cruel before; but, after you promised me never to marry without your father’s consent, in which you know is implied your giving up Jones, sure you can bear a little raillery on a passion, which was pardonable enough in a young girl in the country, and of which you tell me you have so entirely got the better. What must I think, my dear Sophy, if you cannot bear a little ridicule even on his dress? I shall begin
‘ to

‘ to fear you are very far gone indeed; and almost
‘ question whether you have dealt ingenuously with
‘ me.’

‘ Indeed, Madam,’ cries Sophia, ‘ your ladyship
‘ mistakes me, if you imagine I had any concern on
‘ his account.’

‘ On his account?’ answered the lady: ‘ You must
‘ have mistaken me; I went no farther than his
‘ dress;—— for I would not injure your taste by any
‘ other comparison—— I don’t imagine, my dear
‘ Sophy, if your Mr. Jones had been such a fellow
‘ as this——’

‘ I thought,’ says Sophia, ‘ your ladyship had al-
‘ lowed him to be handsome.’——

‘ Whom, pray?’ cried the lady, hastily.

‘ Mr. Jones,’ answered Sophia;—and immediately
recollecting herself, ‘ Mr. Jones!— no, no; I ask
‘ your pardon;— I mean the gentleman who was just
‘ now here.’

‘ O Sophy! Sophy!’ cries the lady; ‘ this Mr.
‘ Jones, I am afraid, still runs in your head.’

‘ Then upon my honour, Madam,’ said Sophia,
‘ Mr. Jones is as entirely indifferent to me, as the
‘ gentleman who just now left us.’

‘ Upon my honour,’ said lady Bellaston, ‘ I believe
‘ it. Forgive me, therefore, a little innocent rail-
‘ lery; but I promise you I will never mention his
‘ name any more.’

And now the two ladies separated, infinitely more
to the delight of Sophia than of lady Bellaston, who
would willingly have tormented her rival a little
longer,

longer, had not business of more importance called her away. As for Sophia, her mind was not perfectly easy under this first practice of deceit: upon which, when she retired to her chamber, she reflected with the highest uneasiness and conscious shame. Nor could the peculiar hardship of her situation, and the necessity of the case, at all reconcile her mind to her conduct; for the frame of her mind was too delicate to bear the thought of having been guilty of a falsehood, however qualified by circumstances. Nor did this thought once suffer her to close her eyes during the whole succeeding night.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

CON-

C O N T E N T S

OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

B O O K V I I I.

Containing about two days.

CHAP. I.

*A wonderful long chapter concerning the marvellous;
being much the longest of all our introductory
chapters.* Page 3

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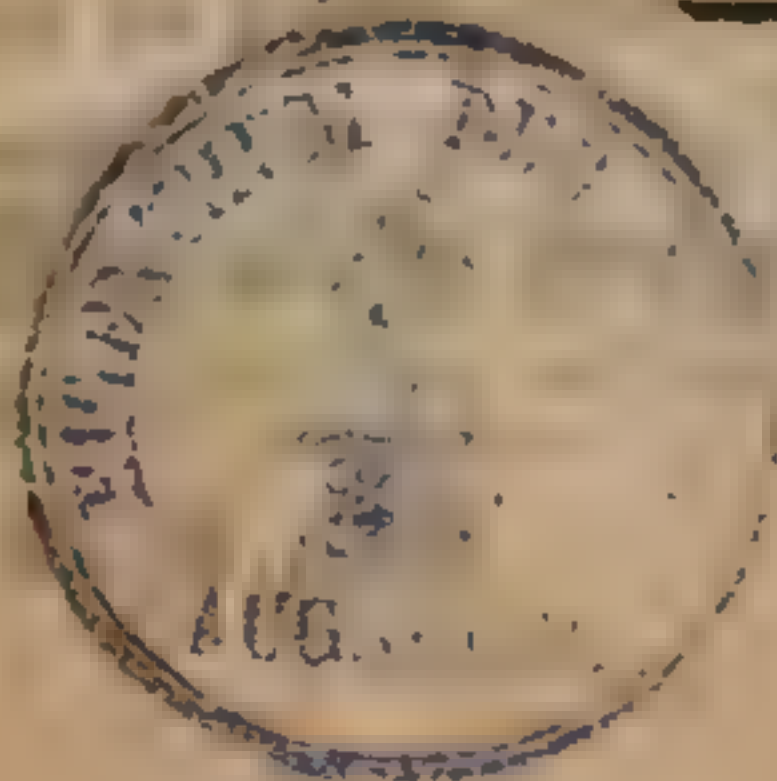
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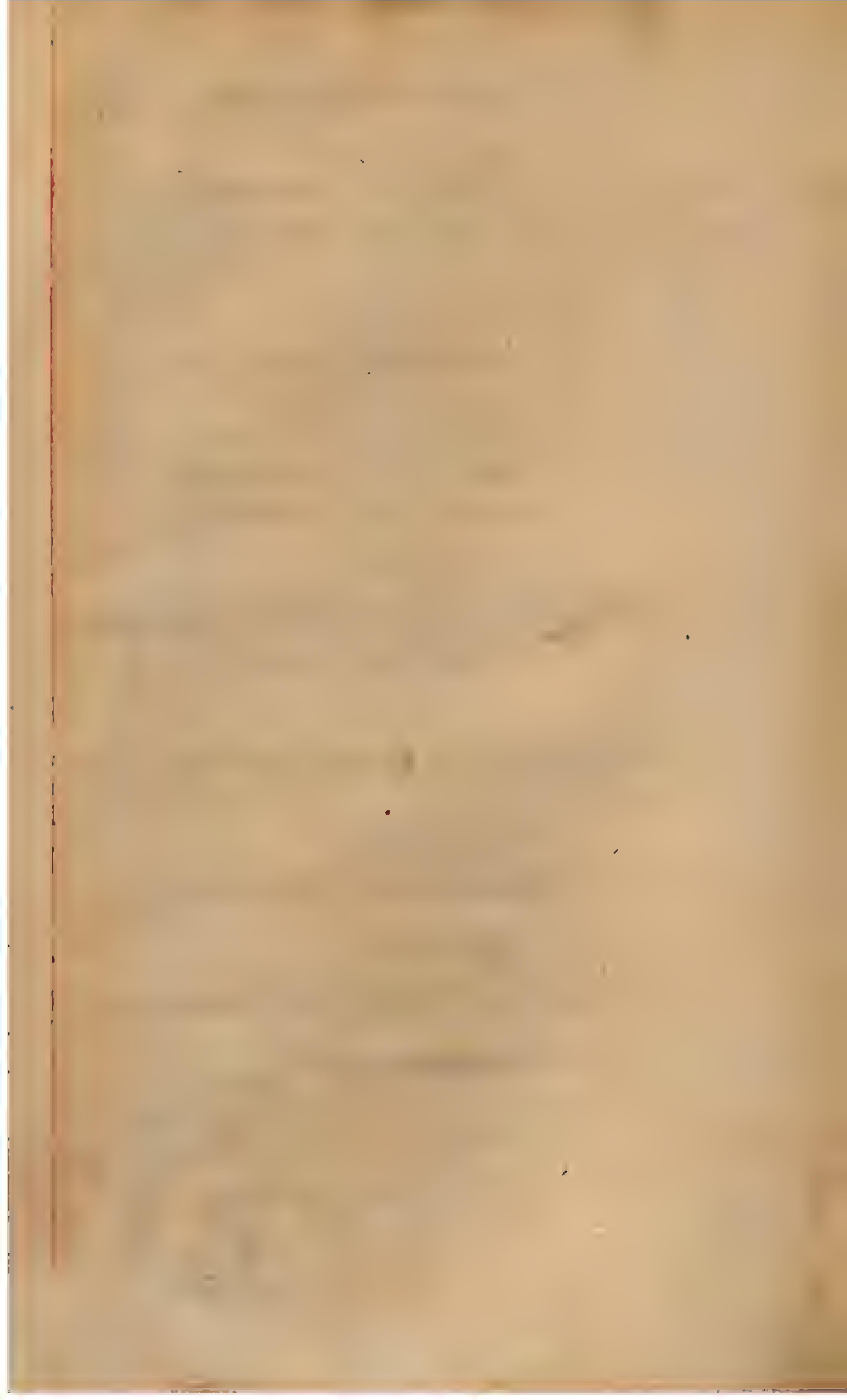
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